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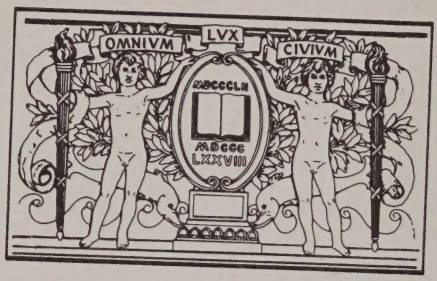

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VOL. XLVI.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. XCVIII.

JANUARY, 1838.

ART. I. — *Gleanings in Europe.* By the Author of "The Spy," &c., &c. Philadelphia. Carey, Lea, & Blanchard. 2 vols. 12mo.

To write a good novel, we hold to be one of the highest efforts of genius. Many talents are required to this end, which are rarely combined in an individual. The novelist must unite in his own person the functions of the poet, the philosopher, and the dramatist; he must invent, discriminate, and "hold the mirror up to nature," in the portraiture of character and passion, acting in their peculiar scenes and producing their characteristic effects. Though free from the shackles of rhythm and metrical arrangement, which embarrass the poet, he is bound to greater truthfulness in his exhibition of nature. He must not soar so high, that clouds may cover what had better be concealed; he must be distinct, graphic, true. Incidents are to be invented, not so common as to create weariness, nor so marvellous as to excite unbelief. Unity of action is essential; the story must have a beginning, middle, and end. A string of events, connected by no other tie, than the mere fact, that they happened to the same individual, or within a given period of years, may constitute a fictitious history or memoir, but it does not make a novel. A due regard to probability forms no trifling restriction. It is not enough, that incidents may be adduced from real life more

wonderful than those narrated. History is often stranger than fiction. The novelist is an imitator, and his subject is the ordinary course of things; not the wild accidents and romantic adventures, which now and then diversify the monotony of life. From this difficulty in the way of inventing a probable and consistent plot, both ancient and modern playwrights have usually borrowed known historical facts, or the traditionary stories that form the debatable ground between history and fiction, or the acknowledged fables of professed story-tellers.

The action of a play is comparatively narrow and confined. Characters are brought out more by dialogue than incident; therefore the portrait is less finished. The exhibition of a single passion, the sketch of one peculiarity in feeling or conduct, is enough to constitute a dramatic figure. The picture is complete, only as the imagination of the reader, stimulated by the suggestive power of the poet, fills up the outline thus presented. But the novelist works with greater freedom, and as the characters which he draws may be presented under any modification of manners and circumstance, he must paint at full length, and place less dependence on the reader's activity of mind for completing the costume and expression. An extended and minute observation of life, a facility at unravelling the complexity of motives, which regulate human conduct, and a microscopic power of detecting, in trivial events, the developement of peculiar mental features, are thus essential to the office of a Fielding, an Edgeworth, or a Scott. Again, the personages of a novel must be individualized sufficiently to command the sympathy of the beholders with their actions and feelings, while they must have common traits enough to stand as the representatives of a class. The annalist paints with sweeping strokes and little discrimination. His pages swarm with characters, who perform a certain round of events, make war and peace, marry, die, and are forgotten. Face answers to face; having nothing distinctive in themselves, we are as little interested in them singly, as in the successive waves that break upon the beach. Interest attaches to them, only as each is concerned in the great tide of human events, which advances a step as every head rises for a moment, and then disappears for ever. In history, moreover, individuals appear only in their connexion with great actions, the very nature of which is to call forth passions and powers that

remain latent in the common occurrences of life. We have somewhere met with the remark, that manners display character more definitely than events. Trivial actions, and those frequently repeated, as they occupy far the greater portion of each individual's history, are all that distinguish the members of the multitude from each other.

Novels are pictures of life ; and the characters presented in them must have that diversity and even contrariety of feeling, motive, and conduct, that inconsequence of thought and action, which we daily witness among our friends, or we do not acknowledge the fidelity of the imitation. If we may borrow a phrase from the painter's vocabulary, the picturesqueness of the effect depends wholly on the art, with which this compound of dissimilar ingredients is effected. It is only with such imperfect beings that we can sympathize, or take any interest in their concerns. The task is comparatively easy, to imagine personages of unmixed good or evil, to present catalogues of virtues and vices, to portray the monster without spot, and the monster *nullâ virtute redemptum*. But a Sir Charles Grandison never lived, and an Iago is a mere dramatic exaggeration. The most inhuman person has yet some touch of our common nature ; the most perfect is not stainless from the universal infirmity. And it is precisely on these spots of sunshine or shade, that we fasten with an interest proportioned to the contrast they afford with the other traits of character. Only the great masters of fiction, only Shakspeare and Scott, have copied nature faithfully in this respect. Shylock is not utterly detestable, when he deplores the loss of his daughter, or when he resents the gratuitous insults, that force him to revenge. Whenever beings of unmixed atrocity are introduced, they fill only a subordinate part, acting with the other machinery to bring out the principal figure. Regan and Goneril are necessary to the portraiture of Lear.

But to imagine a series of connected events, all tending to one point, and hinging upon a single action, and to fill up a group of imaginary characters, is not the only, perhaps not the most difficult, task assigned to the novelist. When he has done all this, he has but chosen the canvass, and sketched in chalk the outlines of his intended view. It remains to color the whole with the hues of nature and life ; to make a proper distribution of light and shade, according to the relative importance of the parts ; and to charm the eye by variety, with-

out offending it by forced and sudden contrasts. Propriety in garb and manners must be preserved, according to the time and place which the artist aims to present. If he goes back to a former period, he must combine the knowledge of the antiquary with that of the historian, or the *keeping* of the work will be defective, and it will belong to the class of modern antiques. He must identify himself with the spirit of the olden time, before he can bring others into the illusion. A traveller's acquaintance with distant scenes must be attained, before he can divert his reader's imagination from the view of his native plains and hills. If he prefer remaining at home and sketching domestic scenes, he will find it hard to dignify what is common, and to excite interest without violating probability. Events and characters in humble life must be ennobled by the elevation of passion and sentiment, or invested with the soft charm of affection and quiet, or rendered lively by ridicule and humorous contrast. The monotony of rank and society, the uniform and decorous manners of the higher classes, among whom enthusiasm does not exist, must be varied by wit and disquisition, or exposed by satire. From all these materials, instruction may be obtained, and useful hints be drawn, wherewith to construct a philosophy of life.

We aimed at displaying the difficulties of the task, which the novelist undertakes, but we have rather shown the extent of the field that is open to him, and the effect which he may hope to produce. Indeed, there is hardly a mode of talent, or a kind of information, which may not be made available for his purposes. Every thing of interest connected with public or private life, belonging to the present or past times, and happening abroad or at home, all kinds of sentiment and description, and all ways of appealing to the heart, the imagination, or the intellect, fall within the limits of his province, and may be used as legitimate auxiliaries to diversify the result, and heighten the pleasure imparted. Yet this species of writing is (in the West, at least) a modern invention, the earliest proper specimens of it dating no further back than the revival of letters. Had the ancients practised it, they would have left on record far more minute and satisfactory information respecting their characters, tastes, and habits of life, than any which we now possess. As it is, we know them rather in their public than in their private capacity, in their political more than their social relations. Fiction is often the most

convenient vehicle for truth, as ideal landscapes or compositions of scenery may give more general and correct notions respecting the external features of a country, than any faithful delineation of a single view.

Remarks on novel-writing may not appear the most apt introduction to a notice of a book of travels. But the reputation of Mr. Cooper, the well-known author of the volumes before us, depending mainly on his success as a novelist, we may be excused for considering in the first place his merits in this capacity. About sixteen or eighteen years have elapsed, since he published "Precaution," his first work, but one of little merit, and which soon passed quietly into oblivion. "The Spy, a Tale of the Neutral Ground," came next, and at once established his reputation for ability, and excited confident expectations of his future success. Then followed, in rapid succession, "The Pioneers," "The Pilot," "The Last of the Mohicans," "Lionel Lincoln," "The Prairie," and "The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish," — all relating to American scenes and characters. One of these, "The Pilot," and two others subsequently published, "The Red Rover," and "The Water Witch," are the fruits of several years' connexion with the navy,and attest the writer's thorough acquaintaince with the men and things of the sea. During his residence abroad, he produced four novels of a European character, "The Bravo," "The Heidenmauer," "The Headsman," and "The Monikins." Besides these labors in the department of fiction, Mr. Cooper published, about ten years since, "The Notions of a Travelling Bachelor," a series of letters on the institutions and prospects of this country, and the character of its inhabitants. Two separate works, containing the journal of his Travels in Switzerland, another on England, and that of which the title stands at the head of this article, make up the full list of Mr. Cooper's acknowledged publications.

Such a catalogue affords good evidence, at least, of the writer's industry. Thirty-eight volumes, in less than half the same number of years, or about one volume for every six months. It would be harsh to quarrel with this rapidity of execution, did we possess no other evidence of it, than that afforded by comparing the extent of his works with the time in which they were written. Unfortunately, there are too many traces of it in the books themselves. Mr. Cooper's

cardinal sin is negligence. He has written not only too fast, but too much. The later novels so ill sustain the reputation acquired by his early efforts, that, were it not for some unlucky peculiarities of manner, they could hardly be ascribed, on internal evidence, to the same author. This falling off may be attributable, in part, to the unfortunate change of scene and subjects consequent on his long residence abroad. But it is more easily explained, we fear, by the carelessness induced by early and great success. We have no wish, however, to quarrel with him in the outset, for there is much to be said in his praise.

It would be unjust to ascribe much of Mr. Cooper's success to the fact that he entered an untrodden field, and was the first to employ the copious materials for fiction afforded by the history of this country, and the character of its early inhabitants. Endowed with considerable power of observation, a talent for lively description, and great facility in imagining incidents and weaving them together in clear and spirited narrative, he was sure of exciting curiosity and giving interest to whatever subject he touched. He has that skill in narration, the first requisite of a novelist, which, fastening the reader's attention on the issue of events immediately before him, will not allow him to observe any improbability in the plot, or incongruity in the character and actions of the agents. Take, for instance, that scene of breathless interest from "The Last of the Mohicans," the attack and defence of the island at Glenn's Falls. When we almost hear the sharp crack of the rifles, mingling with the sullen and continued roar of the cataract, and see each new expedient of the savage assailants met and foiled by the skill and activity of the scout and his Indian associates, who can pause to think on the gross improbability of the events, by which the party were betrayed into their exposed situation? It must be owned, however, that the author abuses his power. The imminent dangers and hair-breadth escapes occur too frequently, till we lose the feeling of concern and suspense, and confide too much in the courage and sagacity of the actors, for effecting their own deliverance.

Of all the *land* novels, — for the sketches of life on the ocean demand separate consideration, — "The Pioneers" is our favorite. The author is on his strong ground, depicting persons and scenes, that he had watched and known from

infancy. None but a genuine backwoodsman, born and brought up, as the Yankees say, on the frontiers, could have sketched so happily the humors, occupations, and sports of an infant settlement. Shooting at turkeys on Christmas day, making maple sugar in "the camp," pigeon-hunting in spring, drawing the seine on the lake, the burning of the woods, — all are peculiar and strongly marked, and are presented with graphic effect by one who has acted what he describes. Every thing is in harmony, within doors and without. We recognise the immense fire-places, around which the family congregate, of a winter's evening, before a fire that might roast an ox; and the supper-table, loaded with a careless profusion of fare, that might satisfy an army. The appearance of external nature, too, though our author's *forte* lies not in this species of description, is yet familiar to us, as he presents its most characteristic features in winter and spring. The sudden changes, incident to our climate, produce magnificent alterations of view with a rapidity, that seems like magic, and which no power of painting or verbal description can adequately represent. Most gorgeous of all, is the "January thaw," followed by a piercing northwest wind and a freezing air, that covers the snow with a glittering crust, and buildings and trees with sheets of ice, sparkling like diamonds in the cold sunbeams. Mr. Cooper paints such a scene with the enthusiasm, that belongs to bright recollections of our early days.

Yet there is something wanting even in these brilliant sketches. They are evidently thrown off in a hurry, drawn with little care from the exuberant stores of a retentive memory, and committed to paper with little effort to make the effect on the reader correspond to the vivid impression existing in the writer's mind. There is no attempt at that finish of literary execution, which gives grace and perfection to the descriptive passages scattered through the novels of Scott. Mr. Cooper feels and remembers the beauty of a remarkable view, but he will not stop to describe it with that occasional minuteness, which is necessary to create a belief in the reality of the scene. He gives the general character of the landscape, but does not attempt to analyze it, and a haziness consequently rests upon the conception, which the reader attempts to form. Compare his sketches of prairie scenery, for instance, — of the noble herds that scamper wild over our western plains, — with the pictures of the same objects drawn

by Washington Irving, in his recent publications on the far West. Both give, perhaps, with equal power, the feeling of awe and sublimity created by such a sight; but Cooper leaves on the mind only a feeling, while a painter might work to good purpose from the materials afforded by Irving. But the novelist probably never saw the west of the Mississippi, and it is hardly fair to compare his descriptions at second hand, with those written by the light of a camp fire on the prairies themselves. And our whole objection refers rather to the lack of a beauty, than to the presence of a fault.

The characters in "The Pioneers" are hardly so individual, or so well drawn, as the scenes and incidents. Yet Billy Kirby, the woodchopper from "Varmount," with his huge frame, indolent good-nature, boastful speech, and readiness to turn his hand to any employment, is a successful sketch. And the bustling, pragmatical "Squire Jones," with his inordinate self-conceit, and officious habits, the *factotum* of the village, shrewd in some things, but a most practicable dupe in others, will be easily recognised by any denizen of a New England town. Still, the real Yankee remains to be sketched by some limner of a more delicate touch, and nicer tact, than Mr. Cooper. There are fine traits about him, which do not meet the eye of every careless observer, but are essential to the fidelity of a portrait. The Yankee is a true poet, in his way; his faculty at guessing, his scheming propensity, and his universality of talent, (*many-sidedness*, the Germans would call it,) all bearing witness to his power of imagination. Common painters do him no justice in this respect. Even Mr. Irving, admirably as he has hit off the Dutch of New York, has failed on New England ground. Jack Downing is more graphic, for he is a Yankee himself. But Jack also has too much of the Cruickshank talent; his happiest efforts are only ludicrous exaggerations. All praise to Miss Sedgwick for "Aunt Debby," the only veritable female Yankee on record. Her sketch is a perfect gem; Hogarth, or Sir Joshua Reynolds, has nothing finer or more characteristic.

Mr. Cooper's most decided failure is in the exhibition of his female personages. The women in his novels are utterly characterless and insipid. There is no variety, no grace, no life in them. We can hardly account for this grand defect. Our author is evidently no misogynist; for there are passages, which betray a deep sense of the loveliness and excellence of

woman's character. But the tenderness of her spirit, the depth, and strength, and purity of her affections, her real power, her influence over the course and issue of events, — these are things that our author either does not understand, or cannot adequately set forth. Female characters are introduced, as beings *for* whom something is to be done, but who themselves do nothing, and say nothing — to the purpose. They are constantly in the way, constantly in difficulties,—the cause of exertion in others, but never effecting any thing for themselves. They form part of the machinery for entangling the plot, but never for unravelling it. Thus, in "The Last of the Mohicans," the capture of Cara and Alice by the savages, is the leading incident, and creates all the business of the story. But the two captives themselves do nothing, they only suffer. Hence, they are nearly as stupid as the redoubtable Major, with whom they are both in love. All the reader's sympathy is enlisted for Uncas and Hawk-eye.

As the natural result, perhaps, of Mr. Cooper's failure in female portraiture, he cannot catch the tone of polite conversation. His polished characters, the ladies and gentlemen of the tale, talk together as no human beings ever did talk. They think, apparently, that ease and good manners consist in never giving a direct answer to a question, nor telling a plain fact in a straight-forward manner. They converse by hints and implication, and convey the simplest remark in a pompous circumlocution. Yet the writer is fond of dialogue, and the reader is often disposed to borrow the exclamation of the rustic, during a stage performance; "I wish these people would cease talking, and let the play go on." Conversational talent, like epistolary writing, is the peculiar gift of woman. Miss Sedgwick excels, where Mr. Cooper's failure is most apparent. She is at home, where his situation (as an author) is most awkward, — in the polished scenes of the drawing-room, in adapting the banter, the *persiflage*, the gentle irony, and elegant nothings of fashionable talk. With more humor than wit, Cooper observes the oddities and salient points of character in the common and lower walks of life, and often brings them out with great liveliness, into full relief. But he has not the power of minute observation, the nice sense of the ridiculous, which enables one to catch the manners of the higher circles in society, and hold them up in laughing satire.

A greater defect in these novels, than any which we have

yet noticed, relates to the construction of the plot. The main action of the story is often utterly incredible, and the lesser incidents, that form the details of the plot, are so frequently forced and unnatural, that all the author's powers of description and narration are hardly sufficient to create in the reader's mind any illusion respecting the reality of the tale. It is not, that the writer indulges in romance, and gives his imagination too loose rein in the coloring of events. But the agents act from insufficient motives, or from no motives at all. They appear at times utterly devoid of judgment and common sense, and their proceedings are altogether strange and unaccountable. In "The Prairie," a family of lawless squatters kidnap a beautiful girl of high connexions, and, without any design of personal injury, hurry her off into the wilds towards the Rocky Mountains, with some indefinite purpose of obtaining at a future period a large ransom. How they propose to negotiate such a bargain, or in what way their object will be furthered by removing into the wilderness, a thousand miles from any civilized abode, we are not informed. And the lover of the girl is just as insane as the kidnappers. Instead of obtaining a warrant, and engaging the sheriff and his myrmidons, as a sensible man would do, on the like emergency, he goes off alone on the wide prairie to seek for his love, confident that chance will guide him to the proper spot, and that the outlaws will deliver up their prey to his unassisted demand. The event proves, that he has not overrated his good fortune. This is a fair specimen of the art with which Mr. Cooper weaves his plots. If our readers desire yet more notable instances of the improbable in story-telling, we refer them to the main incidents in "The Pioneers," "Lionel Lincoln," and "The Water Witch." "These lies are, — gross as a mountain, open, palpable."

That a writer can impart interest to the relation of such incredible events, is no small proof of talent. But, in spite of this great defect, the narrative in the earlier novels is executed with so much ease and spirit, there is such variety of incident and beauty of description, that the attention is wholly absorbed, and the reader cannot easily quit the book, till the perusal is finished. The dangers of an escape, the hurry of pursuit, the artifices by which sudden emergencies are met and perils eluded, are detailed in such breathless succession, that we cannot choose but sympathize with the agents, and

rejoice at last in the successful issue. Particular scenes of terror are sometimes overwrought, and the feelings are harrowed by too minute and graphic relation of all the circumstances attendant on a scene of blood. In "The Prairie," the discovery of the dead body of Asa in the brake, and the death-scene of the kidnapper who murdered him, may well be compared, in point of terrible effect, to the well-known passage in "Rob Roy," where the wretched Morris is thrown into the lake. But such descriptions do not seem to indicate the highest order of talent. The effect produced is like that of some fearful paintings, representing the painful martyrdom of the saints, where the feeling of horror is qualified by one of strong disgust.

Mr. Cooper is not apt to idealize his characters, but he has presented the aborigines of this continent in far too flattering colors. The naturally grave and taciturn manners of the Indians, have won them credit for far more heroic qualities of mind, than any which they really possess. We do not believe, that magnanimity is a common trait among them, and to the virtue of self-denial they can certainly lay no claim. The poet, by virtue of his prerogative to improve on nature, "to conform the outward show of things to the wishes of the mind," may consider the red man as "a Stoic of the woods, a man without a tear." Indeed, if fortitude be defined as nothing more than the resolute suppression of all external signs of pain, it is undoubtedly a common Indian virtue. But ordinary calmness of manner may proceed as much from obtuseness of feeling, as from dignified resolution under the influence of strong emotion. At any rate, the writer of fiction must be careful that he does not injure the resemblance, by adding other and higher features of character to the single Spartan trait which the Indian possesses. Mr. Cooper has given us Cato and Coriolanus dressed in blankets and moccasins. As mere imaginative creations, these may do; but they have no more resemblance to the red men of our forests, than to the aboriginal Britons. Those who admit the fidelity of such portraits, may believe, that the speech of Galgacus, as reported by the Roman historian, was actually spoken by the Scottish monarch. Our author is even less successful in the attempt to *talk Indian*, than in reports of conversation in sober English. The common poverty of all unformed and rude languages, in respect to abstract terms, compels the na-

tives to express themselves in a style often highly figurative and abrupt. Smarting under the sense of wrong, they have, sometimes, in their intercourse with the whites, used this peculiar diction with an energy, that amounted to real eloquence. Mr. Cooper is fond of imitating this manner, and favors his readers with long dialogues in choice Indian, that are dull and wearisome to the last degree.

We gladly turn to that class of his novels, on which, we believe, our author's reputation will ultimately depend. He has opened a new mine of romance, by displaying the interest that attaches to a sailor's life, and the fortunes of the sea; and his success has been attested in the usual way, by a crowd of imitators. We call him the first in this department of novel-writing, without forgetting Smollett, who has executed broad and vigorous caricatures of the sailor's manners and habits, but has given no real pictures of life upon the ocean. Roderick Random goes to sea, but his story on board relates to the characters whom he met, and does not turn immediately upon incidents connected with the vasty deep. Cooper gives us the ocean itself, in all its moods,

"Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm."

And man also is presented, modified in character by his peculiar occupation and locality, — energetic, daring, and skilful, the sport of the waves in their wildest moments, or eluding their blind force by his contriving ingenuity. The contest of human skill with the angry elements, carried on upon the noble theatre of the illimitable waters, is no theme to be touched by a faltering and unskilful hand. The sublimity is in the subject, and no artificial coloring is required to heighten the effect. Simple, but graphic strokes of description, and thorough acquaintance with the different aspects of the heavens and the ocean, with the management of a ship, and the peculiarities of sailors, are the secret of our author's success in his maritime sketches. We prefer "The Pilot" to the two other novels belonging to this class, for it is written in that calm and subdued manner, which evinces the quiet consciousness of power. Probability is not strained to produce striking events, or to get up an effective picture of movements at sea. "The Red Rover" is executed in a more dashing style, and borders upon romance. In "The Water Witch," the absurdities of the plot are too glaring, to admit our follow-

ing with much interest the progress of the tale. We object, further, to occasional excess in the use of technical terms. The writer might abate his professional pride, enough, at least, to give the landlubbers a chance of comprehending his nautical evolutions.

Captain Maryatt, and the author of "Tom Cringle's Log," have been most successful in following the lead of our novelist upon the sea. We claim a superiority for Mr. Cooper over them both. The former of the two, with much of Smollett's broad humor, and still more of his vulgarity, writes amusing tales, but they are hardly fit to be read. His manner, however, is more like that of Swift than of Fielding; it is coarse, but not licentious. Many of the sea-views are executed with great spirit, and the constant hurry of incidents keeps the interest sustained throughout. But the stories are carelessly written, contain no variety of character, no plot; and the more striking scenes are constantly repeated, till the effect is lost. The writer uses up too much material. We have a hurricane, a shipwreck, and a sea-fight, every ten pages. Cooper is not so prodigal of his means. Give him but a single gale and a lee-shore, or the topsail of a man-of-war, appearing above the fog, and he makes the picture complete. There are human beings too, on board the ship, and the feelings are even painfully awakened to the alternations of hope and despair, the rejoicings at an escape, or the last convulsive struggle with the waters. On the other hand, the gallant Captain drowns a whole ship's company, and the reader cares as little about them as he does.

Tom Cringle is a true sailor, a wit, and a bit of a poet in his line. He has an off-hand, and hearty manner, which inclines one to pardon occasional coarseness, and to relish with greater zest some very brilliant and vivid sketches. West Indian scenes, picturesque views of tropical scenery, and wild adventures on sea and land, are described in an exaggerated but highly effective manner. A grotesque grouping of characters, a lively caricature of absurdities of every kind, and a strange mixture of ridiculous and horrible events, make a fascinating, but rather dangerous book for youthful readers. From the entire want of quietness and repose in manner, of any connexion between the incidents, or any appearance of truth and soberness in the narrative, the work hardly deserves to be ranked in the same class with Cooper's novels. It

originally appeared in numbers, in "Blackwood's Magazine," and is a fair specimen of the style of writing, which the minor English periodicals of late have universally adopted. Good sense and good taste are sacrificed in straining after effect. Either these works do not fairly manifest the popular spirit, or the taste of the reading public in Great Britain has altered sadly for the worse.

We pass to our immediate subject, — the volumes containing a portion of Mr. Cooper's experience and reflections, while a resident in France. The writer states, that "they are the gleanings of a harvest already gathered, thrown together in a desultory manner, and without the slightest, or at least a very small, pretension to any of those arithmetical and statistical accounts, that properly belong to works of a graver character. They contain the passing remarks of one, who has certainly seen something of the world, whether it has been to his advantage or not, who had reasonably good opportunities to examine what he saw, and who is not conscious of being, in the slightest degree, influenced by fear, favor, or the hope of reward." As these preliminary remarks do not lead the reader to expect much, he will not probably be disappointed. The book is written in a plain, easy, but diffuse style, with little attempt at acuteness of remark or liveliness of anecdote and description. We gain from it a pleasant glimpse of a few scenes in Parisian society, and some information respecting the modes of living, fashion, and intercourse. But, as a picture of society, it has no pretensions to completeness; the author generalizes but little, except on a favorite subject. Of the character and movements of individuals distinguished in letters and politics, of public institutions, or the state of opinions in the metropolis, except with reference to the popularity of the reigning family, the writer says absolutely nothing. His work wants the continuity of interest, that belongs to the journal of a traveller, noting incidents and reflections from day to day; nor has the author attempted the graver method of throwing the general results of inquiry and observation into distinct chapters, treating severally of important topics. We are describing the book by negatives, for its meagreness is such, as to render it difficult to tell what it does contain. There is an interesting account of an interview between the author and Sir Walter Scott, of a dinner which the King and royal family ate in public, and of an entertain-

ment given by the American minister to Mr. Canning, and the heads of the diplomatic corps then in Paris. But the conversation on this occasion, and all others, Mr. Cooper carefully abstains from reporting.

The greatest peculiarity of the book, is the sensitiveness manifested by the author, on subjects connected with American politics. His nationality is excessive. The differences between American and European institutions are ever uppermost in his mind, and he loses no opportunity to discuss these points of contrast, and strike the balance favorably to his own countrymen. Captain Hall's loyalty rose to fever heat, when he was travelling in the backwoods of the United States ; and in a similar manner, Mr. Cooper's republican feelings are stimulated to excess, when surrounded by the forms and subjects of a monarchy. On trifling occasions his ire is roused, and manifested with a bitterness of expression, which, when contrasted with the insignificance of the matter in question, appears wholly unreasonable and absurd. Thus, at a dinner-party, his composure is essentially disturbed by the fact, that, in passing from one room to another, sundry peeresses took precedence of the American ladies, who were their elders, and very probably their betters. "What became of the precedency of the married lady all this time, you will be ready to ask? Alas! she was an American, and had no precedency. The twelve millions may not settle this matter as it should be, but, take my word for it, the fifty millions will." Now, in our opinion, the fifty millions will never trouble their heads about the matter. We like best the plain, republican manner of giving place to the elder, and the greatest stranger ; but the Parisians are welcome to adopt whatever other fashion they see fit, though it be ten times as absurd as the one just noticed. The inhabitants of the mother country come in for the largest share of our author's jealousy and dislike. "I have learned early to understand, that wherever there is an Englishman in question, it behooves an American to be reserved, punctilious, and sometimes stubborn." He advises his own countrymen to cultivate "a more reasoning and original tone of thought, as respects our own distinctive principles, and distinctive situation, with a total indifference to the theories, that have been broached to sustain an alien and antagonist system in England."

We sympathize heartily with Mr. Cooper's pride of country,

and preference of republican institutions, while we judge, from his book, that his exhibition of these feelings abroad was unseasonable, excessive, and in very bad taste. An American would be unworthy of his country, who, in any European capital, should hear its character assailed and the measures of its statesmen wantonly attacked, and yet utter no word in its defence. Still, we do not conceive, that he goes abroad as the avowed champion of republican forms, bound to assert the equality of human rights in every drawing-room and court which he visits, and to resent every fancied slight put by peers upon commoners, as an injury to himself. He would show proper dignity of spirit far better, by keeping aloof from the scenes that are likely to offend his republican notions. He may be one of nature's noblemen himself; but if he enters foreign society, where such a title is not acknowledged, he is to receive and pay that deference, which the laws of hospitality and the social regulations require, and not conceive that his country is wilfully insulted, because his own position at table does not accord with his wishes. The customs and opinions of every community have rightful preëminence within its own limits ; and a foreigner, who, from motives of business or pleasure, enters the state, is bound to respect the national habits and prejudices, or suffer the inconveniences, that will naturally result from harsh and ill-timed opposition. If a republican does not choose to stoop and kiss the floor, when introduced to the emperor of China, the best way for him is to avoid the emperor's presence altogether.

In determining the relative excellence of different forms of government, Mr. Cooper hardly manifests a liberal and philosophical spirit. European institutions are to be considered in reference to the spirit and character of the people, among whom they exist. We believe, that our own forms are best suited to the genius of our own citizens, and thus far this theory has been attested by experiment. Still further, we are in the advance, for society here has reached a state, a tendency towards which, is widely manifested in Europe. In the theory of government, they are advancing to a point, which we have long since attained. Therefore, the question whether our institutions might be immediately and safely copied on the other side of the ocean, demands a careful view of the progress, which our Transatlantic brethren have already made. Determine this question as we may, it is manifest, that modes

of thought, rules of intercourse, observances, and customs exist abroad, which are adapted to the present condition of their governments, and as well adapted, perhaps, as our different fashions are to our own peculiar establishments. It is folly, then, to quarrel with the etiquette, the distinction of ranks, the laws of entail, the spendthriftness of rulers, that exist in a monarchy. These things, considered in themselves, are abuses; but they are necessary parts of a system, which still prevails. Respect for antiquated forms, which have no color of present utility, appears absurd to us, but it is not necessarily absurd in France and England. Reverence for antiquity is one of the greatest props of time-worn institutions, and to lessen it, even in insignificant matters, is to shake the whole edifice. Mr. Cooper is vexed, that a magistrate should choose "to appear on the bench with a cumbrous, hot, and inconvenient cloud of powdered flax, or whatever may be the material, on his poll, because our ancestors, a century or two since, were so silly as to violate nature in the same extraordinary manner." On the other hand, the ultra English Conservatives seem to regard the big wigs of the justices as necessary parts of the British constitution; and we believe that they are in the right.

Our author is no habitual egotist, yet he is prone to magnify the importance of little incidents, in which he was himself engaged, and to suffer personal feelings to bias his views of the policy of states. There was nothing very peculiar in his situation, — an American man of letters, resident for a time in the capital of a monarchy. The ministers of Charles the Tenth could not have thought, either that he was so unmindful of his country's institutions and political creed, that he might be persuaded to join the advocates of legitimacy in church and state, or, on the other hand, that he was mad enough to engage personally in the agitations of the disaffected, and to form plots against the honor and safety of the Bourbons. Yet, with all the ingenuity of self-delusion, Mr. Cooper seems to have imagined, that he was an object of constant suspicion in the French metropolis, and was surrounded by all the artifices of police agents and spies. We cannot believe that Fouché himself, when his system of *espionage* was most extensive, would have troubled himself to lay snares in the path of an individual visiting Paris under such circumstances. It is but fair, however, to lay before our

readers the incident, on which Mr. Cooper grounds his charge.

Soon after his arrival in France, he received a visit from a person whom he had never seen before, but who called himself a *littérateur*. In conversation, this individual very freely abused the Bourbons, and the state of things then existent in France, and at last took occasion to speak of the novel of Ivanhoe. He charged Scott with injustice towards the Templars, and went into a long vindication of that order. At several other interviews, the topic was renewed, and at last the visiter asserted, that the Templars still existed in Paris, and gave Mr. Cooper an invitation from the Grand Master, to be present at a secret meeting, which was to be held that week. We give the conclusion of the story in our author's own words, without further comment.

"Of course, I immediately conjectured that some of the political agitators of the day had assumed this taking guise, in order to combine their means and carry out their plans. The proposition was gotten rid of, by my stating, in terms that could not be misunderstood, that I was a traveller, and did not wish to meddle with any thing that required secrecy, in a foreign government; that I certainly had my own political notions, and, if pushed, should not hesitate to avow them anywhere; that the proper place for a writer to declare his sentiments, was in his books, unless under circumstances which authorized him to act; that I did not conceive foreigners were justifiable in going beyond this; that I never had meddled with the affairs of foreign countries, and that I never would; and that the fact of this society's being secret, was sufficient to deter me from visiting it. With this answer, my guest departed, and he never came again.

"Now, the first impression was as I have told you, and I supposed my visiter, although a man of fifty, was one of those who innocently lent himself to these silly exaggerations; either as a dupe, or to dupe others. I saw reason, however, to change this opinion.

"At the time these visits occurred, I scarcely knew any one in Paris, and was living in absolute retirement, — being, as you know already, quite without letters. About ten days after I saw the last of my *littérateur*, I got a letter from a high functionary of the government, sending me a set of valuable medals. The following day, these were succeeded by his card, and an invitation to dinner. Soon after, another person, notoriously connected with court intrigues, sought me out, and overwhelmed me

with civilities. In a conversation that shortly after occurred between us, this person gave a pretty direct intimation, that by pushing a little, a certain decoration that is usually conferred on literary men, was to be had, if it were desired. I got rid of all these things, in the straight-forward manner, that is the best for upsetting intrigues: and having really nothing to conceal, I was shortly permitted to take my own course.

"I have now little doubt that the *littérateur* was a *spy*, sent, either to sound me on some point connected with Lafayette and the republicans, or possibly to lead me into some difficulty, though I admit that this is no more than conjecture. I give you the facts, which, at the time, struck me as, at least, odd; and you may draw your own conclusions. This, however, is but one of a dozen adventures, more or less similar, that have occurred, and I think it well to mention it, by way of giving you an insight into what sometimes happens here." — Vol. II. pp. 192 – 194.

We have spoken freely, though with no captious spirit, of the defects of Mr. Cooper's writings, for the beauties are so evident, and have been so well attested by the wide-spread popularity of the works, that they needed no particular notice. Now that he has again set up his household gods in his native land, we trust soon to hear from him in that department of authorship, in which he met with such early and brilliant success. There are copious materials for fiction in the adventurous history of the pilgrim settlers, and their immediate descendants, by using which, he will do better service to his countrymen and more honor to himself, than by retracing the worn tracks of European novelists, or speculating upon political topics of ephemeral interest. What he has already accomplished is not more a proof of genius and merit, than a warrant for the public to make large demands for future effort.

ART. II. — 1. *M. T. Cicero de Senectute et de Amicitiâ, ex Editionibus Oliveti et Ernesti. Accedunt Notæ Anglicæ Juventuti accommodatæ.* Curâ C. K. DILLAWAY, A. M. Bostoniæ; Perkins et Marvin. Philadelphiæ; H. Perkins. 1837.

2. *M. T. Ciceronis de Officiis Libri Tres. Ex Editionibus Oliveti et Ernesti. Accedunt Notæ Anglicæ.* Curâ C. K. DILLAWAY, A. M. Bostoniæ; Perkins et Marvin. Philadelphiæ; H. Perkins. 1837.

3. *La République de Cicéron, d'après le Texte inédit, récemment découvert et commenté par M. Mai, Bibliothécaire du Vatican. Avec une Traduction Française, un Discours Préliminaire, et des Dissertations Historiques,* par M. VILLEMAIN, de l'Académie Française. Paris. 1823.

Cleveland

THE lovers of Latin are under obligations to Mr. Dillaway for his very neat and commodious editions of Cicero. Many will be tempted to read these pretty volumes, who might not feel courage enough to undertake the task of perusing a less convenient edition; and many will purchase these interesting treatises, as they appear separately and at a moderate price, who would have been repelled by the labor and expense of going through the "Opera Omnia." The form much resembles that of the Regent's edition, being very neat, and printed with remarkable correctness. The notes purport to be prepared for the use of youth, and are well suited to this purpose, though we are much mistaken if they be not found of benefit to many who can scarcely be included in this category. They are entirely unencumbered with philological learning, and probably add nothing to the knowledge actually possessed by learned scholars; but they accomplish very satisfactorily the object for which they were written, namely, to aid the uninitiated, and to lead the young scholar, with helping hand, through the first obstacles which beset him, or to save the reader, be he who he may, the trouble of searching, in the midst of a mass of ostentatious learning, for the simple explanation with which he would be satisfied. We trust that Mr. Dillaway will continue his labors in this branch, feeling sure, that if he goes on as he has begun, he will render good service to the cause of the classics in our country.

But it is our intention at this time to do more than merely speak of an edition of these works; we wish to take the opportunity to treat at large of the life and writings of that great man, whose name graces the beginning of our essay. The poor fisherman, in the Arabian tale, did but raise the lid of the casket he had drawn up from the sea, when the tall form of the Genie rose up majestically to his view, the dim and misty outline assuming every moment a more distinct and visible form, till the whole colossal figure, with its stern reality of muscle and sinew, stood towering before him. So it is with us when we think of Cicero. At the sound of his name, and the mention of his works, the gigantic character of the man appears before us, the magnificent traits becoming one by one apparent, till the whole vast intellect seems to be present to our sight; and the memory of his good deeds, of his life, devoted to the service of his country, of his sufferings in the cause of liberty, and his tragical death, comes over us with an interest and power from which we cannot escape.

The memory of their virtues is the noblest legacy which the great and good of any age can bequeath to posterity; it is a never-dying principle which is destined to act throughout all time. Its power is not entirely comprehended at first; it is more deeply felt, and better understood, and is more efficient for good, in proportion as men advance in knowledge and virtue. As it may be that there are stars which have been glittering since the dawn of creation, yet have never been seen or distinguished in the firmament, so it is probable that virtues have been displayed by the good of past ages, that have never yet been appreciated or perceived. Such a character as Socrates could not be comprehended or valued in any degree by a barbarous nation. Achilles was undoubtedly the hero, *par excellence*, of the Iliad, for those rude nations to whom the blind bard recited his immortal cantos, and who looked upon courage and strength as the only attributes worthy a man. A more polished age would be awake to the lovelier character of Hector, whose beautiful traits were probably little noticed in the days of Homer. And thus it must ever be while civilization is on the advance. The historian describes faithfully actions and characters, but successive generations speculate upon them with very different feelings; and, as time rolls on, new virtues and new powers become apparent, and set their watch over man in the bright firmament, where

the good deeds of those who have gone before us are shining in immortal glory.

It is a becoming task then, for every changing state of society to review the past ; and to discover as far as possible those treasures of character, which have before been unnoticed. And in looking back to the great men of antiquity, we know of no one to whom we feel more strongly attracted, or who seems to be more closely connected with the present, than Cicero. His works are more various, as well as extensive, than those of any other ancient writer, and we feel that we know him through these. We are brought nearer to him than to any one of the ancients. It seems, as if we had actually listened to his voice in the Senate-house or the Forum, or conversed with him and his friends in his beautiful Tusculan gardens, and gathered from his own lips his deep and pure philosophy. — And more than this ; we are sensible of the power of his mind, of its vast range through the past, present, and future ; we perceive his capacity for comprehending all the improvements of society, and we feel that if he were brought to life at present, he would be as one of us. We figure to ourselves the delight with which he would view and understand the advances made since his time ; the intuitive readiness with which he would accommodate himself to the laws of society ; the perfect gentleman he would appear, though suddenly placed in a scene so new, so trying, so full of wonders.

We shall first speak of Cicero as an Orator. His name is identified with eloquence. His great pursuit ; the object to which his life was devoted ; the passion of his youth ; the last and mightiest effort of his old age, was eloquence. And in speaking of his intellectual qualities, we can have no hesitation in placing this art foremost among the objects to which they were devoted. The idea of a perfect Orator existed in his mind almost from childhood, and was never lost from his view. He looked to it as to a bright beacon advancing constantly before him ; never perhaps fully reached, but attracting him by its brightness, and alluring him ever onward.

The early selection of this leading object to which his best faculties were to be devoted, and his steady pursuit of it through life, may seem rather remarkable in a state where military eminence so far eclipsed all other distinctions, and was the surest, if not the only step, to office and dignity.

But Cicero was a remarkable instance of a man who understood himself. He knew his own character thoroughly ; he understood wherein his greatest power consisted, and he used every means to cultivate those faculties which he was aware could alone ensure his success. He very early in life formed the conception of that perfect character, which he says an orator ought to be ; a man who has cultivated every power to the highest degree ; to whom the arts, the ornaments of life, nature itself pays tribute ; whose mind is enriched by the knowledge of all sciences, and the thoughts and imaginings of kindred spirits in all ages, and who gathers into himself the results of genius of every period, country, and form. Upon this model Cicero formed his character. He was aware that his powers were equal to the task. He knew that he could comprehend all that man had known ; that his powers of acquiring and his industry were unsurpassed ; and still more, he felt, that knowledge in his mind would not be a dead and useless weight, but that he had power to mould and transform, to bring forth new and fairer forms, and to bequeath to all futurity high and worthy thoughts. From his earliest years, therefore, he devoted himself to literary pursuits. He made himself familiar, not only with the rhetorician's art, but also with the whole science of Roman jurisprudence ; two branches which had always been considered as forming distinct professions. After gaining all the knowledge to be found in Rome, he travelled into Greece ; he there perfected himself in the language of that country, and became familiar with her rich philosophy and literature. In Asia he was surrounded by the most distinguished philosophers and orators, with whom he daily conversed and reasoned, and from whom he probably obtained much of that knowledge of ancient philosophy, which he displays in his writings. His mind was stored with all human knowledge ; the beautiful poetry of Greece was familiar to him ; he had walked in the groves of Academus, and the genius of the place had penetrated his soul ; he had listened to the various creeds of the schools, and had boldly formed his own opinions, without suffering the shackles of other minds ; and he returned to make all his acquirements contribute to one object, the profession of eloquence. Of all the manifestations of human power, Cicero regarded that of the orator as the greatest, and as approaching nearest to the divine nature. To this, he made all knowledge and all talent

subservient; to this, poetry, philosophy, and history were but the ministering attendants.

We gather from his own writings his exalted opinion of the eloquent man.

"Let us trace the qualifications," says he, "of the orator such as Antony never saw, nor any other man; whom we can perchance describe as he ought to be, though perhaps we can neither imitate him, nor show any example of such a man, (for Antony used to say that these qualities were hardly granted to a God.)" — *Orator*, c. 5.

"The orator must possess the knowledge of many sciences, without which a mere flow of words is vain and ridiculous; his style of speaking must be formed not only by a choice of words, but by a skilful arrangement and construction of sentences; he must be deeply versed in every emotion which nature has given to man; for all skill and power in speaking, consists in soothing or exciting the minds of the audience. In addition to this, he must possess a ready wit and pleasantry, an amount of erudition such as is becoming to a freeman, and a quickness of repartee united with refined elegance and urbanity. He must be familiar with all antiquity, and be provided with a store of examples; nor must he neglect the science of laws and jurisprudence. — And what shall I say of action? which depends upon the motions of the body, the gestures, the countenance, the tones and changes of the voice. The great importance of action may be discovered from the actor's frivolous art, and the stage; for who is ignorant how few can resist the effect even of the moderate skill exhibited there? What shall I say of the memory, that treasury of all learning, without whose aid in preserving the knowledge we have acquired, or the thoughts we have originated, all the most valuable qualities of an orator would be lost? Let us no longer wonder, then, that eloquence is so rare, since it consists of so many accomplishments, each of which would seem to be the work of a life in acquiring." — *De Oratore*, lib. 1, c. 5.

Such was Cicero's notion of the Perfect Orator, and such he endeavoured to render himself. He was undoubtedly correct, in regarding eloquence as the concentration of human genius, the fullest developement of all the powers, and the manifestation of the highest qualities of our nature. There is certainly no display of mortal power so imposing, as that of the great orator at the moment of putting forth his energies; when the highest mental faculties are called into action in concert with those physical powers which are so noble that the

Greeks held them divine ; when the thoughts that breathe and the words that burn are enforced by the graceful and impressive gesture, the form that seems to tower up and dilate, the beaming eye, the voice, with its thousand tones, embodying thought in the most resistless forms; and the enraptured crowds are ready to cry out, "It is the voice of a god and not of a man."

The union of the physical with the mental must always be more dazzling, more overwhelming in its effects, than mere intellectual effort can ever be. Hence, probably, the glory that must always be attached to great military prowess. The leader of a mighty host, governing all by the force of his single intellect, and with majestic presence of mind, amid the scene of carnage and horror, assailed by the dreadful sounds of battle, the deafening shouts, the continued roar, the shrieks of agony, the trumpet's blast, calmly directing the storm, or perhaps himself heading the charge, and rushing foremost in the onset, and inspiring thousands with a heroism they never felt before, — this is a display of energy and power, that must command admiration even from those who turn with loathing and horror from the scene.

This union of physical with intellectual power, however, is more remarkable and magnificent in the orator than in the soldier ; for here, the intellect predominates. It is mind manifesting itself in the brightest form of matter, and simply using it to give a more intense and perceptible expression to thought. In the warrior, the physical seems to prevail ; it is aided by the intellectual, but it makes mind subservient to matter, and the effect produced is owing more to muscles and sinews, to animal courage and strength, than to intellectual power. The orator occasions, in a degree, the same effect, but in a far more noble manner. "Before whom," says Cicero, "do men tremble ? on whom do they gaze stupefied ? at whose words do they shout ? whom do they regard as a God among men ? " *

To some it may seem strange that one, whose ambition was so great as Cicero's, should have been content to rest his fame on a distinction so transient as that gained by the orator. True eloquence, as Cicero understood the word, uttered, not written, was to be terminated with the life of the orator.

* De Oratore, lib. 3, c. 14.

When that voice which invoked the people to their duties, as with a trumpet call, at whose sound the guilty quailed and fled, which made one tyrant tremble on his judgment-seat, and goaded another to very madness, was hushed in death; when the speaking eye was closed, and the graceful right hand had lost its cunning; where was that eloquence to which a life of industry and careful labor had been devoted? For a few years the memory of it lingered among his countrymen, who thought with bitter feelings of that name they dared not utter, and that glory which Rome was never again to witness; but one by one all who had listened to him passed away, and the oratory of Cicero was a forgotten thing, or survived only in vague tradition. Why then, it may be asked, should a man of his genius devote his life to building up a monument, which at his death would melt away and disappear like some gorgeous cloud-pile which the wind scatters?

But, we ask, is eloquence so transient? Though the voice of the orator or the tragedian be hushed in death, do his glory and power pass away entirely? Though we may no longer hear his voice, or be moved by his eloquence; though these may be forgotten things, and their very existence doubted, still they are not lost upon the earth. Has the memory of those mighty orators who have lived before, perished altogether? is it not handed down from those who listened to the strains, to their children, and their children's children, from generation to generation, till the fame thereof has filled the whole earth? The writer, indeed, addresses us, centuries after his death, in the self-same words that he spoke to his contemporaries, while the accents of the orator are forgotten. But the memory of the results he brought to pass, the power he exerted, the good he did, can never die; it endures with life-giving and eternal power; it exists in the hearts of thousands, a beautiful ideal, which the lips may fail perhaps to body forth, but which the mind conceives and beholds in its full glory. It lives on, a standard and model which urges thousands forward to a perfection they could never have reached without it. In this sense, there is much that is real and permanent in the fame of an orator. He who founds a city, or discovers a continent, leaves an imperishable fame; but the monument of an orator's glory is not less real, firm, and lasting; it is renewed with every successive age; it lives again in the accents of every eloquent man whom it has stimulated to

be what he is. In this view of it, the fame of an orator is well worth possessing, because it is not an empty sound, but an active principle, that endures and exerts a noble influence through countless ages.

An instance in illustration of our remarks occurs in the celebrated speech of Sheridan before the House of Commons, preceding the impeachment of Warren Hastings. The records of this speech have not been preserved, and there are few living who were blessed with the sound of that voice. It is only known, that at the close of the oration, Sir William Dolben moved an adjournment of the debate, on the ground, that, "in the state of mind in which Sheridan's speech had left him, it was impossible for him to give a determinate opinion." Yet what volumes does this speak! The imagination paints that august body whom the orator was addressing; at first we see their usual indifference; we notice them whispering and moving about, or lounging on their benches; as the orator proceeds, their attention is gradually fixed; they sit erect that they may listen more carefully; the whispering and bustle cease; the speaker himself loses his usual appearance of indifference and apathy; the stern countenances relax, and tears are seen trickling down many a furrowed cheek. The stillness is now profound, broken only by the occasional sob, or the irrepressible cry of admiration, or perhaps at intervals the orator is interrupted, not by the usual tributes of applause, but by cries of rapture, shouts that know not parliamentary forms, and which are uttered by those who would have repressed them, but could not. As he closes, and the sounds of his magnificent eloquence die upon the ear, the same deep stillness continues, so

> "that even Silence
> Was took ere she was ware, and wished she might
> Deny her nature, and be never more,
> Still to be so displaced."

Then follows that noble and generous tribute to his power, and the members withdraw in silence and meditation, astonished and overwhelmed by the gorgeous eloquence they had listened to. What the words were, and what the manner was, that so wrought upon this refined and fastidious body, can only be conjectured; the imagination dwells upon it with longing, yet almost in despair; but many a youthful orator has become eloquent from the image of perfection which this slight record has created in his mind.

But Cicero was impelled to the cultivation of eloquence by other motives besides those of ambition. He loved it as an art; he felt that his capacities were peculiarly adapted to it; and, smitten with the beauty of the ideal that existed in his mind, he was urged by an irresistible desire to give it expression. He labored for this, as the young sculptor labors for the mastery of his art. He bound himself for life to the pursuit, and no change of circumstance, no danger, no distress could induce him to abandon it. Was his voice drowned by the clamors of a fiery mob, had the Forum become the scene of riot and bloodshed, did the iron hand of the Dictator crush the growing flower of Roman oratory, still this great master, in his retirement, continued to cherish and preserve his beloved art; he employed his leisure in drawing from his own experience those varied and minute rules for the guidance of others, which abound in his rhetorical writings; and, looking ever forward with a patriot's enthusiasm to the emancipation of his country, he kept alive the spark of eloquence at his own sacred hearth, and within the sanctuary of his home, consoling himself with the reflection, that although he might not live to see the results of his care, he was still bequeathing to posterity an inheritance that would not pass away. In his touching and beautiful language he says, addressing his friend Brutus;

"But after the death of Hortensius, being left, as it were, the guardian of Orphan Eloquence, I keep her at my home, under careful protection. I repel those unknown and persevering suitors, and preserve her in chastity as a ripened Virgin, protecting her, as far as possible, from the eager pursuit of her lovers. And though I mourn that I have entered upon life, as upon a road, somewhat too late, and have fallen upon this night of the republic ere my journey was finished, I am nevertheless sustained by the consolation which you suggest in your delightful letters, when you bid me be of good cheer, because my good deeds shall speak of me when I am silent. And I shall live, though I be dead." — *De Claris Oratoribus*, c. 96.

With Cicero eloquence was an art; and in saying this we mean to convey the highest praise. The birth-place of art is in the soul; it does not depend upon rules; it does not consist in acquired knowledge; it exists previously to all theories and sciences; it is a perfect idea, an image of beauty dwelling in the mind, in distinct and radiant traits, which we

seek to clothe in some form that may be comprehended by the senses. The sculptor embodies in marble, the painter on canvass, the orator in words and action. Sculpture, as an art, existed in the fulness of perfection, when that form of faultless beauty beamed upon the soul of Phidias, which he afterwards portrayed in the ivory. The rules of the art are subsequent, and are derived from the various expressions of the preconceived ideal. The same is the case with poetry. "Assuredly," says one of our own writers, "epic poetry was invented then, and not before, when the gorgeous vision of the Iliad, not in its full detail of circumstance, but in the dim conception of its leading scenes and bolder features, burst into the soul of Homer."

So it was with Cicero, in regard to eloquence. He availed himself indeed of the experience of those who had gone before him; but the ideal existed in his mind above all rules, and he embodied it in a more perfect form than had ever before been witnessed. When we say, therefore, that with him eloquence was an art, we mean, that it was something not acquired by rules, but preëxisting in his mind; aided, but not formed, by industry; giving birth to rhetoric, not receiving existence from it. To but few individuals has this beautiful conception been granted. It was given undoubtedly to Cicero; it was felt by Sheridan, when, after his first speech in the House of Commons, he made that characteristic exclamation, "It is in me, however, and by God it shall come out." But like that glorious city of Paradise in the eastern fable, it is revealed only to a few favored mortals, who are permitted, once in a century, to gaze on its splendors, while the search for it is hopeless to all others.

In examining the eloquence of Cicero, therefore, as it appears in his orations, we must view it as an art, and we must apply to it the same principles of criticism that we would to the fine arts. We must judge of the harmony and symmetry of the parts, the resemblance to nature, the finish of the work, the peculiar traits which give it individuality, the effect of the whole.

In looking for the characteristics of Cicero's eloquence, we shall perhaps, at first, be at a loss to discover any leading and peculiarly prominent feature. We never hear of the thunders, or the blasting power, or the honeyed accents, or of any single distinguishing mark, as in the oratory of Nestor,

Ulysses, Demosthenes, Isocrates. Not that he is deficient in any of these qualities, but they are so blended as to form a perfect whole; which we suppose to be the highest reach of art. The drawing of his pictures is not pointed out as peculiarly fine, because the coloring is deficient; the polish of the surface is not made conspicuous by the want of symmetry in the members; all is well-proportioned and harmonious. Yet nothing can be marked with a stronger individuality than his style. It belongs peculiarly to himself. There is a felicity in his expressions, a distinctness and power given to words, a beauty in the flow of his sentences, which seem almost magical. Language, with him, becomes a new thing; it is perfectly transparent and radiant with thought. It seems, when we are reading his works, as if intellect itself had become visible before us, or at least had assumed the most etherial form in which it is possible to give expression to thought. The words seem rather to be created at the moment, and to be instinct and co-existent with the idea, than to be used only as a vehicle of communication already formed, and fitted equally to convey the thoughts of other minds. Compared with Livy, for instance, his style seems like the natural flower, in which the hues appear to be one and the same as the form itself, by the side of the rich embroidery, whose threads and tissue might have been employed to represent any other form as well.

Nothing is more remarkable, in reading Cicero's orations, than the immense advantage which he immediately takes, in whatever question he is to discuss. We feel sure, almost at the first sentence he utters, that his argument will prevail. Like the accomplished swordsman, at the first attitude he assumes, at the first glance of his weapon, the first parry or thrust, we feel that victory is in his hands. So with Cicero; he immediately takes a position which he is not to abandon, and which ensures success. And this is done, not by any unfairness of argument, or by assuming that to which he has no right, but by a noble power of intellect, which enables him to comprehend, as by intuition, the whole bearing of the question, to penetrate its depths, and measure every side at a glance; and not only to select, at once, the strong points on which his plea is to rest, but to anticipate and render powerless the attacks of his adversary.

A remarkable instance of this is to be found in the first of

his Orations against Verres. He was called to the difficult task of arraigning before a corrupt, and entirely venal court, a wealthy and powerful man, who, by an exaggeration of the crimes usually practised in the provinces, had outraged even the shameful tyranny of Roman prætors, and had compelled guilt itself to cry out against him. The chief hope of Verres was in bribing the judges; and his immense wealth was accordingly lavished upon them, in firm reliance on their accommodating infamy. To meet and counteract this venality of the judges was the great object of the first oration. He begins in the following bold and masterly style.

"The occasion which was most to be desired, and which has the greatest influence in allaying the odium into which your order, O judges! has fallen, and the infamy of the courts, seems now to be presented, rather by divine interposition than human counsel; and at the most favorable moment for the republic. An opinion, pernicious to the republic and dangerous to yourselves, has long been entertained, not only at Rome, but in foreign nations, that no rich man can be condemned in our courts, as they now exist, however guilty he may be. And now, at a moment so critical to your order, while there are men prepared, by harangues and by proposing laws, to inflame the odium of the senate, Caius Verres is brought to trial; a man whose life and deeds convict him in the minds of all; but who, as he himself hopes and boasts, is already acquitted through his vast wealth. To the great satisfaction of the Roman people, I have appeared in this cause, not to increase the odium attached to your order, but to remove the infamy which notoriously clings to it." — *Orat.* 1. *in Ver.*, c. 1.

The whole oration is a wonderful piece of art. He shows that the indignation of the senate and people of Rome is roused against the criminal; that he is regarded as a public enemy, and that all who appear as his friends must be ranked with him. He constantly refers to the opinion, prevalent throughout Rome and the provinces, that no rich man can be convicted on trial; and he cites as a proof the declaration of Verres, that he should be content, if he could turn to his own profit, only one third of his three years' plunder of Sicily; that the remainder was to be employed in procuring patrons and bribing the judges; and he here repeats what had greatly moved the people before, that he expected the provinces would soon be sending ambassadors to beg for a repeal of the law against extortion; for, in that case, the prætors would

only seize upon as much as they wanted for their own use; while, at present, they are obliged to take not only enough to enrich themselves, but to defray the enormous expense of the trial which awaited them.

His closing exhortation to Glabrio, one of the judges, is a noble strain of eloquence.

"You, O Glabrio, by your wisdom, influence, and care, can take such measures that this disgrace shall not befall you. Take up the cause of the courts; take up the cause of strict justice, integrity, good faith, religion; take up the cause of the senate, that this order, by the result of the present trial, may recommend itself to the praise and gratitude of the Roman people. Think who you are, in what place you are, what you owe to the Roman people, what is due to your ancestors. Preserve continually in mind the Acilian law, proposed by your father, through the aid of which the people gained incorruptible courts and inflexible judges, in trials for the crime of extortion. Mighty examples are around you, which will not suffer you to forget the glory of your family; which by day and by night remind you of your brave father; your wise grandparent, your powerful father-in-law. Wherefore, if you have the energy and determination of your father, Glabrio, in resisting the most unprincipled men; if you possess the sagacity of your grandfather, Scævola, in foreseeing the treachery which threatens to ruin your fame; if you have the firmness of your father-in-law, Scaurus, so that no man can move you from your fixed and settled opinion, then will the Roman people discover, that in the sight of an upright and honest prætor, and a chosen body of judges, immense wealth will do more to throw suspicion on the accused, than to secure his safety." — *Orat.* 1. *in Ver.*, c. 17.

We might go on, almost without limit, discoursing on the varied beauty and power displayed in the Orations. No attribute or accomplishment of a perfect orator is wanting in them; every note in the broad scale is sounded with a master's touch. The depth of pathos, passages of heart-rending emotion, light and playful satire, blasting sarcasm, the deep tone of indignation, gathering strength as it rolls on, and swelling into bursts of thunder, and the furious storm of invective which crush and overwhelm the criminal; all are found in these wonderful remains of art.

We proceed to the consideration of Cicero's character as a patriot and a statesman. Much as he loved eloquence and all glorious as he deemed it, his oratory would have

been poor and worthless to him, had he not regarded an orator and patriot as one and the same thing. He held that this perfect man was to devote his whole powers, expanded into their fulness in the study of eloquence, to the service of his country; and in this belief he educated himself. He was truly a patriot, ready to live for his country, or to die for her, whenever the time should come.

In this ardent patriotism, Cicero proved that he belonged to the highest order of minds; for all history shows that this exists most strongly in the most gifted individuals. True patriotism is so expansive in its nature, so wide in its views, so benevolent in feeling, so far reaching, energetic, and powerful, that it is beyond the comprehension of cold hearts and narrow minds. It is the attribute of a great and godlike nature. It gathers the wealth of past experience, penetrates the future, connects causes and effects, is exhaustless in invention, fertile in expedients, firm in the midst of danger, undaunted in adversity; ever hoping, ever sustaining and cheering the faint-hearted; in the midst of defeat displaying its most glorious powers, and deriving success from apparent disaster; surviving hope itself, and yielding only when the storm has swept over the last retreat of freedom, and all is lost. Such was the patriotism of Cicero. His heart burned with the same ardent love of his country that fired the breast of Dante, of Machiavel, of Angelo, and Milton. He regarded his beloved republic with more than filial affection and duty; and to her service he solemnly dedicated his talents, his energies, and his life. And it is in this connexion that he appears to us in the most attractive light; for it is in this connexion that the stern realities of his life, his struggles, and his sufferings present themselves. We cannot wish that Cicero had lived at an earlier period, because his genius was not fitted for a less civilized state of society. Had his lot been cast in the sterner days of Roman republicanism, before conquered Greece had begun to subdue and humanize her gigantic foe, and while courage and military eminence alone secured dignity and power; it is extremely probable that Cicero, with all his powers of mind, would have been comparatively insignificant. He was too late for a patriot; but not for an orator, a scholar, and a philosopher. Eloquence had only begun to flourish in his earlier days, and we find him occasionally apologizing for his love of literature and philoso-

phy, as if they were pursuits of doubtful respectability even in his time. He lived too late to save his country, but it was the time best fitted perhaps to develope his talents. A century earlier, he might have been only a tolerably successful warrior ; a century later, that free voice would have been frozen up by the chill blast of despotism. He lived to be hailed the father of his country, and to bequeath an unfading glory to posterity ; but it was the melancholy glory of dying for a country he could not save.

Viewed, then, in relation to the fortunes of Rome, the life of Cicero assumes the interest and affecting character of a deep tragedy. His lot was cast in times of trouble, corruption, violence, and ruin. His earliest recollections were of proscriptions, flight, and bloodshed ; he had witnessed the struggles of Marius and Sylla, and had seen each of those tyrants in turn victorious, and coming, like the destroying angel, to devastate Rome. He found the courts of justice selling their verdicts ; the mob, headed by any worthless demagogue, ruling the Forum ; the Senate feeble and irresolute; men in power plunging the state into civil war for their own aggrandizement ; the people deprived of their dearest rights, at one moment caressed, that they might be trampled upon the next, selling their birthright for shows and combats, and submitting tamely to any master who should place himself over them. Such was the country which Cicero loved and longed to save. He gloried in the bright days of Rome's great conquests ; and with a fond pride he convinced himself that his ideal republic had been exemplified and realized in the ancient times of his country. To restore her former glories, was the great object of his efforts through life, steadily pursued, though at times almost in despair. His whole life was an ineffectual struggle, for the seeds of corruption had been sown broad and deep, and it was too late to root them out. How profound was his sorrow, we may discover from numerous passages in his writings, where he bursts out into exclamations of bitter wailing over the general ruin, with a power and intensity that approach the loftiest efforts of tragedy.

It seems to us, that the dramatist could scarcely find a theme more worthy of his powers, than the life and fortunes of Cicero. His deep and tender affections ; his calm and majestic philosophy ; his stern integrity and love of virtue, shining more brightly in the midst of the general corruption ;

his longing for the freedom of his country constantly disappointed, and his fond hopes ever blasted ; the insults which his lofty mind was compelled to brook ; his struggles, his tremendous energies, his despair, his flight and death, are marked with a continuance and rapidity of action, and an intensity of interest, which give them the highest dramatic effect.

The dream of his life was to restore his country to the condition of virtue and freedom, which he supposed to have formerly existed. He vainly imagined that it was in the power of one man, or a few men, to save a state already decaying at the core. He did not comprehend that a nation, which is in need of the efforts of a few individuals, or of one gifted and virtuous man, to rescue it from degradation and ruin, is at that moment ready to be chained by a despot. He seems almost wilfully to have blinded his eyes to the actual state of things ; and to have been constantly sustained by a fond hope, which cool judgment must have convinced him could never be realized. We do not regret that this was so. We admire and reverence the ardent love of his country, which made him cling to her cause to the very last ; the unwearied perseverance which almost triumphed over despair itself ; the constancy with which he returned to his public duties at every interval of despotism ; and we are aware that the infatuation into which his intense patriotism led him, was the secret of his greater efforts, and added a deeper interest to his history and a brighter halo to his glory.

The same self-deception appears in his estimate of the ancient condition of the Roman republic. The second book of his famous treatise "De Republicâ" contains a hasty sketch of the history of Rome, from the foundation of the city down to the fall of the Decemvirs, not remarkable for accuracy, and displaying little acquaintance with the philosophy of history, but inspired throughout by his patriotic devotion. He takes the bare outline, indistinct and uncertain as it is, and gives it the coloring of his own bright imagination. His deep reverence for the institutions of his ancestors blinds him to their defects, and throws a false though beautiful hue over all. Yet when he discusses abstractly the nature of the various forms of government, no one can fail to be struck with the penetration and sagacity which he displays.

The first book, "De Republicâ," is devoted chiefly to the consideration of the three great forms of government,

their advantages and defects ; and it is from this portion of his writings, more than any other, that we gather his real, unprejudiced, and settled views of the nature of political constitutions. To some, perhaps, it will seem surprising, that Cicero was far from being a republican, in a present acceptation of the term. There was nothing in him of that vague, dreamy, boyish notion of equality of conditions, and popular infallibility, which is so ridiculous and so disgusting in the radicals of England and France at the present day. He never so much as says fine things about liberty, and the death of tyrants, and the people's rights ; he never declaims in this school-boy style, learned from the imaginative historian of the Gracchi, the Brutuses, and Cassiuses, and repeated with school-boy patriotism, by the blundering, self-named patriots of the present day. Even by the word *republic*, he does not mean a democracy, but he uses it throughout the treatise as simply signifying an organized state ; and as for the purest form of a popular government, he seems to regard it as the worst of all. Cicero understood human nature too well, and had experienced too much in his own day, to indulge in any Utopian visions of perfect equality in condition, wealth, and power. There are passages in his *Republic*, descriptive of the horrors of popular license, which seem almost prophetic. In tracing an inevitable consequence which has now become a maxim in the art of governing, he remarks ;

"For as from the overweening power of princes comes their own destruction, so liberty itself sinks a people that is too free, into slavery ; and thus this excessive liberty gives birth to tyranny, and brings on the most unjust and dreadful slavery. For from the midst of this unsubdued, or rather ferocious people, some one is chosen to be a leader against their distressed and banished princes, who is bold and unscrupulous, and ready to persecute those who deserve well of their country ; yielding himself, and making others yield, to the passions of the populace. If good citizens can put down such men, the state recovers ; but otherwise, it sinks under tyranny. And thus the supreme power is like a ball hurried from one hand to another ; from kings to tyrants, from these to the nobles, or the people, and thence to the hands of factions or tyrants again ; nor is there any permanent form of government." — *De Repub.*, lib. 1.

After discussing the three forms of government, and pointing out their various advantages and defects, he declares him-

self in favor of a mixed form, composed from the other three; and he seems to lay great stress upon this opinion, as he distinctly expresses it several times. He says;

"I therefore am of opinion, that a fourth form of government is best, compounded and mixed of those three which I before described."

Again;

"I approve no one of the three in itself apart, but I prefer to these a form of government composed of all the three others."

And still again, he says;

"Of all the three forms of government first named, a monarchy is, in my opinion, far the best; but better than a monarchy itself, will be that form which is equally composed and balanced by the other three."—"I wish that in the state, there should be one preëminent and royal principle; that a second portion of the government should be allotted to the nobles; and some parts should be surrendered to the discretion and will of the multitude. Such a constitution has a degree of equality, without which, freedom cannot exist; and stability, which the other kinds do not possess; a king being soon converted into a master, an aristocracy into a faction, and a popular government into anarchy. All which cannot happen in a mixed form, unless the rulers are fallen into the worst faults; for there is no reason for change, when every one is firmly established in his own grade."—*De Repub.*, lib. 1.

Such are the conclusions, in which he rests in this famous treatise; conclusions, of course, having reference to the condition of communities less enlightened, and accordingly less capable of unparticipated self-government, than the theory of our institutions supposes ours to be. M. Villemain, the learned editor of the Paris edition of this work, remarks, in comparing Cicero's Republic with that of Plato; "In the arrangement of the work, in the choice and disposition of the ideas, Cicero had seldom any occasion to imitate Plato; his object, and even the manner of attaining it, were very different; the one attempting to conceive an ideal republic; the other, to describe a republic actually in existence; the one seeking perfection in extravagant hypotheses; the other believing he had found it in the ancient constitution of Rome." This distinction does not seem to us to do justice to Cicero. So far as concerns the state of Rome, indeed, his republic is

not less ideal than Plato's ; he invests the constitution of his country with merits and beauties which never belonged to it, and which existed in his mind alone. On this point he differs from Plato only by calling his ideal republic Rome, and placing it on the banks of the Tiber ; giving it a local habitation and a name. But the real difference between the two is far greater and more important. The republic of Plato is visionary, Utopian, impossible ; that of Cicero is practical, and resulting from the experience of a man who had passed his life in the midst of public affairs.

The work "De Republicâ" consisted originally of six books. During the period of ignorance which succeeded the downfall of the Roman empire, it was lost ; all but a few passages, quoted by grammarians, or by the early Christian writers, and that beautiful fragment from the sixth book, containing the "Dream of Scipio," which was cited entire with a grotesque commentary by Macrobius, in the early part of the fifth century. The work is scarcely referred to after that period. We can only conjecture that the Greeks of Byzantium knew something of it, from a passage of Photius, one of their writers in the eighth century ; who says, he has been reading a political work, in six books, in the form of a dialogue, between two persons named Menas and Thomas, in which the writer expresses an opinion, that a form of government composed of the three others is best. M. Villemain supposes, that this work referred to by Photius, was either an incomplete version, or a rude imitation of the treatise of Cicero, in which the writer, ignorant of Roman history, judged best to substitute the name of the referendary Thomas, in the place of that of Scipio Africanus, as the chief speaker.

The discovery of the lost work was reserved to our time. Signor Angelo Mai, the librarian of the Ambrosian collection, at Milan, had distinguished himself by the discovery of several remains of ancient writers. Being aware of the habit, common to authors of the middle ages, of writing their essays over the manuscripts of more ancient writers, in consequence of the scarcity of parchment, he directed his attention to this mode of recovering the lost treasures of antiquity. Thus, in 1814, he found portions of three of Cicero's orations, beneath the lines of Sedulius, a Latin poet of the Middle Ages. Some time afterwards, an immense manuscript, containing the voluminous Acts of the Council of Chalcedon, revealed to

him the traces of an earlier writing, which, upon investigation, proved to be fragments of Cicero, with an ancient commentary; long passages from Symmachus, the celebrated orator of the fourth century; epistles in Latin and Greek, of Fronto; and some of the letters of Marcus Aurelius, in Latin. And in 1817, he found portions of a very ancient commentary on Virgil, beneath a manuscript of the homilies of St. Gregory. Mai was soon afterwards appointed librarian of the Vatican; and about the year 1820, he had the good fortune to discover what we now possess of the work "De Republicâ," over which had been written, in the sixth century, the Commentary of St. Augustine, on the Psalms.

The "Republic," however, as we now possess it, is far from complete. Of the third book, more than half is lost; of the fourth and fifth books, not a dozen pages remain; of the sixth, we have no more than the "Dream of Scipio"; the first and second books, with the exception of a few pages, remain entire.

This work was published by Cicero on his departure for the province of Cilicia. So much of it has been lost, that it seems difficult, if not impossible, to judge of the character of the work as a whole. The most we can do is to gather, from the fragments, the subjects which were discussed in the books succeeding the second, and infer, from our general knowledge of the views and principles of Cicero, in what manner he has treated them. An analysis of the third book is found in the work of St. Augustine, "De Civitate Dei," from which it appears, that the dialogue is commenced by Philus, who defends the position that a state cannot be governed without the aid of injustice. The reply is put into the mouth of Lælius, who pronounces a beautiful eulogy upon justice, which comes gracefully from a young and ardent mind. Scipio then resumes the discourse, and proceeds to show how a republic ceases to be so, — that is, to be a commonwealth, the affair of the whole people, — when its form of government, whether a monarchy, oligarchy, or democracy, is perverted in the persons of the rulers. In the fourth and fifth books, he appears to have spoken of the education of the young, the preservation of morals in a state, and the spirit in which the laws should be framed. So very small a portion, however, of these works is preserved, that we can only conjecture some of the subjects of discussion; and these are no more than indicated by the short fragments of the chapters.

The "Dream of Scipio," which is all that remains of the sixth book, is a sublime exhortation to the love and practice of duty and patriotism, addressed by the elder Africanus to his descendant; with the promise of eternal life and happiness to those who, by virtue and devotion to the service of their country, shall merit a habitation among the stars. The picture is drawn with a graphic power, which places the scene vividly before us; we seem ourselves to be gazing on that circle of flame, glittering with fervent white, and to behold the unwonted grandeur and glory of the stars. Our eyes are looking upon those, vast spheres which the Divinity encompasses, and we listen to the glorious harmony of their movement; we see our own planet, far, far beneath, dwindling into a mere point in the distance; the majestic form of the old hero is before us; we hear his soul-stirring words, as he tells us of the vanity of human distinctions, the glory of a second life, compared with which, our present existence is but death; of the pathway which leads up to heaven; and as the vision fades from our view, the inspired words of the Sage are still sounding in our ears, "Know then that thou art a God."

Such is all that remains of the famed "Republic" of Cicero. Yet, mutilated and unsatisfactory as it is, it has a deep interest for us, as connected with the history of the author. We regard it as the political legacy of this great man to his countrymen; his last will and testament, which, in a few years, he was solemnly to seal with his blood. Soon after its publication, the war commenced between Cæsar and Pompey, which resulted in the final overthrow of the Roman constitution.

There are periods in the history of every nation, when one act in the great drama they are living seems to be concluded, and another to begin. Such was the moment when Cæsar invaded Italy. From this time the march of Roman history has the unity and continued action of the last act of a tragedy. The Dictator was murdered, only to be succeeded by a meaner and more detestable tyrant, who, in his turn, was defeated to give place to an emperor, that name so inseparably associated with the ruin of antiquity. Then followed ages of crime, infamy, and despair, till the last torch which had glimmered over the ruins of Roman greatness went out, and left the world in the darkness of midnight. These were the horrors, to which Cicero looked forward with fearful anticipation; and his "Republic" is to be regarded as the last appeal to his countrymen

for the rescue of the state. A stormy sea of ruin and anarchy was before him; the rising tide was dashing its furious waves at his feet, on the last retreat of liberty, and beneath it were the wrecks of ancient virtue and greatness; and the setting sun of freedom, as it sank beneath the waves, shed its dying glory upon the stern and mournful countenance of the Last of the Romans.

We come now to the examination of Cicero's philosophical writings, which have for us, and for all ages, a deep and lasting interest. We are not sure that we would not rather give up all his other compositions than these. Not that we consider them remarkable for originality. Cicero's philosophy differs little or none from that of Plato; he does not appear to have made discoveries beyond those of the Grecian sage, or to have penetrated much deeper into the destinies of the soul. But we value these writings as the conclusions in which one of the greatest men of antiquity rested, when aided by the best philosophy that the world afforded. Cicero, the last great moralist, the last philosopher, before the Christian era, and living at no very distant time from it, may be regarded as the great judge of all the ancient systems. The sages of antiquity, Socrates, Plato, Xenophon, Aristotle, Pythagoras, Epicurus, Zeno, the founders of all the different systems, pass in review before him, and each pleads the cause of his own theory. We hear the seducing voice of the advocate of pleasure, as he comes, with the flower-wreath round his brows, from his voluptuous retreats, to set forth in melodious accents the captivating lessons of his philosophy. He passes on, and the stern form of the Stoic next presents itself. He announces, in words of solemn import, his belief that virtue is the only good; that pleasure is not to be sought, nor pain avoided; that the soul must triumph by crushing itself; and we feel, as we listen to his pleading, that he would make the earth a hell, in his words of ill omen and despair. To him succeeds the great disciple of Socrates. Thought is engraved on his lofty brow, and benevolence and affection beam from his mild and spiritual countenance. He sets forth, with soul-stirring eloquence, his sublime philosophy, his belief in immortality, his love of virtue, his vast comprehension of the Deity; and we perceive, as he speaks, that he is touching chords in the heart of his judge, which vibrate in harmony with his own; that

he is appealing to a kindred intellect, and that his purified and etherial musings are comprehended and appreciated.

Cicero, as the judge of the philosophy of antiquity, sums up the arguments, and gives his verdict. He is aided by all the learning of the past, by years of study and communion with the master spirits of Greece, and, still more, by his own capacious and sublime intellect, which enables him to decide with clearness and truth upon the various systems before him. With a mind capable of soaring to the highest flight of unaided reason, intuitively comprehending, and even looking down upon, the theories of all preceding philosophers, and of choosing from among them all that was elevated, true, and enduring, he is to be regarded as the representative of the best philosophy of antiquity, and as standing upon the uttermost height which the mind, unaided by supernatural power, can reach. In this view, Cicero is undoubtedly to be held up as the individual, who, of all the Pagan world, approaches nearest in his belief and doctrines to Christianity ; and his philosophical writings have an interest for us, separate from himself, inasmuch as they are to be taken as an example of what the unaided powers of man actually are ; the extreme limit which reason alone can attain ; the uttermost reach of philosophy which rests only upon its own strength. And it is worthy of note, that modern philosophy in its speculations upon these subjects, where it rejects the light of Christianity, goes not a step beyond the systems of ancient Greece.

These writings have another hold upon our sympathies and interests, as revealing to us the workings of a great mind, which was pondering upon the most solemn and momentous of all questions, its own life and destinies. Never, before the days of Christianity, was there a man, whose life would more naturally lead him to meditate on these subjects. Placed in the midst of turmoil, confusion, and bloodshed ; mourning over the many friends who had fallen before the invaders of Rome ; disappointed in his most cherished hopes ; driven from the Forum, in poverty and exile ; in his old age left friendless and alone ; it was natural for such a mind to turn for consolation to the precepts and admonitions of philosophy, and still more, to the support and comfort which his own speculations, the yearnings he felt, the hopes he formed, the belief in which he rested, might afford. Accordingly there is a reality and practicalness in the philosophy of Cicero,

which is presented by the speculations of no other ancient writer. We know that he resorted to it as a refuge from the cares and sorrows of life ; that he found consolation in adversity ; and that, as far as nature could be made to yield to false or imperfect views, his life was an illustration of his maxims, and gave a sanction to the opinions he advocated. Standing alone in the midst of desolation, with the graves of his friends around him, and the ruins of his country beneath his feet, with no light to cheer him but the stars that glimmered coldly and feebly in the night of paganism, his great spirit is still borne up and sustained by its own innate energies ; he hears a voice that whispers of immortality, and a happiness beyond the reach of mortal cares and woes. He penetrates the mystery of life, and discovers that its toils and troubles are to end in eternal joy. He recognises in Nature the universal mind which is God ; and he discovers in his own soul, the image and likeness of this all-pervading spirit. The bow of promise is traced before him in the firmament, and the glorious harmony of revolving worlds bursts upon his ravished ear.

To all, then, to whom the study of man is interesting, who would fathom the depths of the soul, who would comprehend its native, unaided energies, these writings will never cease to preserve their value. As models of beautiful composition, they are unrivalled in the works of all antiquity ; and they are inspired by a spirit of eloquence, fervor, and majestic philosophy, which may read many a solemn and impressive lesson, even to the favored disciple of a better Teacher.

Before proceeding to examine the philosophy and religion of Cicero, we wish to portray a few of the most remarkable features of the prevailing Grecian systems, to which his attention was directed, and which may be supposed to have exerted an influence in forming his views. It will not be necessary, in doing this, to enter into a minute examination of the various theories of the Academy, the Garden, and the Porch. There are to be found in all the ancient systems, a few prevailing and important principles, which it is our object to trace ; and in which they have a general resemblance.

The great object of all ancient philosophy, was happiness ; and the means by which all the various systems sought to attain this end, was by alleviating, or conquering the sufferings which await our mortal career. In these general points, they

greatly resemble each other. The Epicurean sought happiness by the power of enduring and despising pain, not less than the Stoic. The Platonist blended the philosophy of both ; with the Epicurean, he agreed that all pleasure is not to be contemned ; with the Stoic, he allowed that virtue is the greatest good.

The first great point of resemblance between these different systems, the first pervading principle which we discover in all, is, that they use their efforts to reconcile great inconsistencies. The fact that man alone, of all created things, is made susceptible of sorrow, was a riddle that none could read aright. To those who denied the immortality of the soul, it was a mystery wholly impenetrable. To the Platonist, it afforded an argument in favor of a future existence ; but this belief, though it gave him consolation, still did not explain the wonder. "Why," he still asked, "is man born to sorrow ?"

In truth, the life of man appeared to the pagan world, only a cruel mockery. Endowed with capacities to suffer, and visited with bitter afflictions, his very existence was tragedy. Fate, stern, relentless fate hung over him, and beset his pathway. His soul was filled with longings, that were never to be gratified, and rent with passions, that could never be laid to sleep. He was surrounded by objects of happiness and enjoyment, which did but contrast with his own misery. All nature seemed to rejoice, while he alone was wretched. The sounds that met his ear on every side, the gay carol of the birds, the sportive hum of insects, the gentle murmur of the trees and the rivulets, the roar of the torrent, and the joyous gamboling of the floods, all served but to warn him, that he alone was laden with sorrow. Encompassed with the emblems of eternity, he felt with unutterable anguish, that he, the lord of all, was mortal. On every side, he was reminded of his own frail and comparatively transient existence ; the rocks and the everlasting hills, the rivers, that flowed on for countless ages, the ceaseless rolling of the illimitable and fathomless ocean, the unwearied motion of the heavens, the never-dying lustre of the sun and stars, seemed only to deride his span of existence. Why then was man created only to suffer and to die ?

To triumph over the sorrows and afflictions of this mortal career, to make life a season of enjoyment, to concentrate in the present state of being, that happiness, which, by man's

very nature, belongs only to a future life, was the great end of all ancient philosophy; and herein consisted the impossibility which it attempted to achieve. In reasoning upon the present existence, as man's ultimate destiny, and in regarding it otherwise than as a preparation for immortality, the ancient systems undertook to reconcile inconsistencies, which could never be overcome.

To accomplish the great end of making life endurable, and, if possible, happy, it was necessary to crush, root out, and destroy many of the qualities innate in the soul. And here we find another great feature pervading all the ancient systems. To bear sorrow, they endeavoured not to cheer the mind by the assurance that its strength and purity were to be attained and increased through trials, but by conquering those propensities which render it susceptible of suffering. The loss of friends was a bitter evil, and the philosophy of Greece, therefore, bade us bury the memory of their love with them in the grave. The dread of death is an instinctive sentiment; and the Epicurean would persuade us to conquer it, by the belief that total insensibility succeeds dissolution. Even the acute mind of Socrates failed to discover, or dared not confess, that the idea of annihilation is utterly abhorrent to the soul. In short, to enable man to find the happiness for which he was destined by nature, this philosophy sought to narrow and confine the spirit to a mortal career alone; and to trample upon every emotion, passion, susceptibility, which belonged to a more than finite existence. The throbbings of a love too vast for earth, the affections which revealed a better nature, the tenderness and trust which the world would rebuke and disappoint, the power to sympathize and share in the sorrows of others, the delicacy of soul, which, in the hour of trial, must be sustained by more than human strength, all these were to be conquered, quelled, laid to rest for ever.

The different systems agreed in another important point; they refused to acknowledge the gods which were worshipped by the mass of the people. Here, undoubtedly, they accomplished some good. They put an end to superstition, as far as they had any influence, and to those degrading rites which even the tasteful mythology of Greece ordained; and in this respect, they no doubt gave freedom to the mind, and enabled it to rise above the uninstructed and uninitiated herd. But in doing away the religious systems that prevailed, they struck a

death-blow at one of the noblest instincts of the soul, its power and propensity to worship and adore. The Epicurean and the Stoic taught the doctrine that either there were no gods, or none to whom worship was due ; and the disciples of Plato, though taught to look up to the Universal Mind as an object of imitation, do not seem to have comprehended the feeling of devotion or gratitude towards the Supreme Power. And herein the ancient philosophy seems to us to have done the deepest wrong to our nature ; for if there is one instinct more fully developed, more universally apparent, more deeply rooted than all others, it is the impulse to prayer and adoration. The most benighted and barbarous ignorance cannot stifle it, the most advanced civilization does but aid and promote it.

Such were some of the leading features which pervaded all the philosophy of Greece. That the doctrines of Plato went far beyond all others in their approach to the truth, and their fitness to meet the wants of the mind, there can be no doubt. He distinctly expresses his belief in the immortality of the soul, making this, indeed, the leading feature of his philosophy. His idea of the Deity was pure, rational, and exalted; and his views of life, in many respects, extremely just.

In matters of doctrine, Cicero did not advance beyond Plato. Yet we should be unwilling to call him a mere disciple of the Grecian sage, for we cannot help feeling, that, had Socrates and Plato never lived, he would have arrived at nearly the same conclusions. His belief in immortality, which he declares in so many noble passages in all his works, his vast comprehension of God, his unconquerable love of duty and virtue, seem the promptings of a divine instinct, rather than the blind adoption of another man's principles. Much regret has been expressed, that instead of discussing the systems of other philosophers, he did not direct his efforts to the establishment of a philosophy of his own. But we cannot feel this regret. On the contrary, we rejoice that he has added his testimony in favor of those doctrines, which seem to us the nearest approach that unaided man can make to Christianity. With unerring and elevated perception, he gathers from the philosophy of Greece all that it contained of truth and beauty, and power to assuage grief, or to cheer the spirit in its efforts. But, at the same time, there was a strength of sentiment, which utterly refused to yield to the blighting and crushing

influences that the ancient systems exerted. He could not, with the Stoic, trample upon those finer principles of the soul, which are nearest akin to a divine nature. He could not, with the Epicurean, yield himself up to a life of selfish enjoyment, for there was a nobleness in his nature, which whispered to him, that he could find no happiness where duty and honor were not the leading motives. He could not, with Plato, hold that reason alone was divine; because he felt within him those affections and yearnings, and that depth and intensity of sentiment, which were above reason, and which more loudly vindicated their immortality. He embraced the speculative doctrines of Plato, as far as his keen instinct discovered truth in them; but his spirit was ever soaring beyond the walls that encompassed it, and seeking for something that was more consoling, more responsive to its wants, than he could find in the lore of all antiquity. And herein we discover one of the great causes of that sadness which marks almost his whole history. Happy indeed would it have been, if he could have rooted out and destroyed that extreme delicacy and sensitiveness, which form so distinguishing a trait in his character. His frantic grief, and his unmanly lamentations, during his exile, would then have been restrained and overcome; and his mourning at the death of his daughter would not have refused comfort. But he had not acquired this self-command. He possessed all the tenderness of feeling, all the sympathy and strong affection which are kept alive in the heart of the true Christian; but he wanted that support and consolation which the Christian receives from his religion. The letter addressed to him by his friend Sulpicius, on the death of his daughter, is one of the most celebrated and admirable specimens of ancient practical philosophy that has come down to us. One passage, which has been particularly admired, we cite entire.

"On my return out of Asia, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, I amused myself with contemplating the circumjacent countries. Behind me lay Ægina, before me Megara; on my right I saw the Piræus, and on my left, Corinth. These cities, once so flourishing and magnificent, now presented nothing to my view, but a sad spectacle of desolation. Alas! I said to myself, shall such a short-lived creature as man complain, when one of his species falls, either by the hand of violence, or by the common course of nature; whilst in this nar-

row compass, so many great and glorious cities, formed for a much longer duration, thus lie extended in ruins? Remember then, oh my heart! the general lot to which man is born, and let that thought suppress thy unreasonable murmurs! Believe me, I found my mind greatly comforted and refreshed by these reflections. Let me advise you, in the same manner, to represent to yourself, what numbers of our illustrious countrymen have lately been cut off at once; how much the strength of the Roman republic is impaired, and what dreadful devastation has gone forth throughout all its provinces! and can you, with the impression of these greater calamities upon your mind, be so immoderately afflicted for the loss of a single individual, a poor, little, tender woman? who, if she had not died at this time, must, in a few fleeting years more, have inevitably undergone that common fate to which she was born."

Yet we feel, at once, that all this was insufficient to give him consolation. So far as it was a manifestation of the sympathy and affectionate interest of his friend, it soothed and comforted him. But he was not to be cheered or calmed by reasoning of which his own keen instinct perceived the fallacy. To compare the existence of such a being as the beloved child he had lost, with that of a city or a state, seems almost an insult to the heart-broken parent. He felt that he was mourning over a sadder ruin than all the remains of antiquity; that the being he had lost was more precious, and more grand, than the created universe; that in this feeble woman there had breathed a soul, which made her of more consequence than the whole world beside, and that his loss could never be repaired. He mourned over her without comfort; the feelings of the man and the father triumphed over the reason of the philosopher; and he only longed for death, as a relief from the intolerable burden which had been laid upon him.

Of the religious views entertained by Cicero, it is well known that they had little or no sympathy with the prevailing theology of his time. He had no belief whatever in the existence of the deities of classical mythology; though, as he regarded the superstition of the times as useful in upholding the state, he constantly encouraged the people, in his public capacity, to worship the gods with profound reverence. He utterly derides the whole business of signs, omens, and prophecies in his work, *De Divinatione*, and yet we find him

a successful candidate for a place in the college of Augurs. Yet he was, undoubtedly, deeply impressed with that feeling of awe and reverence for all that is higher and holier in nature, which we denominate religion. As a philosopher he offered no worship to the gods; and yet no one can read the passages in his orations, where he refers to the goodness and power of the immortals, and bids the people adore them, without feeling that such sentiments could only proceed from one who was penetrated with the feeling of religion.

Of his deep reverence for the soul, and the sentiments of religion with which he was penetrated, we may judge from this fine passage, in the work "*De Legibus.*"

"For whoever knows himself will feel that he possesses something of a divine nature, and will regard the mind within him as a sacred image enshrined there. He will always act and think in a manner worthy of so great a gift of the gods; and having tried himself, and examined his whole nature, he will comprehend how well provided he has come into life, and how many means he possesses for grasping wisdom and making it his own; since, from the beginning, he has conceived the germs of all knowledge shadowed forth, as it were, in his mind. Enlightened by these, with wisdom for his guide, he can see that he will be a good man, and for that reason a happy one. For when the mind, having acquired the knowledge of virtue, has renounced obedience to the body and the influence of the passions, has conquered pleasure as some disgraceful infection, has soared above all fear of pain and death, united itself with other spirits, in whom it recognises a common nature, cultivated the worship of the gods, and pure religion, and increased its power of perception in choosing good and rejecting the contrary, (which virtue is to be called foresight or wisdom,) what can be mentioned or conceived of, more happy than such a soul? And when a man has looked upon the heavens, earth, and sea; has searched into the nature of all things; has seen whence they are generated, whither they return, and in what manner they are to perish, what in them is mortal and destructible, and what is divine and eternal; when he has almost comprehended the nature of the Ruler and Director of all, and recognised himself as confined by no walls to one spot, but as a citizen of the whole world as one vast city; in this universal magnificence, in the sight and knowledge of nature, how will he know himself (the precept of the Pythian Apollo); how contemptible, how despicable, how utterly insignificant will those things appear which are generally regarded as the greatest goods!" — *De Legibus,* lib. 1, cap. 22, 23.

We have thus examined the character of Cicero ; hastily and imperfectly, we are well aware, but with the hope only of exciting others to the study of his works, and the comprehension of one of the most remarkable minds of antiquity. The question here occurs, to what class of great men he belonged. There are some who have peculiarly the power to act immediately upon society, and to make their efforts felt throughout the world, at once and for ever: men who actually carry forward the age in which they live ; who advance the whole civilized world by one tremendous exertion of intellectual might, taking a step which can never be retraced. Such were Bacon, Newton, Locke. There are others, who act with no less power upon their age, who occasion an equal advance, and confer benefits not less palpable and important ; yet perhaps by the exertion of less dazzling powers of mind. Of this class are the authors of the greater inventions and discoveries ; as Faustus, Columbus, Watt, Hervey. Their greatness is due partly to fortunate combinations of circumstances, though much more to their own patience, perseverance, industry, and courage. We should, however, decidedly place these lower in the scale of greatness than the former, as their efforts are less purely intellectual, although resulting in consequences equally important. The greatness of such men is to be measured by the amount of good which they confer upon mankind, the labor they undergo, the dangers they incur, the power, moral, as well as intellectual, which they exert. Their fame is perhaps more enviable than any ; for the good they confer upon their race is more obvious, more universally felt, more immediately palpable than any other.

The greatness of Cicero is not to be ranked with these. Though a distinguished patriot and statesman, hailed as the father of his country, and a martyr to liberty, he did not advance the age in which he lived. He could not even save the state from ruin. He made no brilliant discoveries ; he did not much improve that philosophy which he loved so dearly ; and yet we have no hesitation in ranking him among the greatest men.

There are men whose very existence is a blessing to their race; whose acted history is a good, not less positive, substantial, and important, than the discovery of a continent or a science, secured to every nation and every age, the heritage of mankind for life and for eternity ; who have been the

manifestation of the grandeur of unobscured nature ; who have literally lived to the glory of God, by showing in themselves the perfection of his highest work ; the pioneers in the intellectual and moral advance of the human race ; they who have explored the furthest range of the intellect ; who have lingered on the extreme verge of mortal power, and have set up their monumental pillars and trophies on the outermost limit of human virtue and reason.

There are men who seem peculiarly created in the image of the Almighty ; whose universal minds, penetrated and filled with the glory of an all-pervading nature, are responsive to every call of its thousand tones, and seem to mirror forth the creation in harmonious and unbroken reflection ; whose comprehensive intellects dwell not in the present alone, but penetrate alike the past and the future, bind all together in one glorious and perfect whole, and seem to gather into themselves at once the splendor and majesty of a universe of time, space, and power. At the head of these, and without a rival, stands Shakspeare ; and in this class we would rank Cicero.

The ideal of such a being existed in his mind as the perfect orator, and after this bright image, which no sorrow, nor tumult, nor defeat could obscure, he fashioned his own character. That he did not wholly attain the perfection to which he aspired, is only saying that he was human ; to rank him in this high order, is the best tribute that we can offer to his fame.

What we most admire in Cicero, is the freshness and nobleness of his soul. No system had power to cast its trammels upon his spirit ; no disappointment nor sorrow, no desertion of friends, no triumph of enemies, could check the warm current of his affections. He lived in the midst of a corrupt and degenerate society, hurrying on to slavery and ruin ; yet he was untouched by the vices that surrounded him ; and so clear were his notions of duty, so elevated and glorious his conception of the true and intrinsic right, that it seems almost as if he had beheld the fair form of virtue itself in unobscured glory, and had become enamoured of her for ever. His whole life was influenced and directed by a strong sense of duty ; and his treatise "*De Officiis*," the finest moral essay of antiquity, is a proof of the amount of thought he had bestowed upon this vast subject, and the sublime views with which he looked upon the position that every rational, thinking man occupies.

He was undoubtedly wanting in magnanimity. He sunk under grief, and indulged in effeminate sorrow at some of the misfortunes which befell him; and there may be some justice in the charge brought against him, of submitting too tamely to a tyrant, and even condescending to flatter him. We do not attempt to deny the truth of these charges; and still, in admitting it, we only grant that the character of Cicero did not reach perfection. Yet it is worthy of notice, that this very weakness arose from the uncommon sensitiveness and delicacy of his feelings, and the intensity of his affections, which discovered, even in the character of the Dictator, much that commanded admiration and love. And who shall say how much of his wonderful perception and tact, his refined wit, his almost holy musings and aspirations, his benevolence, which made him to be worshipped as a god, in the provinces, were owing to this same delicacy of character, which made him, at times, play the woman? It was the great misfortune of his life, that his emotions, his affections, the utter abandonment with which his spirit yielded itself up to its boundless love, overcame the power of his intellectual nature. The love of a wife or a daughter was dearer to him, than the possession of a mind which ranged the universe over; and that spirit, which had power almost to comprehend the Deity, which soared beyond the bounds of time and space, penetrated the mystery of death, and beheld the splendor of immortality, this mighty intellect was bowed down to the earth, and veiled its glories in inconsolable mourning over the loss of one dear object.

These were weaknesses which he never conquered. Yet they are but trifling blemishes, compared with his virtues and his greatness; mere spots on that intellectual sun, which shone with benignant lustre over the whole race. They render the tragedy of his life more deep and sad, though they perhaps diminish at the same time the interest and sympathy we feel in his sufferings.

But these were more than atoned for by the heroism and glory of his latest acts. During the last year of his life, he seems in truth to have borne the whole weight of the republic on his shoulders. At the news that Antony had left the capital, to place himself at the head of his legions in the north of Italy, Cicero repairs to Rome, and immediately assumes that

commanding position, to which his experience and his high character entitle him. He strengthens the wavering and spiritless senate, boldly opposes and triumphs over the partisans of Antony, and compels the senate to declare him a public enemy, by the thunders of his philippics. He directs the movements of the consuls; confirms the weak faith of the provincial commanders, or, at least for a time, prevents their siding with the enemy; provides for all emergencies; meets every want; and exercises over the Roman empire, by the mere force of talent and character, a power more brilliant than that of Cæsar, in the plenitude of his dominion. The consuls are slain in the midst of success, and the armies of Rome are left under the command of the ambitious and unprincipled Octavius. Lepidus declares against the state, and joins his forces to the shattered troops of Antony. Still, Cicero does not despair. He keeps his post at Rome; calls upon Brutus and Cassius in the most urgent manner to return from the provinces with their troops, to Italy; and still believes that his country may be saved. But all to no purpose; the die was cast; the decree had gone forth; and Rome was to sink in slavery. The fatal coalition of Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus soon took place, and the state was left to their mercy. Cicero now felt that his end was drawing near. His name had been placed on the proscription list, by his implacable foe, and he knew that he was doomed to die. He scarcely yielded to the urgency of his attendants, who besought him to seek safety in flight, declaring frequently that he wished to die in his country. After a short voyage along the coast, he landed at his Formian villa, and lying down, slept profoundly, for some hours, notwithstanding the noise of numerous ravens, who flapped their wings against his windows, and seemed to warn him of approaching danger. His slaves were so much impressed with the omen, that they awoke him, and carried him in a litter toward the sea-shore. But the bloodhounds of Antony were in pursuit, and not far from him. When they appeared in sight, Cicero commanded his slaves to set down the litter, and make no resistance, and thus calmly yielded to his fate.

We must conclude; for we fear we have already been held too long by the magic spell of antiquity. The love of the past is perhaps a weakness; yet we can scarcely feel ashamed of sharing in what is common, by nature, to our whole

race. All men are, to a degree, born antiquarians. There is a pleasure in the mystery of by-gone times. There is a majesty in the very stones and walls, that bear on their weather-worn surface the record of ages. A halo of glory gathers round them, and invests them with a wondrous beauty ; and we love to linger among them, recalling their ancient splendors and conjuring up in imagination the days of their youth, their strength, their towering glory ; the forms that crowded them, and the scenes they witnessed. But the past offers us richer treasures than these, in the gorgeous monuments of intellect which it contains ; the noble ideas, the exquisite imagery, the strength and intensity of passion, the whole mighty array of mind. And these, too, may be useless and obsolete, like the castles and towers that were piled for other ages and different states of society. The mind has reared its Pagan temples, of faultless proportion, and enshrined within them its inspired statues ; and these have crumbled away, and lie neglected and shattered as the Coliseum or the Parthenon. And yet we love to wander amidst these majestic ruins of thought, sure of finding here and there, amidst the fallen shafts and walls, some exquisite capital, or some statue whose beauty will live for ever.

There is, we fear, too great a disposition in the present age, to cut ourselves off from the past. The tranquillity and majestic repose of antiquity have not sufficient interest for the busy, excited, and tumultuous spirits of the day, and contrast too strongly with the absorbing questions which crowd upon us from every side. And yet we cannot neglect the past, without abandoning our richest heritage. All that we possess, or know of it, all that for us is tangible and real in it, is connected inseparably with human nature. The past, as we know it, is made by man ; and if we would understand our own nature, we must read it in the teachings of by-gone times, not less than in the forms which the present offers. Our common nature, immortal and unchangeable, is the "golden, everlasting chain," which binds the ages together. It pervades all time ; links the past and future together ; and extends into eternity. And they who neglect the past would sever this immortal bond, which the hand of God has framed.

We have felt this in musing on the history of Cicero ; and we have labored to set forth his character as a peculiar manifestation of the capacities and tendencies of a pure, unaided

nature. We mourn over his sorrows ; we feel the bitterness of his fate ; we are ready to weep with him over the loss of his dearest friends, and the blight of his fondest hopes ; and we deeply lament that the consolations of Christianity could not be offered to his noble spirit. But we still thank God for this bright example of the dignity, power, and glory of our nature ; for the virtues which sprang from no teaching ; for the far-reaching views, and the sublime aspirations, for the brightness which one noble mind, from its own fountain of light, was able to shed on the night of paganism.

ART. III. — *The Letters of* CHARLES LAMB, *with a Sketch of his Life.* By THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, One of his Executors. In Two Volumes. London ; Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1837.

MR. TALFOURD will receive the thanks of all lovers of Charles Lamb's exquisite genius, for this timely contribution to our knowledge of his character and private life. Himself a poet of commanding fame ; the most successful tragic writer of the age ; a brilliant orator, a great lawyer, a leading statesman ; he has gracefully stepped aside from his brilliant path of renown, to scatter a few fragrant flowers upon the grave of his departed friend. Amidst the press of manifold and exacting avocations, he has found time to execute, with the warmth of heartfelt enthusiasm, the task which love and reverence of Lamb's rare intellectual endowments induced him to accept.

The thread of narrative, which runs through these volumes like a thread of gold in a tissue of embroidery, is all that the most fastidious taste can require. In the exquisite selection of words, in the melodious construction of sentences, in the ornamental work of a rich and gorgeous imagination, Mr. Talfourd's pure style is unsurpassed. The few and almost unimportant events of Lamb's life are delightfully told, and the occasional notices of his friends and contemporaries are conceived and expressed in a spirit of cordial sympathy with all that is excellent and admirable in every variety of genius. This trait is carried almost to a faulty excess. Mr. Talfourd's praise is too indiscriminately lavished on all the members of

that coterie of poets, of which Coleridge and Wordsworth were the most distinguished ornaments. The genius and influence of these two celebrated men he has overrated; their faults he has disguised under the drapery of most enchanting eulogy. He has also exaggerated, in many respects, the literary abilities of Lamb. Led by a pardonable partiality for his lamented friend, he has assigned him a higher rank among the great writers of his age than any, except a small circle of his contemporaries, have allowed, and certainly much higher than posterity will concede.

The truth is, Lamb was a singularly imperfect man. His peculiar genius was the strange product of a highly artificial state of society. He was made up of whims and humors, that could only be developed in the midst of a great capital. London was his paradise. The shops and streets, the lights and crowds of that vast metropolis, afforded perpetual excitement to his fantastic thoughts. With the beauties of rural nature he had little or no sympathy. Like Leigh Hunt, he felt that a great mountain was a great impostor. The snugness and comforts of city apartments were essential to his existence. In these respects he was a thorough cockney. He carried his metropolitan partialities to as absurd an extreme, as his friend Wordsworth his love of rustic simplicity. With such narrow and one-sided feelings, Charles Lamb was not the man to sympathize with the great philanthropic schemes of the age. He clung with invincible tenacity to every thing near him; he had no care to spend on objects or interests that had no bearing on his personal welfare. The vast political topics, which have agitated the minds of men for the last fifty years, passed over him like the idle wind, which he regarded not. But his indifference to them was not the growth of a sublime philosophy, in whose comprehensive view the fleeting interests of an age are reduced to their just proportions in the great picture of human affairs. He was incapable of travelling beyond the narrow sphere in which he lived, and moved, and had his being. He was in the habit of doing systematic and gross injustice to the charitable schemes of humane men to soften the ills of poverty, and bestow the blessings of religion on the benighted; and yet he was personally the most amiable of men, and spared no pains or expense to relieve a miserable object, who had once attracted his regard.

The place which Lamb holds in English literature, is altogether unique and peculiar; but the sphere of his excellence is limited. In the first place, he was no poet. The pieces of verse published in his works, with one or two exceptions, are below mediocrity. His mind was too whimsical for sustained beauty, within the severe limitations of poetry. It was ever wandering into some fantastic train of thought; some out-of-the-way analogy, unfit for the serious muse. He had but little dramatic talent; his attempts in the theatrical way proved signal and disastrous failures. Indeed, it is plain enough, that to conceive and represent a character dramatically, requires a steadiness of intellect, a firmness of purpose, a power of changing places with imaginary personages, which never belonged to Charles Lamb. His imagination laid hold of oddities of character with wonderful readiness; and he described, not represented, them with truth and wit. But he did not, and could not, bring a consistent being, with the attributes of humanity, before us, and exhibit it in all the varieties of action and passion. Even his farce of "Mr. H." is the most undramatic and extravagant of farces. The joke is too hard pressed, and long drawn, to be thoroughly enjoyed even in the closet. His play of "John Woodville" has a few fine poetical passages, and some happy imitations of old English dramatists; but it shows little originality, and no talent for the stage.

But in his own walk he was unrivalled. The short, humorous essay he carried to a point of excellence never before attained. His style is ever happy and original; his wit, of the rarest and most pungent description. The native peculiarities of his mind appear, fresh, racy, and delightful. The love of quaint conceits, which was a part of his nature, was increased by his enthusiastic study of the early English authors, who furnished his mind with its most genial sustenance; and his easy flow of expression and pithy language received a certain antique coloring from the same source. His wit, clothed in this curious garb, comes upon the mind with the most irresistible effect. We regard it as something singular, something remote from every thing else within our knowledge, and yet wholly free from affectation. His mind sympathized so completely with his favorite writers, that he became almost their contemporary, and poured out his rich drollery in their quaint ex-

pressions, with the same natural gush of imagination and whim, as they would have done themselves. It is not easy to say in what his wit mainly consists. Certainly it does not depend for its effect upon single brilliant sallies ; upon pointed antithesis ; upon repartee. It is rather a quality, a flavor, with which all his thoughts and images are impregnated. It is the concentrated fragrance of a thousand scattered perfumes. The senses are delighted with the united sweets, but the several ingredients escape the minutest analysis. If we say that his perception of the ludicrous is his strongest point, we speedily find ourselves in the wrong. Others have this power to a greater extent than he, without a millionth part of his wit. He is constantly punning; but that is not the secret. Some of his puns are more execrable than any that have been perpetrated in Philadelphia. Mr. Talfourd has printed some at the end of his second volume, which sound almost idiotic. His wit is not the perception of ludicrous images ; it is not a play upon words ; it is not the sudden exhibition of unexpected relations ; but it is something wholly inseparable from the texture of his mind, and his habits of association, and assuming all the outward forms, of which language is capable. It is a subtile spirit, pervading all his writings, and reaching the reader's mind by a thousand different avenues. We can neither seize it nor escape from it.

The literary opinions of Lamb must generally be severely scrutinized. Neither his moral nor intellectual qualities were such as fitted him to be a catholic judge of other men's productions. Several of his criticisms are exquisitely conceived and expressed. His remarks on Shakspeare's Othello are admirable, but not philosophical or profound. But his elaborate defence of the dissolute drama of Charles the Second's time is an astounding absurdity. It shows an incapacity of judging of the demoralizing power, which a depraved literature exercises upon the lowest passions of our nature, which we should wonder at in a child, or else a moral insensibility to the disastrous consequences of that power, almost miraculous. His ridicule of the moral precision of our age, in relation to that most licentious school of writers, falls harmless to the ground. The age is right, only that it does not go far enough in its reprobation of dissolute literature ; and Lamb is wrong, utterly wrong. His opinions upon this point will take a high place on the long list of the absurdities of literary men. The

same singular perversion of taste is shown in many of his selections from the dramatists. Several scenes, taken from those authors, avowedly for their rare beauty of thought and expression, are such as no man would choose to let his sister or daughter read ; such as no man of decency would put into a woman's hand, unless he wished to be excluded from respectable society. Obscenity is just as bad in an old English drama as in a modern French novel. Filth is filth wherever it is found, and no glittering paradox can remove its native deformity. But many of the opinions which he expressed in his letters, on the literary merits of his contemporaries, are singularly clear and correct. In his correspondence with Coleridge, the bombastic absurdities, and the cloudy vagaries of that over-estimated writer, are handled without ceremony ; and some of the admirers of Coleridge will be astonished at the boldness, with which Lamb ridicules his false brilliancy and oracular mysticism. The same freedom he used with the frequent tediousness and commonplace platitudes of Southey.

Turning from the literary character of Lamb, to his private life, as exhibited in these volumes, we find it marked by as strong peculiarities as his writings. Though indifferent, as we have said, to the benevolent projects of the day, his affections for those about him were strong and tender. The amiable qualities of his heart endeared him to many, not only of different but of opposite characters. He had a strange facility in passing over the disagreeable things in his associates, and fastening only on those traits which pleased him. This was partly owing to his indifference to great principles of action, and his dislike of change and agitation. He was consequently surrounded by people, whose voices must have occasionally produced a strange discord, that all the gentleness of his nature could scarcely hush. But the most pleasing trait in his private life, is the extraordinary love he bore his sister. She had taken care of his sickly infancy, and in return, he devoted the flower of his life to her comfort and happiness. He abstained from forming any other and closer ties, that he might bestow his undivided care upon the companion of his childhood. How well that high duty was performed, and how justly this beautiful part of his chequered character was appreciated by his friends, is feelingly shown in Sergeant Talfourd's volumes, to which we must now turn our readers' attention.

They are dedicated with great propriety to the surviving sister. The narrative of Lamb's life consists in a brief sketch of his parentage, and of the trifling incidents which diversified his unadventurous career. He was born on the 18th of February, 1775, in the Inner Temple. His parents were in an humble station, but performed with exemplary fidelity the simple duties that belonged to it; his father was in the service of Mr. Salt, one of the benchers of the Inner Temple, to whom he became "his clerk, his good servant, his dresser, his friend, his flapper, his guide, stop-watch, auditor, treasurer." On the 9th of October, 1782, Charles was placed, at the age of seven, as a scholar at Christ's Hospital, where he remained until he had entered his fifteenth year. In November of 1789, he left the school, and lived with his parents, who still resided in the Temple; and soon obtained an appointment in the accountant's office of the East India Company. His small salary was devoted to their comfort; and his recreations were confined to the two shilling gallery of the theatre, and an occasional supper with some of his former schoolmates, one of whom was Coleridge, for whom he had formed an ardent admiration. While Coleridge was at the University, they met, on his visits to London; and after he quitted it, and came to town, Lamb became his associate and disciple, though differing essentially from him in the original bias of his mind.

His first letters were written to Coleridge, who had settled, in 1796, at Bristol. They have but little merit, except as a faithful exhibition of Lamb's feelings at an early period of his life. Their most remarkable characteristic is the strong religious feeling that pervades them; a characteristic which afterwards seems to have disappeared, both from his conversation and correspondence. Both Coleridge and Lamb were then Unitarians. Coleridge afterwards became a virulent hater of opinions he had once cherished, and Lamb seems to have become indifferent to all opinions; at least there is no trace of his early zeal for religion, or of interest in any thing connected with it, to be found in his letters thus far. The faint outline of the curious intellectual character afterwards so fully delineated in his works, is just discernible; but as his years advanced, and his mind matured, his letters became more graphic and vigorous. The circle of his acquaintance with literary men enlarged, and his familiarity with some de-

partments of English poetry increased. He began his career as an author, with a few poetical efforts, which were published conjointly with Lloyd and Coleridge. The joint stock volume was not very well received by the critics or the public. Its success was perhaps fully equal to its merits.

In 1795, Lamb was introduced to Southey, with whom he lived afterwards on the most friendly terms, a single misunderstanding of a moment excepted. His letters to Southey contain the first indications of his genuine humor, and from them we make our first extract.

"My tailor has brought me home a new coat, lapelled, with a velvet collar. He assures me everybody wears velvet collars now. Some are born fashionable, some achieve fashion, and others, like your humble servant, have fashion thrust upon them. The rogue has been making inroads hitherto by modest degrees, foisting upon me an additional button, recommending gaiters, but to come upon me thus in a full tide of luxury, neither becomes him as a tailor or the ninth of a man. My meek gentleman was robbed the other day, coming with his wife and family in a one-horse shay from Hampstead; the villains rifled him of four guineas, some shillings and half-pence, and a bundle of customers' measures, which they swore were bank notes. They did not shoot him, and when they rode off he addressed them with profound gratitude, making a congee; 'Gentlemen, I wish you good night, and we are very much obliged to you that you have not used us ill!' And this is the cuckoo that has had the audacity to foist upon me ten buttons on a side, and a black velvet collar. — A cursed ninth of a scoundrel!"

* * * * *

"When you write to Lloyd, he wishes his Jacobin correspondents to address him as *Mr.* C. L." — Vol. I. pp. 93, 94.

The following whimsical questions are found in a letter to Southey, dated July 28th, 1798, written on the occasion of Coleridge's departure for Germany, "to be by him defended or oppugned (or both) at Leipsic or Göttingen."

"1. Whether God loves a lying angel better than a true man?

"2. Whether the archangel Uriel *could* knowingly affirm an untruth, and whether, if he *could*, he *would?*

"3. Whether honesty be an angelic virtue, or not rather belonging to that class of qualities which the schoolmen term

'*virtutes minus splendidæ, et hominis et terræ nimis participes*'?

"4. Whether the *seraphim ardentes* do not manifest their goodness by the way of vision and theory? and whether practice be not a sub-celestial, and merely human virtue?

"5. Whether the higher order of *seraphim illuminati* ever *sneer?*

"6. Whether pure intelligences can *love*, or whether they can love any thing besides pure intellect?

"7. Whether the beatific vision be any thing more or less than a perpetual representment to each individual angel of his own present attainments, and future capabilities, something in the manner of mortal looking-glasses?

"8. Whether an 'immortal and amenable soul may not come *to be damned at last, and the man never suspect it beforehand?*'" — Vol. I. pp. 97, 98.

In the year 1799, Lamb became acquainted with Mr. Manning, a mathematical tutor at Cambridge University. His correspondence with this gentleman contains some of the richest and raciest specimens of his humor. In allusion to his friend's project of visiting China, he writes;

"My dear Manning, — The general scope of your letter afforded no indications of insanity, but some particular points raised a scruple. For God's sake don't think any more of 'Independent Tartary.' What are you to do among such Ethiopians? Is there no *lineal descendant* of Prester John? Is the chair empty? Is the sword unswayed? — depend upon it they 'll never make you their king, as long as any branch of that great stock is remaining. I tremble for your Christianity. Read Sir John Mandeville's Travels to cure you, or come over to England. There is a Tartar-man now exhibiting at Exeter 'Change. Come and talk with him, and hear what he says first. Indeed, he is no very favorable specimen of his countrymen! But perhaps the best thing you can do, is to *try* to get the idea out of your head. For this purpose repeat to yourself every night, after you have said your prayers, the words, Independent Tartary, Independent Tartary, two or three times, and associate with them the *idea of oblivion*, ('t is Hartley's method with obstinate memories,) or say, Independent, Independent, have I not already got an *independence?* That was a clever way of the old puritans, pun-divinity. My dear friend, think what a sad pity it would be to bury such *parts* in heathen countries, among nasty, unconversable, horse-belching, Tartar people! Some say, they are Cannibals; and then, conceive a Tartar-fellow *eating* my

friend, and adding the *cool malignity* of mustard and vinegar! I am afraid 't is the reading of Chaucer has misled you; his foolish stories about Cambuscan, and the ring, and the horse of brass. Believe me, there are no such things, 't is all the poet's *invention;* but if there were such darling things as old Chaucer sings, I would *up* behind you on the horse of brass, and frisk off for Prester John's country. But these are all tales; a horse of brass never flew, and a king's daughter never talked with birds! The Tartars, really, are a cold, insipid, smouchey set. You 'll be sadly moped (if you are not eaten) among them. Pray *try*, and cure yourself. Take hellebore (the counsel is Horace's, 't was none of my thought *originally*). Shave yourself oftener. Eat no saffron, for saffron-eaters contract a terrible Tartar-like yellow. Pray, to avoid the fiend. Eat nothing that gives the heart-burn. *Shave the upper lip.* Go about like an European. Read no books of voyages (they are nothing but lies), only now and then a romance to keep the fancy *under.* Above all, don't go to any sights of *wild beasts. That has been your ruin.* Accustom yourself to write familiar letters, on common subjects, to your friends in England, such as are of a moderate understanding. And think about common things more. I supped last night with Rickman, and met a merry *natural* captain, who pleases himself vastly with once having made a pun at Otaheite in the Otaheite language.* 'T is the same man who said Shakspeare he liked, because he was so *much of the gentleman.* Rickman is a man 'absolute in all numbers.' I think I may one day bring you acquainted, if you do not go to Tartary first; for you 'll never come back. Have a care, my dear friend, of Anthropophagi! their stomachs are always craving. 'T is terrible to be weighed out at five pence a-pound. To sit at table (the reverse of fishes in Holland), not as a guest, but as a meat.

"God bless you; do come to England. Air and exercise may do great things. Talk with some minister. Why not your father?

"God dispose all for the best. I have discharged my duty.

"Your sincere friend,

"C. Lamb."

Vol. i. pp. 245 – 248.

"* Captain, afterwards Admiral Burney, who became one of the most constant attendants on Lamb's parties, and whose son, Martin, grew up in his strongest regard, and received the honor of the dedication of the second volume of his works."

Writing to Mr. Manning, after his departure, he thus describes his reception as a dramatic author.

"So I go creeping on since I was lamed with that cursed fall from off the top of Drury-lane Theatre into the pit, something more than a year ago. However, I have been free of the house ever since, and the house was pretty free with me upon that occasion. Hang 'em how they hissed! it was not a hiss neither, but a sort of a frantic yell, like a congregation of mad geese, with roaring sometimes like bears, mows and mops like apes, sometimes snakes, that hissed me into madness. 'T was like St. Anthony's temptations. Mercy on us, that God should give his favorite children, men, mouths to speak with, to discourse rationally, to promise smoothly, to flatter agreeably, to encourage warmly, to counsel wisely, to sing with, to drink with, and to kiss with, and that they should turn them into mouths of adders, bears, wolves, hyenas, and whistle like tempests, and emit breath through them like distillations of aspic poison, to asperse and vilify the innocent labors of their fellow-creatures who are desirous to please them! Heaven be pleased to make the teeth rot out of them all, therefore! Make them a reproach, and all that pass by them to loll out their tongue at them!" — Vol. i. pp. 303, 304.

The following amusing play upon his own name, is in a letter to the same gentleman, of a subsequent date.

"I continue Mr. Lamb. I have published a little book for children on titles of honor; and to give them some idea of the difference of rank and gradual rising, I have made a little scale, supposing myself to receive the following various accessions of dignity from the King, who is the fountain of honor. — As at first, 1. Mr. C. Lamb; 2. C. Lamb, Esq.; 3. Sir C. Lamb, Bart.; 4. Baron Lamb of Stamford;* 5. Viscount Lamb; 6. Earl Lamb; 7. Marquis Lamb; 8. Duke Lamb. It would look like quibbling to carry it on further, and especially as it is not necessary for children to go beyond the ordinary titles of sub-regal dignity in our own country, otherwise I have sometimes in my dreams imagined myself still advancing, as 9th, King Lamb; 10th, Emperor Lamb; 11th, Pope Innocent, higher than which is nothing. Puns I have not made many, (nor punch much) since the date of my last; one I cannot help relating. A constable in Salisbury Cathedral was telling me

"* Where my family came from. I have chosen that, if ever I should have my choice."

that eight people dined at the top of the spire of the cathedral, upon which I remarked, that they must be very sharp set." — Vol. I. pp. 313, 314.

The correspondence in the second volume is richer in excellent matter than the first, embracing letters to Wordsworth, Coleridge, Manning, and several friends, whose acquaintance he successively formed. The following curious epistle was written to Manning on Christmas day, picturing "their common friends as in a melancholy future."

"Dear old friend and absentee, — This is Christmas-day 1815 with us; what it may be with you I don't know, the 12th of June next year perhaps; and if it should be the consecrated season with you, I don't see how you can keep it. You have no turkeys; you would not desecrate the festival by offering up a withered Chinese bantam, instead of the savoury grand Norfolcian holocaust, that smokes all around my nostrils at this moment, from a thousand firesides. Then what puddings have you? Where will you get holly to stick in your churches, or churches to stick your dried tea-leaves (that must be the substitute) in? What memorials you can have of the holy time, I see not. A chopped missionary or two may keep up the thin idea of Lent and the wilderness; but what standing evidence have you of the Nativity? — 't is our rosy-cheeked, homestalled divines, whose faces shine to the tune of Christmas; faces fragrant with the mince-pies of half a century, that alone can authenticate the cheerful mystery, — I feel, I feel myself refreshed with the thought, — my zeal is great against the unedified heathen. Down with the Pagodas, — down with the idols, — Ching-chong-fo, — and his foolish priesthood! Come out of Babylon, O my friend! for her time is come, and the child that is native, and the Proselyte of her gates, shall kindle and smoke together! And in sober sense what makes you so long from among us, Manning? You must not expect to see the same England again which you left.

"Empires have been overturned, crowns trodden into dust, the face of the western world quite changed; your friends have all got old, — those you left blooming, — myself (who am one of the few that remember you) those golden hairs which you recollect my taking a pride in, turned to silvery and grey. Mary has been dead and buried many years, — she desired to be buried in the silk gown you sent her. Rickman, that you remember active and strong, now walks out supported by a servant-maid and a stick. Martin Burney is a very old man. The other day an aged woman knocked at my door, and pretended

to my acquaintance: it was long before I had the most distant recognition of her; but at last together we made her out to be Louisa, the daughter of Mrs. Topham, formerly Mrs. Morton, who had been Mrs. Reynolds, formerly Mrs. Kenney, whose first husband was Holcroft, the dramatic writer of the last century. St. Paul's church is a heap of ruins; the Monument isn't half so high as you knew it, divers parts being successively taken down which the ravages of time had rendered dangerous; the horse at Charing Cross is gone, no one knows whither, — and all this has taken place while you have been settling whether Ho-hing-tong should be spelt with a ——, or a ——. For aught I see, you had almost as well remain where you are, and not come like a Strulbug into a world where few were born when you went away. Scarce here and there one will be able to make out your face; all your opinions will be out of date, your jokes obsolete, your puns rejected with fastidiousness as wit of the last age. Your way of mathematics has already given way to a new method, which after all, is, I believe, the old doctrine of Maclaurin, new vamped up with what he borrowed of the negative quantity of fluxions from Euler.

"Poor Godwin! I was passing his tomb the other day in Cripplegate church-yard. There are some verses upon it written by Miss ——, which if I thought good enough I would send you. He was one of those who would have hailed your return, not with boisterous shouts and clamors, but with the complacent gratulations of a philosopher anxious to promote knowledge as leading to happiness, — but his systems and his theories are ten feet deep in Cripplegate mould. Coleridge is just dead, having lived just long enough to close the eyes of Wordsworth, who paid the debt to nature but a week or two before, — poor Col., but two days before he died, he wrote to a bookseller proposing an epic poem on the 'Wanderings of Cain,' in twenty-four books. It is said he has left behind him more than forty thousand treatises in criticism, metaphysics, and divinity, but few of them in a state of completion. They are now destined, perhaps, to wrap up spices. You see what mutations the busy hand of Time has produced, while you have consumed in foolish voluntary exile that time which might have gladdened your friends, — benefited your country; but reproaches are useless. Gather up the wretched reliques, my friend, as fast as you can, and come to your old home. I will rub my eyes and try to recognise you. We will shake withered hands together, and talk of old things, — of St. Mary's church and the barber's opposite, where the young students in mathematics used to assemble. Poor Crips, that kept it afterwards, set up a fruit-

erer's shop in Trumpington Street, and for aught I know resides there still, for I saw the name up in the last journey I took there with my sister just before she died. I suppose you heard that I had left the India House, and gone into the Fishmongers' Almhouses over the bridge. I have a little cabin there, small and homely, but you shall be welcome to it. You like oysters, and to open them yourself; I 'll get you some if you come in oyster time. Marshall, Godwin's old friend, is still alive, and talks of the faces you used to make." — Vol. II. pp. 18 – 22.

In a letter addressed to Coleridge, the reader of "Elia" will be amused with the first outline of the Essay on Roast Pig.

"Dear C. — It gives me great satisfaction to hear that the pig turned out so well, — they are interesting creatures at a certain age, — what a pity such buds should blow out into the maturity of rank bacon! You had all some of the crackling, — and brain sauce, — did you remember to rub it with butter, and gently dredge it a little, just before the crisis? Did the eyes come away kindly, with no Œdipean avulsion? Was the crackling the color of the ripe pomegranate? Had you no cursed compliment of boiled neck of mutton before it, to blunt the edge of delicate desire? Did you flesh maiden teeth in it? Not that I sent the pig, nor can form the remotest guess what part O—— could play in the business. I never knew him give any thing away in my life. He would not begin with strangers. I suspect the pig, after all, was meant for me; but at the unlucky juncture of time being absent, the present somehow went round to Highgate. To confess an honest truth, a pig is one of those things I could never think of sending away. Teals, widgeons, snipes, barn-door-fowl, ducks, geese, — your tame villalio things, — Welsh mutton, collars of brawn, sturgeon, fresh or pickled, your potted char, Swiss cheeses, French pies, early grapes, muscadines, I impart as freely unto my friends as to myself. They are but self-extended; but pardon me if I stop somewhere, — where the fine feeling of benevolence giveth a higher smack than the sensual rarity, there my friends (or any good man) may command me; but pigs are pigs, and I myself therein am nearest to myself. Nay, I should think it an affront, an undervaluing done to Nature who bestowed such a boon upon me, if in a churlish mood I parted with the precious gift. One of the bitterest pangs I ever felt of remorse was when a child, — my kind old aunt had strained her pocket-strings to bestow a sixpenny whole plum-cake upon me. In my way home through the Borough, I met a venerable old man, not a mendicant, — but there-

abouts; a look-beggar, not a verbal petitionist; and in the coxcombry of taught-charity, I gave away the cake to him. I walked on a little in all the pride of an Evangelical peacock, when of a sudden my old aunt's kindness crossed me; the sum it was to her; the pleasure she had a right to expect that I, — not the old impostor, — should take in eating her cake; the cursed ingratitude by which, under the color of a Christian virtue, I had frustrated her cherished purpose. I sobbed, wept, and took it to heart so grievously, that I think I never suffered the like, — and I was right. It was a piece of unfeeling hypocrisy, and proved a lesson to me ever after. The cake has long been masticated, consigned to dunghill with the ashes of that unseasonable pauper.

"But when Providence, who is better to us all than our aunts, gives me a pig, remembering my temptation and my fall, I shall endeavour to act towards it more in the spirit of the donor's purpose.

"Yours (short of pig) to command in every thing." — Vol. II. pp. 70 – 73.

Among Lamb's most valued friends was Bernard Barton, the Quaker Poet. The following singular letter, was addressed to that gentleman, on the fate of Fauntleroy.

"And now, my dear Sir, trifling apart, the gloomy catastrophe of yesterday morning prompts a sadder vein. The fate of the unfortunate Fauntleroy makes me, whether I will or no, to cast reflecting eyes around on such of my friends as, by a parity of situation, are exposed to a similarity of temptation. My very style seems to myself to become more impressive than usual, with the charge of them. Who that standeth, knoweth but he may yet fall? Your hands as yet, I am most willing to believe, have never deviated into other's property. You think it impossible that you could ever commit so heinous an offence; but so thought Fauntleroy once; so have thought many besides him, who at last have expiated as he hath done. You are as yet upright; but you are a banker, or at least the next thing to it. I feel the delicacy of the subject; but cash must pass through your hands, sometimes to a great amount. If in an unguarded hour ——— but I will hope better. Consider the scandal it will bring upon those of your persuasion. Thousands would go to see a Quaker hanged, that would be indifferent to the fate of a Presbyterian or an Anabaptist. Think of the effect it would have on the sale of your poems alone, not to mention higher considerations! I tremble, I am sure, at myself, when I think that so many poor victims of the law, at one time of their

life, made as sure of never being hanged, as I, in my own presumption, am ready, too ready, to do myself. What are we better than they? Do we come into the world with different necks? Is there any distinctive mark under our left ears? Are we unstrangulable, I ask you? Think on these things. I am shocked sometimes at the shape of my own fingers, not for their resemblance to the ape tribe (which is something), but for the exquisite adaptation of them to the purposes of picking, fingering, &c." — Vol. II. pp. 168, 169.

A letter to Mr. Gilman, a common friend of Coleridge and himself, contains a well-merited and amusing hit at the would-be philosopher's vagaries.

"I was over St. Luke's the other day with my friend Tuthill, and mightily pleased with one of his contrivances for the comfort and amelioration of the students. They have double cells, in which a pair may lie feet to feet horizontally, and chat the time away as rationally as they can. It must certainly be more sociable for them these warm, raving nights. The right-hand truckle in one of these friendly recesses, at present vacant, was preparing, I understood, for Mr. Irving. Poor fellow! it is time he removed from Pentonville. I followed him as far as to Highbury the other day, with a mob at his heels, calling out upon Ermigiddon, who I suppose is some Scotch moderator. He squinted out his favorite eye last Friday, in the fury of possession, upon a poor woman's shoulders that was crying matches, and has not missed it. The companion truck, as far as I could measure it with my eye, would conveniently fit a person about the length of Coleridge, allowing for a reasonable drawing up of the feet, not at all painful. Does he talk of moving this quarter? You and I have too much sense to trouble ourselves with revelations; marry, to the same in Greek, you may have something professionally to say. Tell C. that he was to come and see us some fine day. Let it be before he moves, for in his new quarters he will necessarily be confined in his conversation to his brother prophet. Conceive the two Rabbis foot to foot, for there are no Gamaliels there to affect a humbler posture! All are masters in that Patmos, where the law is perfect equality; Latmos, I should rather say, for they will be Luna's twin darlings; her affection will be ever at the full. Well; keep *your* brains moist with gooseberry this mad March, for the devil of exposition seeketh dry places." — Vol. II. pp. 267 – 269.

One passage more, and we have done. It is the last Essay of Elia, as well as our last extract. It was written in ac-

knowledgment of a present of game from some unknown admirer.

"We love to have our friend in the country sitting thus at our table *by proxy;* to apprehend his presence (though a hundred miles may be between us) by a turkey, whose goodly aspect reflects to us his 'plump corpusculum'; to taste him in grouse or woodcock; to feel him gliding down in the toast peculiar to the latter; to concorporate him in a slice of Canterbury brawn. This is indeed to have him within ourselves; to know him intimately; such participation is methinks *unitive*, as the old theologians phrase it."

"Elia presents his acknowledgments to his 'Correspondent unknown,' for a basket of prodigiously fine game. He takes for granted that so amiable a character must be a reader of the *Athenæum*, else he had meditated a notice in 'The Times.' Now if this friend had consulted the Delphic oracle for a present suited to the palate of Elia, he could not have hit upon a morsel so acceptable. The birds he is barely thankful for; pheasants are poor *fowls* disguised in fine feathers. But a hare roasted hard and brown, with gravy and melted butter! — old Mr. Chambers, the sensible clergyman in Warwickshire, whose son's acquaintance has made many hours happy in the life of Elia, used to allow a pound of Epping to every hare. Perhaps that was over-doing it. But, in spite of the note of Philomel, who, like some fine poets, that think no scorn to adopt plagiarisms from a humble brother, reiterates every spring her cuckoo cry of 'Jug, Jug, Jug,' Elia pronounces that a hare, to be truly palated, must be roasted. Jugging sophisticates her. In *our* way it eats so 'crips,' as Mrs. Minikin says. Time was, when Elia was not arrived at his taste, that he preferred to all luxuries a roasted pig. But he disclaims all such green-sickness appetites in future, though he hath to acknowledge the receipt of many a delicacy in that kind from correspondents, — good, but mistaken men, — in consequence of their erroneous supposition, that he had carried up into mature life the prepossessions of childhood. From the worthy Vicar of Enfield he acknowledges a tithe contribution of extraordinary sapor. The ancients must have loved hares. Else why adopt the word *lepores* (obviously from *lepus*) but for some subtile analogy between the delicate flavor of the latter, and the finer relishes of wit in what we most poorly translate *pleasantries*. The fine madnesses of the poet are the very decoction of his diet. Thence is he hare-brained. Harum-scarum is a libellous unfounded phrase, of modern usage. 'T is true the hare is the most circumspect of

animals, sleeping with her eye open. Her ears, ever erect, keep them in that wholesome exercise, which conduces them to form the very tit-bit of the admirers of this noble animal. Noble will I call her, in spite of her detractors, who, from occasional demonstrations of the principle of self-preservation (common to all animals), infer in her a defect of heroism. Half a hundred horsemen, with thrice the number of dogs, scour the country in pursuit of puss across three counties; and because the well-flavored beast, weighing the odds, is willing to evade the hue and cry, with her delicate ears shrinking perchance from discord, — comes the grave naturalist, Linnæus perchance, or Buffon, and gravely sets down the hare as a — timid animal. Why Achilles, or Bully Dawson, would have declined the preposterous combat.

"In fact, how light of digestion we feel after a hare! How tender its processes after swallowing! What chyle it promotes! How etherial! as if its living celerity were a type of its nimble coursing through the animal juices. The notice might be longer. It is intended less as a Natural History of the Hare, than a cursory thanks to the country 'good Unknown.' The hare has many friends, but none sincerer than

"Elia."

Vol. II. pp. 306 – 309.

There is one part of Lamb's private life, which Mr. Talfourd glosses over more indulgently than most of his readers will approve. The intemperate use of intoxicating liquors has been often laid to his charge, and the charge seems fully proved; but Mr. Talfourd hides the vice under such gentle names as "genial frailty," a tenderness which neither respect for the memory of the dead, nor the natural partiality of a friendly biographer, can wholly excuse. It would have been enough to state the fact, and leave the readers to think of it as they might. He was not bound harshly to condemn; but it would have been in better taste to abstain from all attempt at palliation.

ART. IV.—*A Course of Legal Study, addressed to Students and the Profession generally.* By DAVID HOFFMAN, Jur. utr. Doct. Göttingen. Second Edition, rewritten and much enlarged. In Two Volumes. Baltimore; Published by Joseph Neal. 1836. 8vo. pp. 876.

A NOTICE of the first edition of this work appeared in the sixteenth number of our journal; but in the interval of nineteen years, which separates the first from the second edition, the field of legal bibliography has been so much enlarged, that the present edition has a fair claim to be considered rather a new work than the extension and enlargement of an old one. During that period, the science of the law has, in England, been illustrated by the labors of the Chittys, father and sons, Sugden, Preston, Theobald, Phillips, Starkie, Amos, Shelford, Collyer, and Stephen, whose treatise on Pleading is, perhaps, the most beautiful and philosophical work on any legal subject, which has appeared in England, since the days of Blackstone. Our own country too, which, twenty years ago, had done little more than adapt a few English text-books to our meridian, with just enough of editorial matter to make a decent apology for a copyright, has since vied with the mother country in the number and value of its works on legal subjects. In proof of this, we need only mention (among others) the learned treatises of Mr. Willard Phillips on Insurance and on Patents, and of Judge Gould on Pleading, Mr. Laussat's Essay on Equity in Pennsylvania, which the London Law Magazine pronounces "an admirable book for any man, a wonderful book for a student to write," the treatises of Mr. Stearns and Judge Jackson on Real Law, the various legal publications of Mr. Angell, Mr. Cushing's Essay on the Trustee Process in Massachusetts, which, though an unpretending little work, on a subject of local and limited interest, deserves honorable mention as a model of neatness, accuracy, and philosophical disposition of parts, Dunlap's Treatise on Admiralty Practice, (in which, by the by, the editorial labors of Mr. Sumner constitute much the most valuable portion,) and, above all, the Commentaries of Chancellor Kent on American law in general, and of Mr. Justice Story on Bailments, Constitutional Law, the Conflict of Laws, and Equity Jurisprudence, all of

which have acquired an European reputation, and earned, for these eminent jurists, in other countries, that meed of applause, which is like the calm, unbiassed judgment of posterity. Nor, in this connexion, should we omit the name of Mr. Theron Metcalf, in the list of American law writers; for although he has, as yet, appeared before the public only in the capacity of an Editor, the annotations with which he has enriched the text submitted to him, constitute, generally speaking, the most valuable part of the reprint, and bear the same relation to the text itself, which the notes of Mr. Serjeant Williams do to Saunders's Reports. We hazard the conjecture, that he has in his desk manuscripts enough to give him a high reputation as a discriminating and philosophical law writer, would he present them to the public.

An extended and minute analysis of Mr. Hoffman's "Course of Legal Study," a work exclusively professional, it would be hardly fair to inflict upon the readers of a literary journal. For them, it will be sufficient to state, that it contains a general course of legal study, followed by a particular syllabus under every title of the general course, and under each particular title are collected the various works which have been written upon the several subjects which belong to it. Connected with these titles, is a succession of learned, elaborate, and most valuable critical observations upon the most conspicuous of the works, recommended for study and perusal, interspersed with judicious reflections of a general nature, which manifest a mind of great general cultivation, and a lively interest in the progress and improvement of the student. A considerable portion of the second volume is devoted to the head of "auxiliary subjects," under the various divisions of the geography, and civil, statistical, and political history of the United States, forensic eloquence and oratory, legal biography and bibliography, legal reviews, journals, and essays, codification and proposed amendments of the law, medical jurisprudence, military and naval law, logic, and professional deportment. To the whole is subjoined an appendix, containing hints and advice on note-books, and on debating societies, and moot-courts.

In such a work, the most essential and indispensable merit is that of learning and thoroughness. Without these requisites, it would be worse than useless, since it would lead the student to be content with superficial attainments, and give him the notion that he had reached the summit of professional

acquisition, when he had little more than mastered the rudiments. In this respect, Mr. Hoffman's work is not only unexceptionable, but admirable. Its learning is thorough, copious, and exact, — pressed down and running over. It would take a high rank in this respect, if compared with the labors of European jurisprudents, whose unbroken days, from morn to dewy eve, are passed within the walls of their studies; but when we remember that it is the work of one, who has been more or less engaged in practice, during its composition, and who has been sustaining those active duties, imposed upon even the scholars and men of letters, in our young and bustling country, it moves our astonishment no less than our admiration. By what process he has contrived to find time to read so many books, and collect together so stupendous a mass of erudition, quite passes our comprehension. That an ambitious and hardworking lawyer should make himself well acquainted with the learning of the common law, is not so surprising, since that is a kind of knowledge which can readily be exchanged for wealth and honor. But Mr. Hoffman has not contented himself with an acquaintance with such books as are authority in Westminster Hall, though these are numerous enough to break the backs of many camels. He is equally at home among the voluminous treatises of the Roman and Continental law. The catalogue of authors on these subjects, contained in the beginning of the second volume, is, in itself, a work of no inconsiderable research, and we have no doubt that a large proportion of the names will be found to be new, even to well-instructed lawyers. Indeed, we think that those portions of Mr. Hoffman's work, which treat of the civil law, and recommend its study, are of peculiar value and importance. The study of the philosophical and scientific treatises of the distinguished legal writers of France and Germany, affords an excellent corrective to that narrow spirit which an exclusive devotion to the common law is liable to produce. English law-treatises are, for the most part, mere formularies for practice, and are little more than digests of cases, written without reference to general principles, in a purely technical form, and without any pretension to that scientific arrangement which is deemed so indispensable on the Continent.

As this is a work intended for the guidance and information of students, accuracy of judgment is a quality hardly less de-

sirable than soundness of learning. In this particular, every lawyer will be likely to think Mr. Hoffman's opinions more or less correct, in proportion as they coincide more or less nearly with his own. After an attentive perusal of his two volumes, we think his judgment, very generally, correct; and to most of his critical observations upon books and authors we express our hearty assent, so far as our knowledge qualifies us to speak. Not that we should on all occasions, have used precisely his language; sometimes we should have thrown in an additional warmth of eulogy, and sometimes a deeper shade of censure; but in the main, we go along with him. The book has one quality, which we especially like. It is a good-natured book. Mr. Hoffman is a benevolent censor, and seldom puts on the critical black cap of condemnation. He is disposed to do justice to all that is good in an author, and mentions defects and omissions in such a manner as plainly to show that he does it, not because it is agreeable to him, but because the truth and his duty require it. There are one or two names in his pages who have richly earned a critical flagellation, and we should have felt it to be no more than even justice, had it been administered by hands so well qualified as those of Mr. Hoffman; but we are not sorry that he has not done it. Much as we should have enjoyed the correction, it might have impaired the agreeable impression which the book has left, of the generous and benevolent nature of its author, in obedience to that mysterious feeling which makes a man shrink from the hangman, however much he may wish that murderers and pirates should be hung. To show, however, that with all his kindness of feeling, and disposition to look upon the bright side of books, he is no dealer in unqualified and indiscriminate praise, as well as to give to our readers a fair specimen of his style and manner, we cite the following note upon the Commentaries of Chancellor Kent, premising that, in our opinion, the criticisms upon that admirable work are as correct in substance as they are proper in expression.

"(*Note* 18.) Kent's Commentaries on American Law.—The 'Commentaries on American Law,' in four volumes, by our distinguished countryman, James Kent, for many years Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Judicature, of New York, and subsequently Chancellor of that State, have already gained the high reputation of a standard work, and justly rank

next in value and estimation to those of the great commentator on the laws of England.

"Much might be said of the deep research, the classical embellishments, the apt illustrations, and the clear and manly style, which characterize every portion of this able work; but this would be superfluous, as the well-merited fame of this great American jurisconsult, is too well known to need any remarks of this kind. Our duty to the student, in such a case, is rather to note defects, if there be any, than to collect beauties; the latter abound, the former are to be sought after. In compliance with this view, we shall briefly notice such as have occurred to us.

"1. The general arrangement, or method of the work, as we think, is not as correct as it might have been. With a few exceptions, the contents of the first volume would have been more suitably found in a fourth; and those of the fourth would have been better as the second volume; whilst most of the topics embraced by his second and third volumes should have found their appropriate places elsewhere.

"2. The learning is sometimes too particular and minute, for an elementary work, as it occasionally loses sight of its institutionary character; and topics are, at times, too abruptly discussed, the student not having presented to him the requisite definitions, and elementary knowledge essential to the due comprehension of the argument.

"3. The laws of the State of New York are rather too much dwelt on, for a treatise on American jurisprudence; and the references to legal doctrines, homogeneous throughout the Union, are not always clear and satisfactory.

"4. Many important titles of the law are wholly omitted; and but little is said of the extensive doctrine of equity, on which the learned commentator is so peculiarly qualified to treat. The philosophy and general principles of penal law, as they have been softened down by the pervading humanity of our legislation, might have been embraced in his scheme; and as a system of American law it is defective in some other material branches, which are peculiarly national; the practical proceedings of courts are, perhaps, justly omitted, but the outlines of pleading, evidence, actions, &c. we should have been much gratified to see explained by so able a pen.

"5. In the fourth volume, on the doctrines of the realty, we have much to admire; but we perceive that the learned author's pen has been too frequently restrained by the consideration, that very many of the common law principles of this abstruse branch of our jurisprudence have been abolished in the State of New

York, by the recent code of that State. This American students generally will have just cause to regret.

"Such is our sincere admiration of the labors of this estimable and philosophical jurist, that it sometimes appeared to us rash and ungrateful to find the least fault, amidst so many excellences. But as the foregoing (if they be defects), are trivial and easily remedied, we doubt not they will be amply corrected in a new edition; and if not, they can never diminish the class of his readers and admirers. The feelings with which we express our opinions on all occasions, are those of gratitude to all who have enlarged the boundaries of our science, and contributed to its philosophical illustration; and none deserves the meed of high praise more justly than Chancellor Kent, in this work, as also in his decisions, which must for ever remain a monument of judicial wisdom, learning, and eloquence, without superior in those of any country, or any age; moreover, the maxim which has guided us in this volume is, Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas." — Vol. I. pp. 166 – 168.

The members of the profession of the law owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Hoffman, for his endeavours to elevate it, by the comprehensive course of liberal studies, which he has prescribed to its students. He, who values the law merely as a means of securing a respectable social position and accumulating property, may smile, as he reads the list of books which are recommended in the first and second titles, and will probably skip the eloquent pages which inculcate their diligent perusal. But he, who is aware of the intellectual dangers which attend upon the exclusive study of the technicalities of the law, will take diligent heed to Mr. Hoffman's advice, and lay deep the foundations of his professional preparation in a thorough course of history, ethics, and natural law. The young student, however impatient he may be to thrust his sickle into the harvest, need not fear that he is losing time in thus devoting himself, for a season, to liberal studies, and lingering in the "primrose paths" of literature and philosophy. The principles of law strike root most deeply, and bear fruit most abundantly, in a mind fertilized by general reading. An ignorant man may be a skilful attorney and a safe practitioner, and may become a walking index of decided cases; but he will never be a great lawyer. Many honorable names may be pointed out in the annals of the profession, who, it is easy to perceive, would have been better lawyers, had they been better scholars. So long as the question is, merely, how the de-

cisions are upon a given point, the difference between one who is a lawyer and nothing more, and a man of ripe and general cultivation, is not perceptible; but, when the problem proposed is the elucidation of a new point, in which the truth is to be sought by the help, not of direct but of indirect and collateral light, the superiority of the latter over the former is made manifest. His habits of reflection, of tracing effects to causes, and of reasoning from given data to the establishment of contested propositions, enable him to tread firmly in those untried paths, in which the man of forms and precedents stumbles with uncertain and unsteady steps.

We should be guilty of gross injustice to Mr. Hoffman, if we omitted to mention, with the highest commendation, the tone of moral feeling, which breathes from every page of his work. He loses no opportunity to impress upon the mind of the youthful student, that it is not enough for him to be a good lawyer, and a good scholar, but that he must also be a good man, and that the highest attainments are imperfect, without that delicate moral sense which feels a stain like a wound, and that resolute moral strength which makes a man submit to be torn in pieces rather than do what he knows to be wrong. His remarks on professional deportment are conceived and written with an energy and glow, which remind us of some of the most eloquent passages in the ethical writings of Cicero. These portions of his work we most earnestly recommend to our young legal friends, to confirm and enlighten that moral sensibility which the young are not often without, but which so many cast aside, as an unprofitable incumbrance, after they have begun to run the world's race. Let them read again and again the Resolutions in regard to professional deportment, in the latter part of the second volume, which could have been written only by one, who, in all the various perplexities of an extensive practice, had preserved a spotless purity of moral feeling, and in whom the instinctive sense of right had been aided and strengthened by practical good sense and clear mental discrimination. They are valuable, as giving distinctness and definiteness to principles which are vague, because general; and they sustain the same relation to a rule of conduct, which the problems in arithmetic and algebra do, to the formula by which they are solved. There is hardly one of the whole forty, about which there can be any doubt; and though a few of them may seem to betray a dainty and fastidi-

ous sense of professional decorum, the fact that they proceed from so high an authority should lead one to suspend his opinion, and inquire whether his own standard may not require elevation. We cannot but reflect (with a sigh at the contrast presented by the actual state of things), how different and how much more attractive an aspect the profession and practice of the law would assume, were these to become the ruling principles of even any considerable portion of the members of the bar. How would those needless asperities and irritations disappear, which goad a gentle nature into madness, or something like it, and petrify a stubborn one into stone. How would the dark places be enlightened, and the crooked paths be made straight! But why contemplate a picture, whose ideal hues only serve to make the harsh tints of reality more unsightly?

We feel strongly upon this subject, because the practice of the law is full of peril to the moral nature, and because we fear that we are not improving in this respect. We have been assured, by some of our seniors, not particularly given to the croaking mood, that in their younger days there was a higher standard of character and a better tone of feeling among lawyers, a more unbroken courtesy in their intercourse with each other, and a more unerring moral sense presiding over their relations to their clients. To these representations, however, we do not yield implicit credence, knowing, that from the time of Nestor downwards, it has been the habit of those who have passed into the lengthening shadows of life, to disparage the things that are, and magnify those which have been. But it cannot be doubted that, comparisons apart, there is very great room for improvement. We have ourselves heard advocates, in their addresses to the jury, (especially where they closed) wilfully pervert and color the testimony of witnesses, in a manner it was melancholy to hear. We have seen witnesses themselves treated with an insolent rudeness, betokening as much want of moral feeling as of courtesy and humanity. We have known of lawyers, degrading their honorable profession by mean and dirty tricks, for which the most appropriate punishment would be a ducking in a horse-pond. Without assenting exactly to the comparison, which likens courts of justice to a chimney, that carries off the smoke, which would otherwise render the house uninhabitable, we are aware, that there are so many disagreeable circumstances attending the

practice of the law, that a lawyer who is disposed to make the most of his privileges, may render himself a very uncomfortable person to every one, with whom he comes in contact; and we feel also that one who is at the same time a good lawyer and a bad man, is a perfect *caput lupinum*, upon whom honest men have a right (morally speaking) to set their dogs, as upon a wolf or a bear.

Those moral perils, which we have spoken of as encompassing the practice of the law, are of two kinds; one, of obvious and palpable ones, against which he who is forewarned is fore-armed. There is danger that the professional man, in his zeal for his client's success, will not examine the quality of the means by which that success may be attained; and that he will surrender his conscience into his client's hands, and plead *his* instructions as an apology for oppression or dishonorable conduct; than which a more lame apology was never offered, none more savouring of that odious sophistry by which a man endeavours to drown the remonstrances of his own outraged moral sense. There is danger, too, that in his intercourse with his brethren, he will obey the law of selfishness, rather than the law of honor or the law of love, and endeavour to gain paltry advantages, by disingenuous suppressions of the truth, by treacherous surprises, by wilful procrastination, and a surly, disobliging temper, which makes the most of accident, oversight, and forgetfulness. The love of money too will beset him with continual temptation. It will tempt him to give such advice as shall be beneficial to his own interests, and fan the expiring embers of ill-will till they kindle into a broad blaze of litigation. It may constrain him to forget the distinction between his own money and that which is intrusted to him on behalf of others, and may lead him into that petty and reprehensible form of dishonesty, which unnecessarily delays the payment of a just due.

Besides these, and others like them, in which he who sins, sins against light, there are other perils, perhaps more formidable, because less obvious. There is danger, that the habit of constantly taking and supporting one side of a contested question, may in time extinguish the power of separating what is true from what is false, and that evil shall wear no different likeness from good. "*Abeunt studia in mores*," is a remark peculiarly applicable to the studies and employments of the bar. Lawyers, too, are in the habit of seeing so much of the

guilt and infirmities of humanity, and of contemplating its darkest side, that they are in imminent peril of losing all respect for, and sympathy with, human nature, and degenerating into cold-blooded skeptics and sneering misanthropes. He who enters upon the profession with the resolve that the man shall never dwindle into a fractional part of the lawyer, will not fail to guard against these and all other malign influences, by all sorts of purifying, elevating, and softening exercises; and Mr. Hoffman's eloquent pages will furnish powerful moral talismans to sustain and defend the pilgrim on his dim and perilous way.

Mr. Hoffman earnestly recommends to the student, to take up some one of the four courses of study which he prescribes, and go through with it. We have no doubt that a faithful attention to the most limited of the four would be enough to make one a sound and competent lawyer; but we doubt whether many will undertake it; and we do not consider the chief value of the work to consist in the courses of study which it prescribes, simply as courses. There are different ways of learning law, as well as of learning any thing else; and each mind selects the course most congenial to its nature. Without wishing to discourage hard study (without which nothing great was ever accomplished), the fact that a man may read more books than is good for him, is as true in law as in other things. It is very possible for a man to be as much encumbered with his book-learning, as David was with Saul's armour. Great learning requires great powers to make it efficient. The club of Hercules, without the arm of Hercules to wield it, is but a harmless piece of timber. The great value of the "Course of Legal Study" to the practising lawyer, will be found to consist in the help which it will afford in the investigation of law points. It is an admirable *catalogue raisonnée* to the vast treasures of the Roman, continental, and common law. Here one sees, at a glance, the path of inquiry opened to him; and all he has to do is to pursue it with resolute steps. So extensive, thorough, and profound is Mr. Hoffman's learning, that the most experienced practitioner, and the best read lawyer, cannot fail to derive benefit from his labors, especially in such questions as require them to seek the foreign aid of the European and ancient Roman law.

But the great merit of this work consists in the beneficial influence which it is calculated to exert upon young lawyers

and law students. It is emphatically the student's friend. It is written with a glow of professional enthusiasm, which mature years and long commerce with the world have not had power to chill; and which, though it may move the ridicule of the frivolous, and the sneer of the morose, cannot fail to awaken a throb of responsive feeling in an ingenuous and manly bosom. Here may be found the most judicious advice on books and study, elegant criticism and ripe learning, all conveyed in those cordial tones of encouragement, which are calculated to rouse the indolent, animate the desponding, and confirm the aspiring. The tone of the work is uniformly elevated, addressing itself to the highest and best principles of our nature, and leading the young to the pure and unfading sources of honor, happiness, and respectability. The constant reply of Lagrange to the young men who consulted him respecting their mathematical studies, was, "Study Euler;" and in like manner we should say to every law student from Maine to Louisiana, "Study Hoffman." Without the "Course of Legal Study," we should deem the most ample law library imperfect. We want no better test than this work supplies, to judge of a young man's fitness to excel in the profession of the law. If he read it with coldness and apathy, lay it down without reluctance, and return to it as a task, we should tell him frankly, that he had mistaken his vocation, that the stuff was not in him out of which a lawyer could be made; and we should advise him to seek some other more congenial employment. But if he take it up with eagerness and close it with regret, study diligently the didactic portions, and read the eloquent passages with sparkling eyes and glowing cheek, we should joyfully encourage him to persevere; we should confidently predict his future eminence; we should see already within his grasp, the laurel of the advocate and the ermine of the judge.

We take leave of Mr. Hoffman with sincere acknowledgments for the pleasure which his work has afforded us, and assure him that it will give us much gratification to hear from him again. We hope that he will continue to enrich the jurisprudence of our country, with those harvests which his years of study and reflection have given him.

ART. V. — *Histoire de la Vie et des Œuvres de Raphael.* Par M. QUATREMÈRE DE QUINCY. Third Edition. Paris. MDCCCXXXV. 8vo. pp. 460.

A GOOD history of the art of painting is still a desideratum. Lanzi's, which is the best, and indeed the only one that deserves the name, is a very dull book to the general reader, and a perplexing one to such as seek for an accurate knowledge of the subject. In all such inquiries a strict chronological order is the most simple and satisfactory. Lanzi's arrangement into schools, and epochs of schools, is one that leaves no clear notion of the general progress of the art. The same artists reappear at long intervals, as by changing their places of residence they are, at different periods of their lives, considered as belonging to the different schools ; and the reader is so often led backward, to take up the beginning of the art in a particular city, that all interest in the subject, as a whole, is lost. What we want to know first, and distinctly, is, by what steps the art has risen from rudeness to its highest point of excellence, and how it has declined. When we have acquired clear and well fixed notions on this point, and have learned readily to refer each name to its appropriate period in the general history, we can advantageously consider the subject as divided into classes, according to the place or manner of the artists. The same deficiency has often struck us in elementary books of political history. Many persons never acquire a clear idea of the general progress of the human race as one family, because they have read the histories of different nations separately, instead of first reading one general account of the whole, or those of different countries taken together during the same periods. Read in this way, history of all sorts wants the warp that should connect it into a consistent fabric.

Lanzi's work contains a great mass of valuable facts and learned research ; but another and more important deficiency than that just named, is, that it is composed in the spirit of an antiquarian, and not of a lover of the art. Much space is taken up in the discussion of doubtful but unimportant facts, and in an enumeration of mere names of persons and paintings, of which we learn, after all, nothing but the names. Nine tenths of the artists recorded there, and whose works, wherever

known, are pointed out and described, have produced no effect upon the progress of the art; nor is it often illustrated by any anecdotes connected with their labors or life. The work is very complete of its kind; but it leaves abundant room for such an author as M. de Quincy, to write a new and delightful history of the art; of which the book before us, as well as his life of Michel Angelo, should be portions.

We do not remember to have read any thing on the subject so interesting. And it is not a subject on which it is easy to write an agreeable book; because, however interesting the works of art are in themselves, they hardly admit of verbal description or criticism, addressed to those who are not already familiar with them. M. de Quincy complains of this difficulty; but he has surmounted it successfully by combining the personal character of Raphael so closely with his works, that we read the descriptions of his paintings rather as illustrations of the man, than as the principal objects of the book. The most profound and delicate criticism, thus applied, seems but a kind of biographical anecdote.

It may be remarked, in passing, that there is another reason which should deter a writer from attempting to describe in detail works of art, beside the difficulty of conveying any just notion of them by words. For it is as difficult to describe nature as art; and yet the attempt is, in one case, often agreeable, and in the other always tiresome. We follow the traveller through real, and the romancer through imaginary scenes, with interest; but Scott himself could not make a mere description of a Claude or a Raphael any thing but a skipping-place. The pleasure derived from description, consists not so much in any knowledge we acquire by it, as in the exercise to which it stimulates the imagination, in forming for itself a picture of the thing described; and the imagination demands truth, as the basis of all its visions. There must be at least a temporary belief that the thing imitated is a reality, and not itself an imitation. A drawing of a statue, however beautiful, is inferior in interest to one that represents life directly, though far less perfect in its proportions. For the same reason, a painting from a scene of the acted drama, though wholly free from the appearance of representation, fails to excite the same interest it would, if we did not know it was from a play. We do not mean, that works of art may not suggest the noblest sentiments, and thus be the occasion of the finest

poetry. Byron produced nothing more exquisite than his description of the Dying Gladiator; but then he described, not the marble in the Capitol, but the dying man in the amphitheatre;

> "And through his side the last drops ebbing slow
> From the *red* gash fall heavy, one by one,
> Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
> The arena swims around him,—he is gone
> Ere ceased th' inhuman shout that hailed the wretch that won.
>
> "He heard it, but he heeded not,—his eyes
> Were with his heart, and that was far away;
> He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
> But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
> There were his young barbarians all at play,
> There was their Dacian mother;—he their sire
> Butchered, to make a Roman holiday—."

There is very little of all this to be seen in the statue. It presents to the imagination one of the finest pictures in all poetry; but it is obvious, that in reading it we think of the man, and wholly lose sight of the marble.

The events of the life of Raphael are few and simple; yet there is a great deal to be learned of his character and genius, both of which were in the highest degree remarkable. When we consider the low state in which he found his art, three hundred years after its revival in Italy; the unequalled height to which he carried it; the immense number and magnitude of his works; their perfectly original, yet purely natural style; the high poetical power they exhibit; the lofty station he maintained at the most polished court in Europe; his easy superiority over all competitors, among whom were two men whom a philosophical historian of our own times has called the greatest geniuses of their age; and that he accomplished all this before he was thirty-seven years old,—we shall find few names in history that deserve to be more distinguished. And what gives, perhaps, still greater interest to his life, is the singularly beautiful character he preserved through a life of such arduous emulation and brilliant success. With all the confidence of genius, which in him never faltered, not a word nor an act is recorded of him that marks a feeling of arrogance or jealousy. He seems to have had a consciousness of his own superiority, which prevented his comparing himself either with those beneath him, or those with whom he was contending. He went on in his own career, calmly and confidently, aiming at excel-

lence himself, doing justice to all, but fearing none ; learning modestly of all, however inferior to himself, who had any thing to teach ; and aiding others with all that he could impart. With the exception of a doubtful charge, of partaking in the licentiousness of a most corrupt age, which, we shall see in the sequel, was at least exaggerated in the account given of his death, his character was as admirable as his genius. It was as full of dignity and truth, as of grace and gentleness.

Raphael Sanzio was born in 1483, at Urbino, a small duchy of the papal state. His father, and several others of the family, had been painters. He appears to have been an only child, and to have early given indications of extraordinary talent. Having from nature a feeble constitution of body, he was educated at home with great tenderness ; but could hardly have had any extensive instruction in general learning, as he went very early into his father's studio, as a pupil in his art. That was soon found to be too confined a sphere for his rapidly developing genius ; and, at twelve years of age, he was removed to the school of Pietro Vanucci of Perugia, then esteemed one of the best painters of Italy.

And here, in order to understand the progress of Raphael, it is necessary to have some distinct notion of the state of the art, at the time of his becoming a pupil of Perugino. Lionardo da Vinci was really the founder of modern painting. With his works begins the strongly-defined difference between the old and the new schools. Indeed, in his Last Supper, he seems, at one step almost, to have invented the whole art ; so different is it from all that had been produced before, and so like, in the general principles it displays, to the best paintings of his successors. And yet, having made this great and successful effort before the middle of his life, such was the versatility and inconstancy of this wonderful genius, that he has left little more than enough to show, how much was lost to the world by his want of perseverance in any one pursuit. A profound natural philosopher and mathematician, a skilful engineer, a painter, sculptor, and architect, a poet and a musician, he was equally distinguished in the abstruse sciences and in the graceful arts ; but with all these acquirements he accomplished comparatively little for his own fame, or the good of the age in which he lived. Much of his time was employed in mechanical contrivances, and chemical and other experiments, which were then supposed to be merely the amusements of

an idle mind. He has been reproached as a trifler, by one popular writer on that period of history, who was probably ignorant of his extraordinary attainments in science; while by another of later date, and of better information, he has been called not only the greatest genius of his age, but so far beyond it in his knowledge, as to render doubtful the commonly received opinions respecting the history of philosophy; and either to have foretold by prophecy some of the greatest discoveries of later times, or to have recorded those of a still earlier age, of which no other record remains.* It cannot be doubted, that so profound a thinker had important results in view, even in those experiments which appeared most like trifling; and yet it cannot be denied, that he wasted in a variety of pursuits, the energy that, if devoted to any one, would have placed him above all competition, and conferred lasting benefits on the world. Some of the most important truths of natural philosophy and science, and among them the first discovery, as far as we know, of the true system of the universe, seem to have been acquired by him only to gratify his thirst for knowledge; and to have been thrown aside before they were made known to the world, or applied to any practical purposes. And so little has he enjoyed even the honor of his discoveries, that they are now to be found only in manuscripts, of which the existence was unknown until they had become objects of mere curiosity; and which a strange apathy has, to the present day, permitted to remain unpublished.

Such was his love of novelty and discovery, that he sacrificed to it his best fame as an artist, by making, on his most labored paintings, experiments in grounds and vehicles, that have in some cases entirely destroyed them. His great work, the Last Supper, perhaps the greatest work of the art, on which he employed years of labor, and more of study, perished very early; in consequence, as is said, of some untried process having been employed in the composition of the wall on which it was painted. After having been repeatedly retouched, and even repainted, nothing of it has remained within our time, that could indicate its original beauty and grandeur. Our best knowledge of it is derived from a copy in oil, said to have been nearly contemporaneous. And from that copy,

* Hallam's "History of Literature in the Middle Ages."

and from what is known, by other works of Lionardo, of his power of expression, it can hardly be doubted, that in the head of the Saviour in that painting, the noblest effort of the art has been irrecoverably lost. It was a singular, and yet perhaps not an inconsistent trait in Lionardo, that, inconstant as he was to any one pursuit, he was nevertheless obstinately laborious upon the single work he had in hand. He is said to have been employed four years on one portrait; and to have left it, in his own judgment, at least, unfinished.

The secret of this strange character seems to have been a want of decision, and of just confidence in himself, generated by an indulgence in habits of contemplation, to the neglect of those of action. His ardent temperament and lofty genius, excited by long reflection, impelled him to attempt every thing; and while the excitement of novelty lasted, and, indeed, so long as the immediate object was before him, he proceeded with energy and perseverance. But as the work cooled, he lost his courage; and often abandoned in despair what he might easily have accomplished to the admiration of all but himself. This weakness of purpose increased as he grew older; and the success of Raphael and of Michel Angelo, so much his juniors, added to his despondency. He had, in youth, accompanied Sforza, Duke of Milan, from Florence; and was in the highest favor with that prince as long as his power lasted. Compelled, by the revolution in Milan, to return to Florence, he found there a successful rival in Michel Angelo. Called afterwards to Rome by Leo the Tenth, he saw Raphael, who had come to Florence as a student when he was himself in the height of his renown, filling the Vatican with his masterpieces, and the Eternal City with his fame; and just as he was to enter the lists with this new rival, he found himself dismissed from the court with contempt, because his preparations were too tedious for the impatience of the pope, who had seen such wonders grow around him like magic, by the energy of his young competitor. From that time Lionardo appears to have abandoned his art; and, taking refuge at the court of Francis the First, his death soon followed, hastened probably by chagrin and disappointment.

But though Lionardo was beyond all comparison the greatest artist of his time before Raphael and Michel Angelo began their career, he had left Florence so long before, that he seems to have made no impression upon the school of that

city until his second visit. Perugino and Francia were still considered at the head of the art. Lionardo's Last Supper must have been painted about the time that Raphael entered the formal school of Perugino ; but he seems to have been little known in the Roman states, or even in Florence. It is singular how little communication there seems to have been between the artists of the different states of Italy, even at a later period. Correggio at Parma, Raphael at Rome, Titian at Venice, formed their own peculiar styles almost simultaneously, and rose to the highest excellence in their several departments of the art, without any communication with each other. Raphael never visited either the cities of Lombardy, or Venice ; Correggio never went to Rome ; nor did Titian, until twenty-six years after the death of Raphael. These three artists, therefore, though living within so short a distance, and nearly enough of the same age to have been at the same time in the height of their fame at home, rendered each other no assistance whatever. And, at an earlier time, when Raphael's father found himself unfit to be the instructer of his son, though he sought the best school in Italy, he overlooked that which produced the Last Supper, at Milan, and placed him under Perugino, an artist of the same age with Lionardo in years, but of a far different age in the art. If Raphael had been the pupil of Lionardo, whom he much resembled in genius though little in character, it is hardly possible he could have accomplished more than he did without that advantage ; perhaps, on the contrary, he would have been misled, by the inconstant genius of his master, to spend his own life in the same search after impossible perfection. But such a pupil as Raphael might have stimulated Lionardo to efforts, that would have produced works far beyond any that have been left by either. Had he met, earlier in life, such competitors as Raphael and Michel Angelo, perhaps he would have continued to hold the pre-eminence that he had gained before they began to be known ; but, having so early surpassed all rivalry, he grew careless of his fame, until he had lost the power of contending for it. After he had painted the Last Supper, a picture entirely free from the barbarisms of the early ages, Perugino and Francia were still esteemed the first artists in Italy.

The manners of these two artists were not unlike ; and both retained deep traces of the stiff and dry style, that was brought into Italy by the Greek painters of the thirteenth century, and

was modified, but not quite subdued, in the works of Cimabue, Giotto, and their successors. It is difficult to describe this manner intelligibly, except by comparison. M. de Quincy characterizes them, as exhibiting "poverty of invention, timidity in execution, dryness, but purity of outline, little depth of tint or strength of color, but clearness and freshness of tone, *bonhommie* of composition, little expression or action, but a portrait-like naturalness in the attitudes and air of the heads." Their compositions, or rather their collections of figures, — for of composition, properly so called, they seem to have had very little notion, — consisted generally of the Holy Family, either alone, or with the addition of a few of the saints, and perhaps two or three of the patrons of the painter, who were desirous of being exhibited in the attitude of devotion. These were brought together without much regard to general effect, and generally with very little meaning; looking like single portraits, of which the attitudes and expression had little to do with the other figures, or with the business of the picture. Each seemed to be there by accident, and very much on his own account. To this may be added, that though the color had often great beauty, simply as local color, it was obtained at the expense of the beauty of light and shadow, of which very little was then known; that the drawing was almost universally feeble and inaccurate, and the foreshortenings and perspective very imperfect. Indeed, so full of defects were they, which even the most indifferent artists are now able to avoid, that we are, at first, inclined to wonder that they could ever have been much esteemed; and yet the practised eye sees in them much, that artists of the present day might study with advantage. The knowledge of modern times disguises many defects, of which those old artists, with all their rudeness, would have been ashamed.

Such, as well as we have been able to describe it, was the state of the art before the time of Raphael. It was no remnant, nor revival, of that of the ancients. It had no feature, by which its descent could be traced from the older Greeks. Long before the earliest time to which we can follow it back, all the works of ancient painting had perished, or been buried where a few relics only have been saved until our own times, to show how entirely the art had been lost; but not enough, it must be admitted, to convince us that, in its best estate, it had ever approached the excellence to which it was carried by

Raphael and his contemporaries. But, though modern painting owes nothing to that of the Greeks, but for their sculpture it seems doubtful whether it ever would have reached so high a tone. Both Michel Angelo and Raphael were deeply indebted to its newly-discovered relics, for that generalization of grandeur and beauty which distinguished them from all their predecessors. Before their time, Lionardo alone had been able to emancipate himself from the habits of the old schools, and to catch the true expression and forms of actual nature. He first composed his figures so as to produce one harmonious and natural effect. He first, too, revealed the magic of *chiaro scuro*, which Correggio soon carried to perfection. But he failed to reach the ideal form, which was the invention, or rather the creation, of the Greeks; and which universal consent has pronounced the very archetype of human beauty. But though Lionardo seems, in his best works, so much to have surpassed all before him as to be justly called the father of modern painting, he produced but little impression on his age. He instituted and presided over an academy at Milan; but his followers were his mere copyists, exaggerating his faults, and losing sight of his merits. His return to Florence in the year 1500, when he was fifty-five years old, was the occasion, if not the cause, of that sudden burst of splendor into which the art then broke out. He was engaged by the magistrates of Florence, upon his arrival in that city, to paint, for their Council Chamber, one of the victories of the republic in the wars of Pisa. Animated by his task, he soon produced a cartoon of the work, which excited unbounded applause, and stimulated Michel Angelo, who had arrived at Florence about the same time, and was then twenty-five years of age, to measure his powers with those of the celebrated painter. The result is well known to have been a work, in which the art has lost probably the finest specimen of design ever produced. Michel Angelo was then at an age to have reached the maturity of his powers, without having acquired the learning which, in his later works, overcharges his designs. Neither of these celebrated compositions was executed in a durable form, as was intended; but both remained in cartoons, exposed to the hazards from which even those of Raphael, that have been preserved, were only saved by having been cut into strips, for the weavers of the tapestry for which they were designed. These rival cartoons became the study of all the artists of Florence; and it is reported

of Raphael, that such was his impatience to profit by them, that he left unfinished the frescoes of Sienna, the first great work in which he was engaged, and removed to Florence. He had been invited, at about the age of eighteen, to assist his former fellow-student Pinturichio, in painting the library at Sienna, a work in which he soon took the lead; but which, after two years' labor, he left to be finished by others, either from the cause above mentioned, or some other not known. It is certain, however, that when he was about twenty-one years of age, he was among the many artists who diligently studied the cartoons of Lionardo and Michel Angelo. Before fixing himself at Florence, however, he painted for about a year at his native city, Urbino, to which he had been called by the death of his father, and at Perugia, the place of his early studies. His pictures painted during this time, exhibit rather a gradual refinement and elevation than any marked change of manner. On his return to Florence, in 1505, he began with earnestness a new course of study that produced his second manner, and in three years placed him at the head of all the painters of Italy.

These studies were directed first to the antique. The family of Medicis had formed in their palace, and thrown open to artists, a collection of ancient marbles, to the study of which Raphael was probably indebted, more than to any other cause, for the change that soon took place in his style of design. It was a change from the scholastic to the classical. All remains of the dry and stiff manner of Perugino yielded to the ease and grace of the antique, and his forms gradually became more generalized and ideal. Under his hand the spirit of Grecian art seemed to awake in a new form, after a slumber of almost two thousand years. The frescoes of Masaccio, an artist of whom we know little but that he lived sixty years before Raphael, and died at the age of twenty-six, were also objects of his study. It gives a high idea of the genius of Masaccio, that in so dark an age of the art, and at so early a period of life, he could have produced works which Raphael thought worthy of study; and some of which he even transferred, almost without alteration, to the *Loggie* of the Vatican, when he was himself in the zenith of his fame. For improvement in his color Raphael had recourse to the instructions of Bartolomeo, who, after having abandoned his art from religious scruples, and adopted the monastic life, was ordered by his superiors, whose taste respected his skill as a painter more

than his piety as a monk, to resume his pencil. To him, in turn, Raphael imparted his knowledge of perspective.

Though there is no proof of any intercourse, at this time, between Raphael and Lionardo da Vinci, who, being much older, seems to have lived secluded from the rising school of artists at Florence, it cannot be doubted that Raphael owed much to the study of his works; but he does not appear yet to have felt, if indeed he ever did in any considerable degree, the influence of Michel Angelo. There is nothing in any of his works before he went to Rome, that would indicate that he had seen those of him who was afterwards to be his great rival. The paths in which their minds naturally moved were so different, that though he must have learned much, he could adopt nothing from Michel Angelo. There was no place in his own composed and graceful designs, for the startling but cold grandeur of the sculptor. Indeed, Michel Angelo was a painter but unwillingly and occasionally. The impatience of his genius would not stoop to the tedious process of oil painting, which he attempted only in a single instance, and abandoned with contempt; and of fresco, which seemed from the boldness and rapidity of execution which it requires, better suited to his taste, he knew not even the most common details, until he was afterwards compelled, by Julius the Second, to learn it, that he might enter the lists against Raphael in the Sistine chapel. His severe and grand conceptions were better suited to the garb of sculpture, and of architecture, to which he seems to have used drawing only as a subordinate help. Painting was a field in which he disdained to labor, and into which he sprang only to demolish a rival. His great cartoon of the battle of the Florentines and Pisans, was produced from emulation of the applause bestowed on that of Lionardo. It represented an army, surprised in the act of bathing by a sudden attack of the enemy. The subject was chosen to give him an opportunity for the display of his profound knowledge of the figure, in its most complicated postures, and in every variety of action; difficulties which he seems to have sought, that he might show how well he could overcome them. It was a lesson in design such as had never before been exhibited. If the study of it produced any effect upon the paintings of Raphael, it is to be found not in any adoption or imitation of the same manner, but only in a greater freedom and ease he was enabled by the knowledge thus ac-

quired to give to his own, without at all departing from its original character. Raphael imitated no one after he left the school of Perugino ; but he made free use of the works of all, to supply the deficiencies of his own style. He had the rare talent of keeping nature always in view, and of learning every thing from others that conformed to her laws, and nothing that departed from them. And yet, in his time, there seems to have been, at least at Florence and Rome, but little opportunity for studying from the life, compared with what afterwards existed there, and probably at a much earlier period at Venice.

It is said of Titian, that he painted every thing directly from nature ; and certainly there is an individual truth in his works, and perhaps a want of the ideal, that demonstrate it. He thus carried the mere art of imitation to a much higher point than Raphael, who designed much less from actual nature, but was perfect in the practice of drawing, as far as his knowledge of it extended, and that was to all but what may be called its mere science ; that is, he designed with great ease and rapidity, and with a degree of correctness quite sufficient to express all the various actions and emotions which his subjects required, without being such a posture-master in the art as Michel Angelo, who was often led to select unnatural attitudes and actions merely from the love of displaying his power. Raphael's power of design had become a habit as familiar to him, as the handwriting that we use simply to express our thoughts and not to show our penmanship. The beauty of his forms was the mere repetition of the image in his mind, which it seems to have cost him no labor to transfer to his drawings. There is a letter from him to Castiglione, in which he speaks of this practice. He had just finished his picture of Galatea, in the Farnesina palace, and in answer to the compliments of his friend, he says, that to paint one beautiful figure, there should be a careful selection from many beautiful originals, but that he had access to so few, that he relied rather upon what he called "certa idea che mi viene alla mente." — "I know not," he says, "if this has any excellence in the art, but I labor hard to acquire it." This labor was not in the execution, but in the conception ; for the multitude of his designs, not only those that were painted by himself and his pupils, but those which he furnished for the engraver and his friends, and of which large collections still remain, prove that he designed with great facility. This early

familiarity and perfect facility of drawing, without the necessity of a constant recourse to models, greatly assisted him in the power of expressing action and character, in which he so far surpassed Titian, who had studied little from the antique, and was obliged to rely upon actual nature for his drawing; and, on the other hand, his carelessness of the mere learning of design; gave him an advantage, in the simplicity and propriety with which he expressed them, over Michel Angelo's more labored efforts to exhibit the whole machinery by which nature produces her effects. His conception of his subject was thus undisturbed, either by the necessity of copying from individual nature, or by the temptation of displaying a skill which the occasion did not require.

Titian's conceptions suffered from too little knowledge of design, perhaps Michel Angelo's from too much. The one became too individual, the other too abstract in his manner; while Raphael, to whom design was but the easy and natural language of thought, preserved the true ideal beauty, undiminished in its transfer from the mind to the sketch. Of all his compositions, he made careful sketches and outlines; the work of invention was thus accomplished, before the execution of the painting was begun. While Titian, on the contrary, is said to have worked without any outline, beginning his picture at once with masses of color. This practice of Raphael enabled him, as his engagements increased, to employ his pupils and assistants in the more laborious parts of the process, by which alone he could have accomplished the immense number of his works in so short a life; but it cannot be doubted, that in consequence of it, they fell, in point of color and execution, far below what they would have been, if they had been, as much as Titian's were, painted by his own hand, and from the life. In those portraits, which, from the high rank of the subjects, and other causes, he is known to have painted without assistance, he rises in these respects far above his ordinary measure of excellence, and perhaps falls in no degree below Titian, in his imitation of nature. "After so many years," says M. de Quincy, "it may still be said of these portaits, as it was by his contemporary, Vasari, 'we fear to look at them, as if they were alive.'"

In 1508, when Raphael was twenty-five years old, he was called to Rome by Julius the Second, to paint the Chambers of the Vatican. This selection marks him as already at the

head of his art; but it was but the beginning of his glory. During his stay at Florence, he had finished the course of study he had proposed, and had just offered, through a relative, to furnish one of the designs for the Council Chamber, for two of which the cartoons of Lionardo and Michel Angelo were already prepared. He already felt himself able to contend with the greatest masters of the art; and with this confidence in his powers, he began his famous frescoes of the Vatican. And yet all that he had accomplished before was hardly equal to the improvement that he made in the course of that work. He soon went far beyond the bounds to which he had before directed his ambition, and opened to himself, as well as to others, a new view of the powers of the art. The first room, on which he was employed, was to be painted with four allegorical subjects, representing Theology, Philosophy, Poetry, and Jurisprudence. These he accomplished in about two years, in a manner so far beyond that of his predecessors, that their recent designs in the other Chambers were ordered to be defaced, to make room for those of Raphael. And here he displayed a trait of that spirit of modesty and gratitude, that he never forgot in his greatest prosperity. He saved the work of his old master Perugino from this disgrace, and raised him to a higher reputation by retaining his design among his own; and still further to show his reverence for the instructer whom he had so far surpassed, he several times introduced his portrait into these compositions. The painting of Theology represented a Christian Council, deliberating on the mysteries of religion; that of Philosophy, an Academy of the Greek philosophers; that of Poetry, Apollo, and the Muses on Mount Parnassus; and that of Jurisprudence, the publication of the Digest by Justinian, and of the Decretals by Gregory the Ninth. After having finished these compositions, he occupied himself with other subjects for two or three years, both in oil and in fresco; and then, for the first time, he is said to have attempted the style of Michel Angelo, in his Prophets and Sybils. But, in the judgment of M. de Quincy, in these, he far surpassed his supposed models; giving to the grandeur of form he is said to have derived from Michel Angelo's figures of a similar character in the Sistine Chapel, an intensity of character and expression, in which those were wholly wanting. In the instance of his Prophet Isaiah, which, from the unmeaningness of the attitude, and the want of expression and interest,

to be found in no other work of Raphael, the author admits he may have imitated from Michel Angelo. He even suggests that a parody on the style of that artist might have been intended; but in the other Prophets and Sibyls, he finds the charge of imitation entirely answered by the great merit of those works, in character and expression, and in the propriety and elegance of costume, in which those of Michel Angelo are pronounced to be wholly wanting. It will startle some of the admirers of that great man, to see how slightly his pretensions to any thing but a sort of brute force of design are treated by M. de Quincy; but as he is of some authority in such matters, we shall here abridge his comparison of the two great artists:

Michel Angelo saw in the antique, and drew from it, nothing but the expression of force of mere muscular strength in the male statues, and that which is called the science of design. Raphael, aiming at the expression of the beautiful, and skilful in collecting its elements, acquired the perfect power of combining them, by his constant study of ancient art. It was by its beauty, that the antique attracted his taste. The habit of considering it always in this view, gave him, above all painters, that purity without dryness, grace without affectation, nobleness without pomp, and that inexhaustible richness of invention; qualities, all of which we shall seek in vain in the works of Michel Angelo. If we compare the Prophets of Raphael with those of Michel Angelo, we shall find the latter often vulgar, and always odd in costume, the attitudes extravagant, the character of the heads almost always wanting in expression; in fine, nothing that indicates the origin of those by Raphael. A parallel between their female figures would still more decisively put the question of imitation at rest. The Sibyls of Michel Angelo are not only strange in costume, but in form neither male nor female, nor like any thing in nature; while those of Raphael are among his most noble, graceful, and elevated conceptions. Their grace, beauty, and variety of costume, are as remarkable as the elevation of character and thought, of which they seem the personifications. So far, therefore, was Raphael from borrowing any thing from these designs of Michel Angelo, that he appears to have endeavoured, in all parts of his own, to exhibit exactly what was wanting in those of his predecessor; nobleness of form, dignity of character, beauty of countenance, and propriety of design. In truth, their minds had nothing in common. Michel Angelo, by a persevering study of anatomy and dissection, opened the way to the true science of design;

while Raphael, having first formed his style by a combination of the best works of his own time, refined and finished it by a constant study of the models of antiquity. Michel Angelo had early accustomed himself to see, in the external form of man, nothing but a structure of bones and muscles. The extreme skill, with which he wielded the powers of this machinery, led him to prefer subjects, that enabled him to display his knowledge of it. He seems to have taken more pains to make his figures move, (in which he was unequalled,) than to make them think. Generally without sensibility or grace, he had no pretensions to the expression of beauty, or of the varieties of sex, age, condition, or costume. In form, he recognised no quality but that of force, and in the head, no expression but that of a solemn severity.

This will hardly be acknowledged to be doing justice to the merits of Michel Angelo ; but the long contemplation of the works of Raphael, so graceful, so full of human feeling, and of superhuman dignity and sweetness, may almost render any one unjust to the merits of others, if he suffers himself to judge of them by comparison with him. In such a contest, Raphael engages not only the judgment, but the affections of his critic. He flatters our nature by showing of what an elevated loveliness it is capable, without losing its identity. Perhaps this is his greatest charm. It seems as if he revealed to us a more refined state of bodily existence yet to come. In this, he differs almost as much from the grosser beauty of Titian, as from the gloomy severity of Michel Angelo. It seems to be something added from religion to the beau ideal of the antique, to make the perfection of our nature. The Greek beauty is the mere perfection of the physical form ; but the ideal of Raphael goes far beyond that ; there is, in the expression of his heads, a feeling beyond the present, a thought of beauty that will not pass away, a sentiment of immortality.

Before the second Chamber of the Vatican had been finished by Raphael, his patron, Julius the Second, was succeeded by Leo the Tenth, who urged on the work of his predecessor, by still greater favors extended to the artist. Bramante, the relative of Raphael, and the architect of St. Peter's, dying at this time, Raphael was appointed to that office. Little had been accomplished of the great work, by Bramante, and Raphael prepared an entire model of the proposed edifice. "Our holy father," says he, in a letter to

Castiglione, characteristic of his modesty, and of his lofty views of art, "has put a heavy burden upon me, in charging me with the building of St. Peter's. I hope not to sink under it. What gives me courage is, that the model I have made pleases his Holiness, and is approved by men of taste. But I carry my views higher; I would seek for the fine forms of the ancient edifices. Will my flight be that of Icarus? Vitruvius, without doubt, will give me much light, but not as much as I want." And to supply this want, he sent draftsmen to Greece, for purer models than even ancient Rome afforded.

This model of St. Peter's was thrown aside after the death of Raphael, and a new form adopted. All that remains of his design is a plan preserved by an old writer on architecture, which M. de Quincy considers as far superior to that which was afterwards adopted, and which has been the admiration of the world. The multitude and extent of the labors of Raphael, from this time, appear almost incredible; and would have been impossible, if his fame had not assembled round him, as assistants, a great number of distinguished artists. All competition with him had ceased; Michel Angelo and Lionardo had both retired from Rome, leaving the field of all the arts to Raphael, who thus became the sole director of the various works in which the taste and ambition of Julius the Second and Leo had engaged them. Besides continuing the Cathedral, he completed the Court of the Loggie of the Vatican, which Bramante had just begun, and under the arches of which he painted his celebrated designs known by that name. For the ornament of these Loggie he sought again the treasures of the antique, and brought from the ruins of the Roman baths the models of that system of ornamental painting known as the Grotesque or Arabesque. During all this time he was producing, with a rapidity inconceivable among so many engagements, his most beautiful paintings in oil. No doubt a vast many of those which have passed under his name were wholly the works of his scholars, and in all he probably received much assistance in the subordinate parts; but with all the aid he could derive from others, his own labors must have been such as are almost incredible.

We have no intention of enumerating his various works; we can only glance at the general course of them. He continued the frescoes of the Vatican, until he had completed the painting of three of the chambers, and the designs for the

fourth. He painted in distemper twelve large cartoons for the tapestries of the Vatican, of which those that remain are esteemed among his best works; more than twenty altar-pieces, and other compositions of the first class in oil, besides a multitude of smaller ones; a number of portraits of the highest order of art, and several large frescoes in the palace of the Farnesina. As an architect, besides superintending the building of St. Peter's, and the additions to the Vatican, he furnished plans of palaces and villas; and having been appointed by Leo curator of the antiquities of Rome, he made considerable progress in the drawing and admeasurement of the remains of the ancient buildings. All this was accomplished in the space of twelve years after he first went to Rome. During this time he associated freely with the scholars and courtiers of the city, and lived, himself, with the magnificence of a prince. *Non visse da pittore, ma da principe.*

He seemed now to have risen above the rivalry of all but Michel Angelo, who, living recluse in Florence, heard with uneasiness the continual praises of Raphael, and made an attempt, unworthy of his genius, to raise up a successful rival by his own secret assistance. We should hardly credit this charge, if it were not made by his own pupil and enthusiastic admirer. That he should have openly entered the lists with Raphael, with such assistance as he chose to engage, could have been no subject of complaint; but he was ashamed of such a confession of inferiority, and privately engaged Sebastian del Piombo, a Venetian colorist, to paint from his designs, in opposition to Raphael. To the meanness of this secret alliance, which cannot be denied, Vasari adds a trait too unworthy of Michel Angelo to be credited. He not only thought, says he, thus by the union of his own design with the color of the Venetian, to contend victoriously with Raphael, but that being unknown as one of the combatants, he should be the judge appointed to decide between them. The arrangement, however, soon became public; and Raphael's answer to the information was, simply, that he thanked Michel Angelo for considering him worthy of contending with himself and not with Sebastian.

Aware of this combination of the highest power of design and of color against him, Raphael began what was destined to be his last and crowning work. The subject of the Transfiguration was selected by the Cardinal de Medicis; the painting being intended for his bishopric of Narbonne. In emulation

of this, Sebastian received from Michel Angelo the design of the great picture of the Raising of Lazarus, now in the British Gallery, and formerly one of the Angerstein collection ; and which, be it said in passing, would soon have perished by the scandalous neglect of the keepers of the Gallery, but for the late inquiry by Parliament into the state of the arts in England. In the choice of subjects for this great contest certainly Michel Angelo had the advantage. A grander occasion for the display of Raphael's dramatic talent and power of composition could not be imagined, than the raising of Lazarus by the Saviour, in the presence of the sisters whom he loved, of his sorrowing disciples, and of the astonished spectators. While the mystery of the Transfiguration admitted so little of that expression of character and passion which was his great distinction, that he was obliged to relieve it by the subsidiary incident of the possessed child, which divides the picture in a manner that has given occasion to much criticism, of which the justice can hardly be denied, whatever be our admiration of the skill with which the difficulty has been encountered. The two artists might, with mutual advantage, have exchanged subjects. While Raphael would have composed the Raising of Lazarus in a manner greatly superior to that of Michel Angelo, the latter, who had not enough of human sympathy to imagine a scene of such deep feeling, might have designed from the Transfiguration one of the grandest conceptions of his abstract genius. But unequal as the contest was, the powers of the first of designers, aided by even a better colorist than his antagonist, failed to equal the work of Raphael, who, had he lived to meet his rivals on more advantageous ground, must have gained a victory still more decisive. But his short and glorious life drew toward its close. Before he had given the last touches to the Transfiguration, a sudden fever arrested his hand, and with it stayed for ever the progress of the art. The common report of the cause of his death is one that we are unwilling to believe ; yet having been told by a contemporary, and since often repeated, it had not been questioned until after the first edition of this Life was published and translated into Italian. This translation has brought out a statement from an old manuscript in the possession of a careful antiquarian, of the genuineness of which there seems no reason to doubt ; and which contains an account so much more particular, as well as more probable, of the immediate cause of his death, that there ought not to be any doubt of its truth.

"Raphael Sanzio," says this manuscript, "was of a most delicate constitution; his bodily life hung by a slender thread, for he was all spirit; his strength had been already much impaired, and it was wonderful that it had sustained him even through so short a life; but being at this time quite feeble, he received, while in the Farnesina, an order to repair immediately to court. Hastening through the streets on foot, he arrived exhausted and perspiring profusely, where, standing in those vast halls for a long time, consulting about the building of St. Peter's, he became chilled, and, feeling suddenly ill, went to his house, where he fell into a distemper that unhappily carried him to the grave."

The simplicity of this account, so much more honorable to the refined and delicate character of Raphael, should give it entire credence, in opposition to the vulgar charge brought against his memory by Vasari, which the known habits of his life, in this particular, indefensible as they were, still render intrinsically improbable.

Raphael died at the age of thirty-seven, rich and honored. To the distinctions actually conferred upon him, those of a cardinal's hat and the hand of a cardinal's niece were intended to be added. The expectation of the former is thought to have prevented his acceptance of the latter; a better reason, perhaps, might be found in his well known attachment to another. It appears, however, that the Cardinal Bibiena pressed him so earnestly to espouse his niece Maria Bibiena, that Raphael, after once declining the marriage, was at length obliged to consent; but demanded a respite of three or four years, until he could complete some of the great works then on hand. At the conclusion of that period, some new pretext still delayed the marriage; and Maria Bibiena died, as her epitaph relates, the affianced but not the wedded wife of Raphael;

"tantum nomen inane
Connubii, liceat tumulo scripsisse."

The dignity of a cardinal would have added little to the fame of Raphael; and it can hardly be believed that it was, in truth, intended to be conferred upon him. His labors and researches had made him a large creditor of Leo, and his claims might, perhaps, have been more conveniently cancelled by honors than by more solid payment. But that it should have been proposed, shows in what estimation the artist was held. No one of his time lived more honored or died more lamented.

It is well known that what was supposed to be the skull of

Raphael has long been preserved with great veneration by the Academy of St. Luke in Rome, and exhibited to all strangers as an inestimable relic. Casts have been taken from it for the illustration of the lectures of phrenologists, who have pronounced it worthy, in its developements, of the extraordinary brain that it enclosed. The mode in which the Academy obtained possession of this treasure was said to be this. About one hundred and fifty years after the death of Raphael, Carlo Maratti undertook to restore his tomb. He had been buried, according to the directions of his will, in a niche or chapel in the Pantheon, which was repaired for the purpose by the direction of his will; and though his epitaph by Cardinal Bembo, and that of Maria Bibiena, who was buried by his side, still remained, and should have been, from every sentiment of true veneration, suffered to remain, as they were originally placed, Maratti saw fit to remove the epitaph of Maria, and to add, to the simply religious monument erected by the orders of Raphael himself, a bust of the artist and a new inscription, in which his own name appears as conspicuous as that of Raphael. In these operations it was supposed that the tomb had been opened, and his skull removed to the Academy. Within a few years, however, it has been suggested, upon the authority of some newly-discovered document, that the skull, thus preserved by the Academy, had really belonged to one *Don Desiderio de Adiutorio*, the founder of the Society of *Virtuosi*. Hence arose a controversy between these two learned bodies, which it became at length necessary to allay by actual examination of the tomb. "After many months of dispute," says Professor Nibbi, the learned antiquarian of Rome, in his letter to M. de Quincy,

"The congregation of the Virtuosi, who insisted upon recovering the head of their founder, invited the consulting committee upon antiquities and the fine arts, the Academy of St. Luke, and the Academy of Archæology, to assist in the search for the body of Raphael, the exact place of the interment of which seems to have been forgotten since the operations of Carlo Maratti. After several fruitless experiments, they found, by recurring to the description of Vasari, a vault of masonry, in which were the remains of a coffin, and the perfect skeleton of Raphael, lying in such a position as rendered it certain that it had never been disturbed. The vault was entire, and showed no marks of having been opened before. The remains, after having been publicly exhibited, were placed in an antique marble sarcophagus, taken from the museum of the Vatican by order of the Pope, and the

vault was closed again upon the Prince of Artists. The body was found well proportioned, five feet two inches and three lines* in length, and all the bones in perfect preservation, and corresponding in form to the description of his person."

The evidence of the identity of the body seems to have been quite satisfactory; but some of the details given by Signor Nibbi show that the learned bodies went well prepared to believe. In these melancholy remains, they record that they found "the exact lineaments of his portrait in the School of Athens;" and that there might be no cavil at their conclusion, they remark, that "the hollow marked by the *apophysis*, the pointed protuberance of the bone of the right arm, appeared to be the effect of great exercise in the labor of design." Thus were the pretensions of the Academy of St. Luke put to rest, and the skull of Don Desiderio restored to its name, and deprived of its usurped honors. To the phrenologists, however, who have expatiated with such rapture upon its perfect adaptation to the faculties of a great artist, it may be some consolation to learn that it was no vulgar skull; and that if Don Desiderio was not a painter, *il meritait bien de l'être*, and was, at least, a virtuoso.

The person and face of Raphael have been well preserved in several portraits by himself, and by the descriptions of his contemporaries. He was of small stature, and delicately formed; his face was handsome, and expressive of great modesty and sweetness of disposition; his hair and eyes were brown, and his complexion bordering upon olive; his neck was very long, and (alas! again, for the phrenologists) his head was small. His manners are described as graceful and elegant; and he seems to have gained golden opinions of all sorts of people. He was indeed a most remarkable and most fortunate man; perhaps not less fortunate in his early death than in his glorious life. Accidental circumstances, no doubt, contributed to his extraordinary success, but his preëminence cannot be accounted for without ascribing to him great energy of character, and intellectual powers of the very first order. It is to be considered that his excellence was not in the mechanical execution of his works; for by far the greatest portion of them were, in part at least, executed by others. He could hardly be said to have any very remarkable natural aptness at imitation. He labored hard to acquire both design and color; but it was the labor of the mind more than of the

* A little more than five feet six inches, English measure.

hand, of study more than of mere practice. The great gift he inherited from nature, was that power of invention and conception, that makes its possessor a poet, an orator, or an artist, as he chooses words or material forms for the language of his thoughts.

When we say that his death arrested for ever the progress of the art, we mean to express our conviction, that, as it has never, since his time, reached the same height, but has gradually declined, so it is extremely improbable that, under the unfavorable change that has taken place in the forms and relations of society, it can ever be restored to its former splendor. The time has so long since passed away, when there was any temptation to minds of the highest order to devote themselves to the arts, that it has begun to be forgotten that great intellectual powers are necessary to great success in them. It is often asked, why the art of painting has so much declined in modern times, without its being considered that the inquiry is at once resolvable into the more simple one, why have the greatest men of the time ceased to be artists. To answer this question, we have only to consider what were the fields for the exercise of inventive talent in the days of Leo, and in our own. The art of printing had then existed too short a time to create any general education ; there were few readers, and communication through the press was of course very limited, although the art had itself very nearly reached its perfection. The literature of the day, instead of being addressed to the whole mass of the people, was the amusement only of the court and of the scholar. The poet or the novelist depended for reputation and subsistence upon the favor and bounty of his patrons, without being able, like the painter, to appeal to a popular tribunal. But not only had not the press opened its great highway of intellectual communication, but the professions that now bring talent in contact with the public, and absorb the highest powers not devoted to literature, afforded then little scope or temptation for men of genius. Jurisprudence had no forum from which the orator addressed the people ; the church, instead of the school of eloquence and controversy which it has since become, was a vast sepulchre of living men, of whom a few only emerged from the cell and cloister by accidental favor, to bask in the idle sunshine of a court. The simple machinery of government required very little talent to manage it ; and those who held

the power were not anxious to encourage inquiry into its origin or conduct. The rewards of honor and emolument which now stimulate the author, the professional man, and the politician, were then lavished on the successful artist.

When the whole state of society shall be so changed, that such minds as can build castles of feudal magnificence out of the curiosity of their readers, or force their way to fortune and the highest places of the state by the eloquence of the bar or of the senate, shall find it more for their interest to cultivate the arts; when a painter can be made a cardinal, as a novelist has been made a noble; we may expect a revival of painting. Until then, neither academies, exhibitions, nor patronage can renovate it. Genius will not now consent to be patronized; it has felt its power to lead and to command. It will no longer devote itself to arts that subsist by the favor of the great; it seizes greatness for itself as its own birthright and prerogative. Painting must henceforth degenerate, if it be not already degenerated, into a mere ornamental art. It is no longer the language of invention. Compared with the power of the press, it is like pantomime to speech. Those who will still pursue it, must do so purely from the love of the pursuit; but if they can resist the temptations of ambition, and forego the rewards of fortune, perhaps they will find at the end that life has been as well and happily spent in the study of the beauty of nature, and the labor of imitating it, as in struggling in other paths for wealth or popular applause. As a profession, it has these advantages over many others; that the labor itself is a pleasure; and that the exercise of it is, to a well-regulated mind, a continual contemplation of the power and benevolence of the Creator, who has filled the universe and the mind of man with the elements of beauty.

ART. VI.—*The Americans, in their Moral, Social, and Political Relations.* By FRANCIS J. GRUND. From the London Edition of Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, & Longman. Two Volumes in One. Boston. Marsh, Capen, & Lyon. 1837. 12mo. pp. 423.

THE people of the United States are like persons surrounded by mirrors. They may catch their likeness from

every quarter, and in every possible light, attitude, and movement. We have heard, — and our authority is no less than that of the elder President Adams, — of what is called a *pouting room* in France ; the apartment being of an octagonal form, and all the sides, as well as the ceiling over head, of the most polished mirrors ; so that a person standing in the centre may see himself in every direction, multiplied into an indefinite vista of selves, as far as the eye can reach. Into such a focus of reflections, it is said, the gallant gentlemen of the most chivalrous portion of Europe cast an unfortunate lady whose temper has escaped her control, dooming her simply to the reflection of her own countenance. We, in this country, seem to dwell in a great pouting-room, wherein different nations and languages are the mirrors. Turn we as we may, we catch our reflected features ; the vista seems to lengthen at every sight. In England it stretches on with multitudinous images ; and other countries return the likeness.

The American character and institutions have become a great staple of English literature. Books relating to them have formed, for the last ten or fifteen years, the most prominent portion of that well-thumbed and dog-eared division of the circulating library, which seems to have such attractions for people of all periods of life; we mean books of travels. If the United States should be suddenly blotted out of existence, or should disappear, like the ephemeral Juan Fernandez, beneath that ocean which is now poured round them, we can hardly imagine in what new direction the English travellers, who take notes for the press, would turn their footsteps. Curiosity seems satisfied, or at least silent, with regard to the extended plains of Asia, and the races of men, who, with their mighty works, have been obliterated from the earth ; and it is with difficulty aroused, even by the mute antiquities of Egypt; while Greece and Italy, the sacred lands of classic story, and in short all Europe, have so often fallen under the pen of the traveller, that the interest of the public in them seems exhausted. A fresher subject is found in the United States, in their unmeasured territory, with its rivers and mountains, lately or even now in the newest life of nature ; and, more than nature's works, in the institutions formed by man in the spirit of the territory, — free, untried, and gigantic.

While we have had works of this kind from the English press, of various kinds and degrees of merit, a German duke

has condescended to favor us with a dull account of his travels in the United States ; and several French writers have discussed our character and institutions with candor, impartiality, and ability. Among the latter is De Tocqueville, whose work we do not despair of seeing republished in this country ; and who, among all, of any nation, who have written about the United States, stands forward *facile princeps.* In Prussia, we have understood that Dr. Julius, whose visit will be remembered with pleasure by many of our readers, is now preparing for the public the results of his observation during his tour.

The present work is by a German, after a residence of many years in the country. It originally appeared in England; and has since been republished, with slight alterations, among us. We have been informed that it has been translated into the German language, and already passed through no less than three editions in that tongue. It is not a little remarkable that, while the author was preparing a translation, another appeared in a different part of Germany from a different pen; no feeble token of the merits of the work, and of the literary activity of that great country. Pursuing, then, the allusion with which we commenced, we may call this work a mirror of transcendent magnitude, held up to the multitudes of England and Germany.

In approaching the consideration of its merits, we are struck with the singular correctness, force, and often eloquence of the style, in which it is written. The style would do high credit to any native, and to the manner born; in a foreigner it seems wonderful. We could hardly believe that it was the production of one whose early days were spent in the sound of another language, if we did not know that the author was a German ; for we are mindful of the old saw, that a German has a tongue for every language. Mr. Grund seems to have obtained a mastery, almost perfect, over the English. One might read his work, and, unless his suspicions were aroused by previous knowledge of the author, or the suggestion of another, hesitate to pronounce it the production of other than a native. So remarkable is it in this respect, that we are reminded by it of the feats of Politian, whose Latinity was thought to rival that of Cicero. The idiom of our language, which is often so subtile, and eludes the grasp of the severest study, Mr. Grund uses with great, and almost unfailing accuracy. An English critic has said that he has scarcely ever

offended in this particular, except when he attempts poetical versions from Schiller or Goethe. A few signs occur in the progress of the work, which show that the author saw things sometimes through a different medium from his readers. Thus, in the London edition, the term "meat-pots" is used for the well-known phrase from the Bible, "flesh-pots"; a form of speech which the author has altered in the American edition. The word "compare" is constantly used at the bottom of the page to indicate a reference, instead of the word "see"; the former word being the literal translation of the German *vergleichen*, which is the word used for this purpose by writers in that language.

Some passages in the present work are of remarkable eloquence; and the style is uniformly precise and intelligible, abounding in energetic expressions, yet without liveliness; brilliant, yet often heavy. There is nothing about it light and airy, as if dashed off by a stroke of the pen; but all seems constructed with care and weariness. Neither is there about it any of the interest of a personal narrative, or of sketches of scenery and men. In these the author has ventured only when it was necessary to illustrate the various relations of the people, moral, social, and political, which was the distinct subject proposed by him, and which is of indefinite comprehensiveness. Every topic of manners, opinions, prejudices, government, and civilization, naturally arises in the review of these relations. *Quicquid agunt homines, nostri est farrago libelli.* Besides, this review is often intermingled with apt historical reflections, and particularly with comparisons with things in Germany, sometimes by way of contrast, which, as is not unfrequently the case with such efforts, are often carried too far.

The author says, that he has anxiously endeavoured to give an impartial account of the present condition of the United States, and faithfully to delineate those characteristic features, which distinguish the Americans from the different nations of Europe. And he adds, that the object of his publication will be attained, if it serve to inspire the English with more just conceptions of American worth, and increase the respect and friendship of America for England. A work written with such views does not address itself to any vulgar prejudices, and can, of course, succeed only by the judgment of intelligent readers. Abuse, caricature, and con-

demnation, have become a condiment almost essential, to make a book of travels relish ; a truth which Sam Weller appears to have been well aware of, when he endeavoured to prevail upon his incarcerated master, Mr. Pickwick, to commit a breach of the prison, and to flee to this country ; "then let him come back," says Mr. Weller, "and write a book about the 'Merrikins,' as 'll pay all his expenses and more, if he blows 'em up enough." That Mr. Grund has not, in the language of Mr. Weller, blown us up, is certain, upon a perusal of his work ; but it is not quite so clear to us, that he was not wiser than Mr. Weller, and that he did not anticipate that excessive eulogy would be little less attractive than condemnation, while, unlike the latter, it could give no personal offence. We would not venture to carry this suggestion further, lest we should do the author grievous injustice. And charity would lead us to suppose, what is so agreeable to our national vanity, that the terms of praise, constant and often exaggerated as they seem, are justified by our character and institutions. But Mr. Grund does not confine his eulogy to America. He embraces England within its powerful charm. He extends the not very dainty dish with one hand to John Bull, and with the other to his brother Jonathan, who is, for the most part, unused to such moods of gentleness.

It would be difficult to find terms which could carry the English character further than the following paragraphs.

"It is true, there are ample apologies for the conduct of the English. They are really, in most respects, superior to other nations, and especially to their neighbours on the Continent. They enjoy, in the first place, a greater degree of political freedom than any other people, save the Americans, in the world. They have produced the ablest statesmen, the wisest legislators, and (with few exceptions) the bravest and most skilful commanders of armies and navies. Their philosophers have been the glory of the human mind, and have wrested more truths from nature than all other sages combined together. They can boast of the most manly and classical literature of the moderns, and may, perhaps, add that there is not a valuable thought which the human mind is capable of conceiving, which is not already, and most happily, expressed in the English language. They have surpassed all other nations in the mechanic arts, and have become equally superior in every thing relating to manufactures. They have increased the facilities of commerce, by the establishment of powerful colonies, and have (with proba-

bly but one exception) distinguished themselves for the humanity and justice with which they have governed them. They have carried the blessings of civilization and religion wherever they went, and established, in every clime, the glory of the British name." — p. 59.

"One of the greatest advantages enjoyed by the Americans, and which can never be sufficiently taken into consideration, consists in their being descended from the greatest and most enterprising nation in Europe. America, in her very cradle, was the child of freedom; wrapt in chartered rights and immunites. She was the offspring of a strong, healthy, well-conditioned mother, who was determined not to spoil her by foolish caresses, but rather hardened her constitution by premature exposure. To the noble blood of her mother, she joined the superiority of education obtained in the school of adversity; and to the attachment of her parent to liberty, the sturdy love of independence.

"The English have bestowed more blessings on humanity, by the establishment of their colonies, than any other nation in the world. To whatever quarter they have transferred their laws and institutions, they have contributed to improve the condition of the human race. The French, the Dutch, the Spaniards, and the Portuguese have also established colonies; but these have never risen to political importance. They were no nurseries of freedom, but administered only to the sordid cupidity of their parents. Even in achieving their independence they fall into wreck and ruin; and the sickly progeny of diseased parents can hardly survive their sires. Compare to this the active vigor of the British Colonies; their legislative assemblies; their administration of justice, and the liberty of the press established in most of them!" — pp. 154, 155.

The spirit of the book is one of kindliness. There is in it a tone of good-humor, even where the author undertakes to censure. Indeed, there is something more; there is an air of advocacy, which is constantly manifest. This broad country, with its schoolhouses and churches, and various institutions, seems placed at the bar, and Mr. Grund appears as counsel for the defence. Against Mr. Hamilton he has particularly directed his defensive attack. The work of this writer on "Men and Manners," is treated as the bill of indictment, in which are set forth the high offences of which we stand charged. In many instances an importance, scarcely justified by the circumstances, appears to be given to the assertions of this traveller; and Mr. Grund, in his reply to them, becomes as angry as is consistent with his nature.

If there be an American, with soul so dead as to be discontented with his native land, he may feel his patriotism revive, as he reads the earnest and argumentative eulogies of a cosmopolite, like the present author. Disposed to think well of our home and its institutions, as we are, and little inclined to despair of the republic, we are free to confess, that our love of country received a new impulse, and our confidence in its prospects gathered new strength, from these pages. The character of the people of the United States, social, moral, and political, is here subjected to a minute analysis, and the elements of strength, from which it is composed, are displayed. This is not, however, accomplished by any single picture, but it appears from the whole work. Every page discloses something of fact, or illustration, or argument, which goes to make up the final result.

To a foreigner, who is interested in the country, Mr. Grund's work will be of great value, from the amount of information which it conveys. No other work, within our knowledge, presents a view so complete, of our resources in every department of life. Facts are accumulated, and statistical tables are presented, which give it very much the appearance of a topographical survey. The author not unfrequently indulges in speculations, but he never forgets to introduce the facts and tables which bear upon the subject. For this we are obliged to him, since it is placing before the public abroad, the surest means of judging us according to our merits. And this he has been able to do in a very satisfactory manner, as he had been for many years a resident in the United States. He was no tourist, who dedicated his summer rambles to this continent, or literary hack, who left his home in order to gather some fresh materials for the press. He was a citizen, who had for years observed the operation of our institutions; who had left his father-land in early life, and devoted the affections of his manhood to his adopted country; who had mingled in its society and business, and had felt the harsh alternations of its summers and winters. By birth a German, and, from circumstances, considerably conversant with the character and institutions of other nations, he has been able, at the same time that he wrote with the heart of a native, to make those observations which would hardly occur except to a foreigner. His work, moreover, is calculated to recommend liberal institutions, and to

vindicate the practical working of our system. In this point of view, it is a contribution to the great cause of freedom.

Mr. Grund is a thorough democrat. He upholds the cause of the many against the few, and takes every opportunity to enforce the importance of religious and political freedom. The latter, he estimates as the two most prominent moral causes which promoted the trade of Holland and the United States. We know of no work, that has appeared for a long period, which will be more interesting than the present, to those of all countries engaged in the cause of human rights. And yet, while using these terms of commendation, we would not be understood as subscribing to all that he has written on this subject. As Americans, living under a constitution made and sustained by the people, in whose breath is all political power, we cannot doubt the rights of the people. In any honest advocacy of these rights, we shall be ever ready to join. No cause is more sacred, or more intimately allied with the progress of man. History is full of testimony in its favor. Past generations, which have descended to the tomb, all unconscious of the invigorating air of freedom, warn us, by the voiceless story of their wrongs, against surrendering ourselves to be governed by others. And the extended prosperity which has always attended the establishment of political privileges, diffusing itself, with life-giving power, over every department of human thought and action, encourages us to persevere in this cause, and to strive after a universal recognition of

> "Well-tempered liberty,
> The last and largest boon to social man."

In Mr. Grund's zeal for the people, therefore, we find no occasion for dissent. But we do object to the alloy of party views and considerations, which is intermingled with it. Mr. Grund is a devoted friend to the past and present administrations. On this account, however, we have no quarrel with him. He is welcome to his political partialities or prejudices. But he has done injustice to himself, and been false to truth, by allowing them to influence his opinions. The difference between him and De Tocqueville, the masterly French writer on the democracy of America, is at once apparent. The Frenchman has surveyed our institutions from the serene heights of an unprejudiced philosophy, and produced a work,

which, in brilliancy, condensation, and pregnant sense, will rank with the *Spirit of Laws* of his great countryman. The German has chosen the humbler elevations, afforded by the political party to which he was attached, and seen objects more or less invested with the mists and smoke of earth. It is on this account, that, while we concede to Mr. Grund the highest praise for knowledge of his subject, and the general ability with which he has handled it, we hesitate to give him our confidence. We feel perpetually that he has something more in view than directly meets the eye, and that secret undercurrents are at work beneath the unruffled surface of his page.

The author has taken several occasions to exhibit his personal partiality for General Jackson. One of the most striking is as follows ;

"Universal suffrage has been decried as leading to anarchy, and thence to despotism. General Jackson had already been represented as the future dictator of the republic. How have these predictions been verified? The democratic party have developed more union and strength than any previous one in power. They have reconciled the south with the north, and preserved the integrity of the Union. They have, in every instance, upheld the law, and subjected States and individuals to the proper authority of Congress. They have, at the same time, abstained from any undue and unconstitutional interference with the internal regulations of the States, and procured justice for all that were injured. They have made the government respected abroad, and obliged even the most powerful nations to preserve peace and good faith with the United States. In short, they defeated their antagonists at home and abroad, and inspired universal confidence in the safety and stability of American institutions.

"And what has become of the dictator? He is indeed yet the idol of the people, whose interests he endeavoured to protect by every act of his military and political life ; but he is retiring from office, as all his predecessors, with no other personal gratification than the affections of America and the admiration of Europe. He will leave to his successor the example of his virtue, and a government established on liberty and justice."—pp. 410, 411.

We should do injustice to Mr. Grund, if we did not relieve him from some of the force of our last remarks, by explicitly stating, that on the subject of credit and the currency, he

has taken ground different from that occupied by the late and present administrations. The advantages of the American system of credit are treated of with great force of argument and illustration, and with a philosophical perspicacity. The character of the American merchant, so much vilified of late, meets with distinguished commendation at his hands.

"An American merchant is an enthusiast, who seems to delight in enterprise in proportion as it is connected with danger. He ventures his fortune with the same heroism, with which the sailor risks his life; and is as ready to embark on a new speculation after the failure of a favorite project, as the mariner is to navigate a new ship, after his own has become a wreck. An American carries the spirit of invention even to the counting-room. He is constantly discovering some new sources of trade; and is always willing to risk his capital and credit on some *terra incognita*, rather than follow the beaten track of others, and content himself with such profits as are realized by his competitors. This is undoubtedly the cause of a great number of unfortunate speculations and subsequent failures; but it constitutes also the technical superiority of the American merchant over the European. He is an inventor, not an imitator; he *creates* new sources of wealth instead of merely *exhausting* the old ones. Hence his vigilance and application. The ordinary routine of business is not sufficient to ensure his success; he must think, invent, speculate; for it is more by ingenuity and foresight, than by the regular pursuit of trade, that he can hope to realize a fortune. None of the present French or Dutch fashions of trade would now prosper in the United States. Fortunes there are not made by small savings, but by large and successful operations. It is not by hoarding money, but by employing and investing it, that property accumulates in America; and the inexhaustible riches of the country open daily a thousand new roads to industry and commerce." — pp. 240, 241.

The author continues his remarks on the character of the American merchant, in the same strain with what we have just extracted. Lorenzo de' Medici could hardly have received a more elaborate eulogy. The enthusiasm, with which our merchants enter upon their undertakings, and venture their fortunes, and upon which Mr. Grund has remarked, is in strong contrast with the monotonous work-day character which belonged to them in the earlier stages of civilization. The spirit of chivalry, which once possessed a single class of society, is now diffused, with considerable uniformity, through

all sorts of men ; and its manifestation, in the enterprise and generosity of the merchants, is not more noticeable than it is gratifying.

For the North American Indians, the melancholy relics of the powerful races, who once occupied the valleys and hill-tops where we have fixed our seats, Mr. Grund has little or no sympathy. He speaks of them with a cold indifference, which might well become a speculator in their lands, but which we should not expect from an accomplished foreigner, in whose bosom the springs of justice and humanity were still to be found. His views with regard to them are fully expressed in the following extract.

" Let no sensitive European, therefore, complain of the barbarous cruelty of the Americans in chasing the Indians from the soil of their fathers, or in forcing them to flee from the approach of civilization, to the unhospitable woods of the western territory. The American aborigines, with but very few exceptions, never possessed the soil on which they trod, any more than the air which they breathed. They never cultivated it to any extent, nor had they, individually, any distinct title to it arising from actual labor. They held it in common with the beasts of the forest, and it was useful to them only as it afforded them the means of prey. The English had as good a right to call the ocean their own, because they moved on it, as the American Indians to claim possession of their continent because they roamed in its woods. There was barbarity in the conquest of Lima and Mexico, the inhabitants of which were already in possession of many of the arts of peace ; but there can be none in the quiet progress of civilization in the United States, except what is provoked by the Indians themselves, and for which they alone must remain accountable. The American settler takes possession of a soil which has never been cultivated, and which, therefore, has had no owner. He builds his log-house in a country in which there is room enough for the support of millions, and in which there are hardly a few hundred stragglers to follow the track of the deer Is this robbery? Is it cruel to civilize and improve a country, and to open a new road to wealth and comfort to thousands of intelligent beings from all parts of the world, who would otherwise starve or be reduced to poverty, because in so doing they cannot avoid intruding on the favorite hunting-grounds of some wandering tribes, and disturb their game? This, however, they do ; and, with the deer, the American aborigines disappear from the soil.

" It is in vain to talk of civilizing them. If it could be done,

which is more than doubtful, (considering the many unsuccessful attempts which have already been made,) they would hardly be able to compete with their teachers in any one human occupation calculated to secure a livelihood in a civilized country, and would, therefore, from necessity, become outlaws to society, and incur the punishment of the law. We cannot but regret the fate of that doomed people; but we can hardly think of rescuing them from it, without being guilty of the most flagrant injustice to the rest of mankind.

"The power arising from the actual cultivation of the soil, and the establishment of fixed habitations in a country, is so irresistible and unsparing, that it must eventually triumph over all obstacles, and resist even the destructive consequences of wars. This is the reason why the British colonies in America prospered so rapidly, and finally finished by swallowing up Canada. The *military* force of the French settlements was vastly superior to that of the English; their lines of fortification extended from the mouth of the Mississippi to the river St. Lawrence; but they had no possession of the intervening territory by virtue of actual settlements, and the result soon convinced them, that where the most property is accumulated, there also will be the strongest means of defence; on that side, consequently, must eventually incline the victory. But if the policy of the Anglo-Americans was sufficient to destroy so powerful a rival as the French, what can be expected from the unconcerted, ill-advised resistance or attack of the aborigines, unskilled in military tactics, and not sufficiently strong, on any one point, to offer a serious impediment to the grasping power of the settlers?

"Neither is it reasonable to suppose, that the quitting of their favorite hunting-grounds can give the American Indians the same pangs which an everlasting farewell to the paternal soil, the scene of all early attachments, and the habitation of all that we love, fraught with the memory and tradition of centuries, can cause to a civilized nation. The Indians quit what never was precisely their own; they leave no object of memory or tradition behind; and, although the loss may be felt by the *tribe*, no *individual* is actually despoiled of his own. But it is the feelings of individuals which we must here consider; not that of the tribe or nation. A people cannot be said to feel the wrongs and pains inflicted upon it by another, except in proportion as the sufferings of the whole are felt and responded to by individuals. This, however, presupposes a degree of moral developement, and a pitch of national enthusiasm, of which even history is sparing in furnishing us with examples, and of which

certainly but few traces are to be found in the Indian character. Let no one mistake the *hatred* which the colored races bear to the whites, and to each other, for a strong love of country, and an attachment to their native woods. Hatred of others is but a negative and barbarous qualification of nationality, and is by no means a necessary concomitant of its positive virtues. The hatred between the different races is something animal and instinctive, and is far removed from the noble disinterestedness of genuine patriotism. Whatever color poetry may lend to the removal of the Indians, it is, nevertheless, but the removal of a sick bed from a place where death is certain, to one from which it is more remote. Neither is it the death of youth or of manhood, but that of old age and decrepitude, which the Indian is doomed to die; and in his mouldering ashes germinates the seed of empires, destined to change the face of the world. This is but applying the universal law of nature to man; there is no life without death to precede it; no seed without destroying the blossom; no offspring without destruction to its genitors. One nation must perish to make room for another; and it is the peculiar good fortune of America, that she can suffer these revolutions to go on without a feverish excitement of her vitals, or hurrying the succession of events by the horror and bloodshed of war." — pp. 225 – 228.

This is a hard-hearted picture. The unsoundness of its argument upon the right of the poor Indian to the territory of his fathers, is as marked as its inhumanity. If the Indian has no right, why does our government go through the mockery of purchasing his lands, exchanging blankets for acres; why did William Penn, that man of peace, enter into amicable negotiations with the occupants of the forest, and treat with them for permission to rest his head on their lands? The possession of the Indian is not indicated by the clear and distinct appropriation which a maturer civilization has introduced as the criterion of property; but it is, in the eye of the law, and by the usage of nations, sufficient to support their title. An English officer, cruising in distant seas, plants the flag of his queen on some newly discovered territory, and the folds of that flag, as it freshly kisses the breezes of a new land, proclaim the title of the discoverer, though he has not left a man or a gun to guard it from indignity. If the new-found land were worth keeping, we feel confident that her majesty's government would not abandon her title, on the ground that they never possessed the soil in question, any

more than the air which they breathed, — the ground taken by Mr. Grund with regard to the Indians. "The English," says our author, "had as good a right to call the ocean their own, because they moved on it, as the American Indians to claim possession of their continent because they roamed in its woods." The difference between the two cases is very palpable. The English, indeed, moved on the ocean; but other people did also. By the law of nations, the ocean was a great high-way, common to all the world. But there were certain seas, over which England claimed exclusive control; not, however, because she had subdued each wave to her will,

"Ipsum compedibus qui vinxerat Ennosigæum,"

and reduced to complete possession their changing waters; but, because their situation around her coast exposed them particularly to the assertion of her dominion, and seemed to render her power over them necessary to her protection. It is very clear, that the Indians reduced to possession the territory over which they hunted, with as much distinctness as the English ever did the four seas. We will not urge a comparison further, to which we have been led by the illustration of the author, and in order to answer that, rather than by its intrinsic justice.

Mr. Grund thinks, that it is in vain to talk of civilizing the Indians; and, though he cannot but regret the fate of that doomed people, yet he can hardly think of rescuing them from it, without being guilty of the most flagrant injustice to the rest of mankind. Again, he does not think it reasonable to suppose, that the quitting of their favorite hunting-grounds can give them the same pangs, which an everlasting farewell to the paternal soil, fraught with the memory and tradition of centuries, can cause to a civilized nation. Here is a specious argument, to justify the arbitrary course which has been adopted with regard to the Indians. As if their attachment to the sites of their council-fires, and the earth, which covers the bones of their fathers, was not as lively and strong as that of a civilized people to the durable monuments of their country. The pathless forest has its well-known tracks for them; the favorite haunts of the buffalo and elk are all registered in their memories; and the course of the stream which waters their hunting-grounds, is one of their cherished recollections. To be compelled to renounce these, is to be

torn from what is truly their country, — from those objects, to which their earliest attachments were directed, and about which their most valued traditions have gathered. We have little confidence, that the refined love of country, which is the offspring of an advanced state of society, is stronger in its attachment to the soil, than the untutored feelings of these artless denizens of the forest.

In another part of his work, Mr. Grund says, that the Americans, as a nation, notwithstanding the occurrence of popular disturbances, have a great respect for the law; adding, that it is the common interest of all, which requires submission to the law; for it is the majority who are offended, when an insult is offered to the government. This is a very plausible theory, but we fear that it must fall before the stubbornness of facts. We should hesitate to believe, that, in any country to which civilization has extended, where "bells have knoll'd to church," within the space of the last four years, there have been so many acts, not simply in violation of law, but of the most aggravated and fiendish outrage, as in these United States. Our ears are pained by the continued report of riot, conflagration, bloodshed, and murder. The flames, which consumed the Ursuline Convent at Charlestown, and, at midnight, scattered its tender inmates in every direction for charitable shelter, had hardly died away, and its blackened walls were still standing as a monument of a deed of atrocity almost without parallel in history, when some people at the South, assuming the solemn functions of the law, deliberately put to death five human beings, because engaged in practices at which the people of the place were rightly displeased, but which were of little importance compared with the "deep damnation of their taking off." In another quarter, a poor negro is put to death by the cruel torture of the fagot, and the fires of Smithfield are revived at the command of the citizens of a republic. And even now, while we write, the report of a cold-blooded outrage has reached us from the western confines of our country. An American citizen, a husband and father, has been cruelly murdered in the lawful defence of his property from the violence of an armed mob. In view of occurrences like these, it does not become an American to boast of the submission to law, as a national trait; and he may well survey with anxiety the prospects of that form of government, under which such outrages can take

place with impunity. It was the beautiful remark of the ancient Greek philosopher, that that government was the best, under which an injury to a single citizen was resented as an injury to the state. And, when we consider that the object of society, and of the state, which is its creature, is to afford protection to the persons and property of its members, we may observe the condensed truth which is contained in this remark. Tried by this test, our government, with all the apparatus of freedom, must fail. In the deep shame for these outrages, every citizen who loves his country should participate. Neither can he venture to tax them upon any particular section of the country. There is no State which can cast the first stone. The shame of Massachusetts should find an answering look in that of Mississippi and Missouri. Well would it be for our character in history, if national penitence could wipe away the blot of these transactions.

Viewing this subject so seriously as we do, we have been unable to read Mr. Grund's account of it without the greatest pain. It is as follows;

"There exists but one practice in the United States, which seems to be at variance with what I have thus far advanced; and yet, upon further consideration, I am almost inclined to consider it as a part of the common law of the country. I would refer to the 'Lynch law,' of which the most brilliant accounts are furnished in the British papers. The Lynch law of America, it must be remembered, is not a child of democracy; it is of a much more ancient and illustrious origin, and occurs already in the early history of the colonies. It was begot in those happy times, in which religious customs took the place of the law; and in which the ingenuity of the settlers recurred to the simplest means of obtaining the most summary justice. It is, in fact, of a patriarchal nature, having for its motto the wisdom of Solomon, — 'Do not spare the rod.' The pilgrim fathers, who settled the New England States, were a highly religious people, — with whom the authority of the elders of the Church was of more avail, than any positive law of Great Britain, which, from its distance, and the manner in which it had been abused into an instrument of oppression, had considerably lost its force. Their little community was more governed by mutual agreement and consent, than by any written code, except that to which their ministers pointed, as leading the way to salvation. The Bible furnished them with precedents of the cheap, easy, and salutary correction of flogging; and there was no reason why their legis-

lators should have attempted to improve upon the wisdom of Moses.

"The custom being once introduced, and found expedient, was gradually increased in severity as the rigid morals of the puritans began to relax; until, towards the American Revolution, when abuses had reached their climax, the original method of 'tarring and feathering' was substituted for the more lenient punishment of the rod. The commencement being made with the excisemen in Boston, was soon imitated in the other provinces; and being at first employed in a patriotic cause, created a universal prejudice in its favor. It became a national custom, which, as far as I remember, was only used in cases more or less directly affecting the people. Thus, whenever an individual gave a national insult, or did or practised any thing which threatened the peace and happiness of the people, they recurred to it as a domestic remedy; but I am quite certain not with the intention of opposing the regular law. They only resorted to it *ad interim*, till the regular physician could be called in; and in most cases effected a *radical cure*, without paying for the attendance of the doctor. In this manner the Lynch law was executed on gamblers, disorderly persons, and latterly also on a certain species of itinerant ministers, who, a little too anxious for the emancipation of the Negroes in the Southern States, had betaken themselves to preaching the doctrine of *revenge*, instead of that of the *atonement*, and thereby forced the good people, to apply the doctrine to those, who evinced the most zeal for its propagation. But, as I have said before, the Lynch law is not, properly speaking, an opposition to the established laws of the country, or is, at least, not contemplated as such, by its adherents; but rather as a supplement to them, — a species of *common* law, which is as old as the country, and which, whatever may be the notion of 'the *learned* in the law,' has nevertheless been productive of some of the happiest results. I am aware there are different versions of the origin of 'Lynch'; but the above will be found to contain the essence and philosophy of all." — pp. 178 – 180.

If the above be intended for irony, it is in very bad taste, besides being very poor in its way. We would not do the head or the heart of the author the injustice to suppose that it is offered as a serious argument.

There are other portions of the present work where we do not agree with the author, though on all occasions we acknowledge the ability with which his views are maintained. Error never stood forth in a bolder panoply than that with which he

has invested it. But we are unwilling to occupy more space in contest with it.

Those parts of the work which relate to the fine arts and literature, are essays of remarkable power and beauty. The principal artists and writers of the country are passed in review, and criticized with great force, as well as general correctness. The remarks on painting, manifest considerable familiarity with the subject. We should be glad, if our extracts had not already extended to such length, to present these to our readers. But we cannot forbear quoting some passages from the reflections on American literature.

"America was civilized in her very origin. The early settlers felt, thought, and believed as their brethren in Europe; or, at least, did not differ from them sufficiently to create permanent distinctions. The people who obstructed their progress, and whom they conquered by arms, were not sufficiently powerful to call for an extraordinary demonstration of valor. It was not an expedition of Argonauts in quest of the golden fleece: it did not even partake of the military glory of the conquest of Mexico. The American Indians were a degraded race, without history, memory, or tradition. They seem to have been the remnants of a once powerful people,* whom a general plague or a series of internal wars had reduced to the condition of the most abject wretchedness. There was no renown attached to their subjugation; it was the victory of intelligence over the barbarism of savages. No poetry, therefore, attaches to the conquest of the American soil, and the history of it is only remarkable from its conjunction with that of Europe. It was the oppression of Europe, which settled the American wilderness; it was the resistance against Europe, which introduced America into the ranks of nations. Previous to that period, America had been a European province, and its history an appendage to that of England. America enjoyed the *political* existence of a nation, before it had an *historical* one by geniture. No mythological fable is blended with her origin. Her children are not descended from the gods or the sun; they are pious Christians, who, from simple colonists, have at once risen into a powerful national independence. Had the American Indians, at the time of the European settlements, been a strong, organized nation, who, by amalgamating with the colonists, would have tinctured the manners of the settlers, and in turn received the superior arts of

"* Their religion, rites, and even their bravery, seem to warrant this conclusion."

civilization, then a national literature, essentially different from the English, might, perhaps, have arisen from the conjunction; but it would have been that of the Indians, and not of the settlers; it would have retarded the progress of independence for centuries, and, in its stead, given birth to another system of vassallage.

"Another means of levelling national distinctions, consists in the propagation of learning. The man of science belongs to no country, and has no prejudices except in favor of those who are his superiors in knowledge. In the common course of nature, the arts precede the sciences in every country, as poetry comes before prose; in America alone, the sciences have preceded the arts, and thus *raised the nation beyond the tender susceptibility of fiction.* — Rousseau's motto,

'*Plus qu'on raisonne moins qu'on aime,*'

applies not only to man, but also to Nature. The poetry and awe with which Nature inspires an untutored mind, are no concomitants of the demonstrative reasoning of mechanical philosophy; and her terrors cease to be sublime, when disarmed by the discovery of Franklin.* The sciences, which teach us to subject nature to human will, are most destructive of the imagination; and the universe itself appears pitiable in the shape of an orrery. Even the most profound researches of mathematical analysis diminish the *poetic* grandeur of the heavens, by reducing the infinite and boundless, to the computation of the '*infinitely small.*'

'How immeasurably great, how infinitely sublime are the heavens!
But the spirit of *littleness* pulled even heaven down.'†

"The Americans, as a nation, cannot be said to be inferior in science to any people in Europe; for not only are its most useful branches more generally diffused and applied in the United States than either in England or France, but also the most abstruse departments of knowledge are cultivated and improved by men of competent talents. Their number, assuredly, is not as great as in Europe; but still they exist, and are sufficient to imprint a character on the nation. But men of science, as I have remarked before, belong to no country, and are, in themselves, incapable of giving a *national* impulse. They may excite emu-

"* What can be more averse to poetry, than the thunderbolt of Jove made harmless when caught by a lightning-rod."

"† 'So unermesslich ist, so unendlich erhaben der Himmel!
Aber der Kleinigkeitsgeist zog auch den Himmel herab.'
"SCHILLER'S *Poems.*"

lation, and contribute to the developement of intellect; but they cannot create such lasting distinctions and peculiarities, as we are in the habit of claiming for the national literature of a people.

"America has not passed through the different stages of civilization, each of which leaves its historical monuments and a distinct impression on the people. There was no community of religion, and hardly of feeling, previous to their common resistance against England. It was the genius of liberty which gave America a national elevation; and it is to this genius, therefore, we must look for national productions. It is the bond of union, the confession, the religion, the life of Americans; it is that which distinguishes them above all other nations in the world.

"But the genius of liberty, though it has chosen America for its permanent dwelling, overshadows, also, a portion of Europe. England, France, and Germany, are roused by its summons; and the poet of Europe, inspired by the same muse, kneels at the same altar, and worships the same God. Thus, the Americans, instead of being a distinct people, have become the representatives of liberty throughout the world. Their country has become the home of the banished; the asylum of the persecuted; the prospective heaven of the politically damned. Every people of Europe is represented in the United States; every tongue is spoken in the vast domain of freedom; the history of every nation terminates in that of America.

"But this gigantic conglomeration, while it prognosticates the future sway of the United States, while it promises to revive the history of all ages and of every clime, is, nevertheless, one of the principal causes why America possesses, as yet, no national literature. Yet there is sufficient of English leaven in this enormous mass, to penetrate even its uttermost particles. The fructifying principle is everywhere visible, and the fruits are not tardy of coming. But the seed is English, though the soil and climate may give it a different developement." — pp. 105 – 108.

The last part of this extract is of unusual eloquence, both of thought and language. In the anticipations in which the author indulges with regard to the literature of this country, we join with pride and cordiality. "All other nations," he says, "have conquered by the sword, and their traces were marked by ruin and desolation; America alone vanquishes her foes by civilization, and marks her course by moral and religious improvements. There is poetry in her national developement, and the settlements of her early colonies." It

may be observed, that in literature and science, the Americans are as yet the imitators of Europe. But for how many years, we would ask, did all Europe imitate the ancients, receiving from them the forms of expression, and the rules of thought and investigation? Centuries elapsed before Galileo discovered, before Bacon promulgated, or rather enforced by his recommendation and example, the new philosophy, and before Shakspeare wrote. A people does not suddenly change its character, political or literary. The influence of the past is stronger than that of the present; and we must wait till our national character has settled into the permanent shape, which properly harmonizes with the magnificent scenery in which we are placed; till traditions have accumulated, and the history of our own continent sufficiently fills the mind, without allowing it to wander, for dearth of interest here, to the opposite shores of the ocean. Then may we expect new fountains of literature and intellectual effort to be opened. The inspiring genius of our institutions may preside over the forms of statuary, and the breathings of the canvass. The poet's lyre may sound a higher strain than has yet been reached; and the tongue of the orator burn with a more powerful eloquence. Another forest-born Demosthenes may

"With thunder shake the Philip of the seas;"

and the muse of history may find a great and untried theme in recording the progress of liberal institutions and the career of a free people.

ART. VII. — *Reports of Cases Argued and Adjudged in the Supreme Court of the United States, January Term*, 1837. By RICHARD PETERS, Counsellor at Law, and Reporter of the Decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. Volume XI. Philadelphia; Desilver, Thomas, & Co. 1837. 8vo. pp. 674.

THIS last volume of the published decisions of the Supreme Court of the Union is one of unusual, and, in certain respects, even of singular interest. Such it must surely be to those, who as general jurists, and as lovers moreover of constitutional jurisprudence, — those, that is to say, whose pur-

suits or inquiries are not confined to any mere professional round, — have yet been accustomed to observe the train of judgments of that eminent tribunal, for the last more than third of a century; and who have been instructed out of them, if from no more intimate acquaintance, to reverence the great and venerable name of the late Chief Justice Marshall. Nor can there be more ample means of knowledge of his mind and character, than are supplied by these authentic materials. *His saltem accumulem donis et fungar inani munere* is the more than melancholy sentiment inscribed by the present volume, in a variety of expressive significations, to his judicial memory. Indeed, the very strikingly diversified traits of doctrine and opinion upon constitutional topics, which are manifested throughout the principal cases reported, may be reckoned to be among the recorded honors, that already thicken round it with no unmeaning tribute; all mingled at the same time, as they most unquestionably are, with a sincere sense of his virtues. And although drawing, as these differences do, their various hues from previous casts of mind and turns of thinking, or from peculiar circumstances, and perhaps somewhat opposite points in the present composition of the court, yet as they are touched by the mild and mellow glories of the just sinking orb, they equally blend, in a living though saddened beam, that may long continue to shed its salutary radiance, and send the cheering and sustaining influence of its reflection through the solitary night-watch of the constitution.

Although this was not the first meeting, it may be mentioned, of that august tribunal, whose opinions are annually given to the public through this regular channel, since the disappearance of that illustrious luminary of law and equity, — we mean in their high constitutional sense, — to whom we have just referred, and whom we follow with so much regret; yet, we may allow ourselves to say, that no night had fallen. And we were only admonished of some indefinite approaching change, by circumstances which began to cast their coming shadows. The indications were of a nature not to be unheeded; nor could they fail to make an impression in regard to the uncertainty, in which the condition of that tribunal was suspended. We allude to that dense mass of vapors continually rising, and gathering around our highest seat of judicature, which assumes the endless and ever-shifting shape of constitutional questions. Cases of that now familiar denomination, —

for they have long created a distinct class, and compose a large chapter in American jurisprudence, involving principles of the utmost moment, — were understood to be lying over without any progress. No arguments had been allowed, for a year or two, upon such questions. Former arguments in questions depending before the court went for nothing; and cases, that had been fully heard and argued, were ordered to stand for further hearing, when the bench should again be full. This state of things had commenced, it is well known, before the decease of the late chief justice. Then, the vacant central chair, needing no crape to cover it; auguries of various kinds, in the political state of the community, filling and affecting the mind with a solemnity corresponding to their importance, (in the apprehension of those who could comprehend the crisis,) to an extent beyond the mere conflicting interests of litigant parties; signs and omens of alteration in the system, all but organic in their tone and character; — all these things together conspired to produce a species of portentous pause, as it were, in the elements that were involved in the pending questions, and to prepare the way, by a gradual process, for the reversal of that powerful charm, which had hitherto held and controlled them in their civil combination, and which had served to communicate a sort of vital efficacy to the fundamental sanctions of law and order.

It can hardly have failed to strike the dullest observation, after a survey of the present volume, that some considerable change has come over the spirit of our supreme national judicature, upon this great class of questions; and conclusions press themselves upon the mind, which we are loth to assume as entirely foregone, which we may not disregard, and which we cannot quite dismiss as without significance and force. This, we confess, is the last quarter to which we should have looked for any cause of concern. *Perditio ex te* would indeed be the deepest sigh of the constitution. But as the prospect is charged, perhaps to our too anxious apprehension, with shades which have not hitherto seemed to rest upon it, and we find ourselves insensibly using a tone to which neither the public ear nor our own is altogether accustomed, and are dealing, moreover, with topics with which we may well presume all our readers are not entirely familiar, we may be called upon to go further, and explain more fully and clearly the grounds of our misgivings; so as to be able to decide whether

they have any just and serious foundation. We certainly feel some hesitation how to proceed with due respect to the important interests, and proper deference to the distinguished individuals, concerned in this discussion.

We did propose to pause before entering particularly upon the themes presented by this last volume, in order to take a cursory retrospect, as well as to survey the present condition also, of the most admirable structure, of a judicial character, of which the world, as we believe, has ever seen the example. But we are admonished of the limited space that can be allowed, in a publication like this, to subjects even of the most acknowledged importance, — too limited to permit the scope to which our remarks would be necessarily extended; and we must therefore reserve those remarks for a fitting opportunity.

We may premise to the further observations which we propose to make, upon the principal matter of the present volume, that among the first and most pressing objects of the Constitution for the well-being of society, in its present advanced state of civilization and freedom, were those which related to commerce, contracts, and currency. Next to that instinctive sense of the intrinsic value of union, in and of itself, to the peace and prosperity of the community, which comprehended intuitively all the interests which that union intended to secure, these main points were seized as having most immediate bearing upon the general concerns of the social league, and were made the subjects of distinct and specific provisions. Union may be said, indeed, to have been one broad, comprehensive term, for all these interests. These important provisions may be considered among the direct details of its obvious principles. They may be regarded, in fact, as among the cardinal points of the Constitution. They extended, in the first place, to commercial intercourse in all its relations, whether with foreign nations, or among the different States, as well as with the interior native communities. They included, also, the coinage and regulation of the circulating medium. And, in connexion with the general power to establish a universal standard of value, may be mentioned the further authority given, of a similar character, to regulate weights and measures. Besides the express investiture of Congress with control over these concerns, its powers were supported and guarded against encroachments, or even approaches to interference, on the part of the States, by special and decisive interdicts upon the

local legislatures, in regard to the principal part of those special objects. The States were forbidden, for example, to meddle with the business of tariff, or to disturb the uniformity of duties. No State, again, was permitted to coin money, emit bills of credit, tamper with the payment of debts by means of tender laws, or in any manner to impair the obligation of contracts. In scanning the web, so carefully wrought, of union, it is at once observable how far these provisions go to form warp and woof; and it is worth while to notice, how they seem to be woven into the very texture, as it were, of the Constitution. It is perfectly obvious how essential they are to the proper character of a civil government, professing to secure the ends of its establishment; and one which, while possessing the general powers of war and peace, and of forming foreign treaties, should be endowed, above all, with sufficient authority to prevent civil discord and confusion, and to protect the interests of all the parts, and the rights of the whole community alike. And it is more than matter of curiosity, — it is a source of mortification, — to trace the incessant attempts to evade the force of these prohibitions upon the States, and to impeach the peculiar and preëminent powers given to Congress over subjects intended to be placed altogether beyond their control. Nothing can be more remarkable, in fact, than the constant course of argument against constitutional powers, of which the present volume furnishes abundant example, by attempting to give such a definition to each, as would exclude almost every case that would be apt to arise, from coming within the scope of the constitutional provision. Plausible pretexts, it can be easily perceived, would never be wanting for such ingenious purposes; and invention could never be at a loss, either for expedients or glosses. But we believe it to be impossible, within the reach of human language, to use terms at once more significant, specific, and comprehensive, for the objects intended to be accomplished, than those which are employed by the Constitution; and all precautions must prove vain, all language ineffectual, all provisions in fact abortive, if such as these can be successfully avoided or defeated.

Take, for example, the power to regulate commerce, which is granted to Congress in the most general and absolute terms. Now, in seeking for a definition of this power from the nature of the grant, from its subject, its objects, its design, and character, it must be evident, that it is intended to be entire and

exclusive, or that it is none; or, at least, next almost to nothing. It cannot exist fully and effectually in one depositary, and at the same time have a repeated existence, or coexistence, elsewhere, and that in a number of distinct, and, as to this point, equal authorities. The power is broken down under any process that shall impair its unity, or destroy its solidity. Again, it cannot reasonably be contended that the power, if used, though not to its full extent, is to be considered as being used but in part only, and abandoned for the rest, and thereof left derelict to the several States. It is apparent, that, at this rate, we should not have any general regulation of commerce whatever; but that we should have as many customs of the sea, if we may borrow that ancient phrase, to deal with, as there were legislatures upon land. The power is not one that consists of parts thus detached, and parcelled out; but it exists as an integer, and forms a simple sum total. When, therefore, Congress undertakes to exercise this power, it is just as much exercised in respect to what it leaves unregulated, as in what it purports to regulate, whether by positive enactments or inhibitions. The legislative power given to Congress over this subject is as large, and as liberal, and appropriate, as the maritime jurisdiction granted by the Constitution. It spreads alike over the whole ocean; and flows into every bay and indentation of the coast, as fully and as forcibly as it swells upon the deep. Neither does the character of the element alter by its own mere ebb and flow. A different doctrine would let in, or rather would let out, the legislation of all the States upon the subject, wherever the wave receded, or space was left unoccupied, or any opening whatever afforded. At this rate, again, there would be no room allowed for the favorite maxim of political economy, *laissez faire*, in commerce, although it should be within the very purview of legislative intention. There would indeed be no end to the superfluous and even vexatious details of every variety, and from every quarter, each having its own particular interest in view, or some sectional policy to promote, by which the whole subject would be encumbered, and liable to be overwhelmed. It would be admitting the independent, and probably conflicting, legislation of the States, if not quite up to the discordant spirit of the old confederation, at all events, to the limit of every actual and positive provision of Congress. The idea of admitting State legislation as a complement to that of the Union

on the subject, would be next to the annihilation of the constitutional power. Even if Congress should not have seen fit to exercise the power in any shape, it does not follow that it would have been competent for the several States to have assumed it.

Such has, accordingly, been the construction given to this power by the judgments of the Supreme Court. And it has been considered, further, that it did not stop at the water's edge, so as to be marked off by the dividing line between the ocean and the land; but that an internal State regulation, actually interfering with its integrity, and crossing the path of its provisions, was equally proscribed by its principle. This was determined in a case arising in Maryland, after much debate; and the question has again occurred in New York, in relation to a local regulation of what is termed the passenger trade. The city of New York forms, as it were, the tunnel which receives the influx of emigration, amounting now almost to a torrent, from foreign shores; and which, turned the other way, pours it out upon the wide west, and over the whole field of the Union. A law of the State, not of recent enactment, requires the master of every vessel, whether citizen or foreigner, on his arrival from a foreign voyage, to make report, within twenty-four hours, of the passengers on board, as well as those that have been landed in the course of it, under a penalty, which it inflicts on the master, or the consignee, for the neglect or violation. The question upon which the court finally divided was, whether this was a regulation of commerce; for, notwithstanding a sort of middle ground was taken by Mr. Justice Thompson, very consistently, to be sure, with his former sentiments, the judgment was not left to stand upon this intermediate kind of isthmus; and that was the exact point upon which the decision turned. Mr. Justice Barbour maintained, with great talent and ingenuity, in an opinion carrying with it the majority of the court, that it was not to be regarded as a regulation of commerce, but merely one of police. We are quite ready to say, that if the subject could be taken up and considered entirely free from the just influence of former decisions of the same tribunal, both in regard to principle and precedent, constituting the established doctrine of the court, in consonance with the tenor of the Constitution, and with that habitual respect for the decisions of a majority of that court, of which we cannot yet divest ourselves, there is much in the

present opinion that would be persuasive, and perhaps prevailing. Without conceding that as a regulation of commerce it would have been void, or that the power in Congress was exclusive, or that the legislative action of a State was forbidden unless it came in conflict with an act of Congress, it was denied, and upon that the opinion rested, that the provision of the State of New York in question could be properly regarded as a regulation of commerce. When we recall, however, the reverence that is due to the authority of Chief Justice Marshall, which still forms part, in a moral sense, of the character of the same court, and are led to look back to the former opinions expressed and delivered by him upon the same subject, and when we learn that his concurrence was claimed, in the grounds of the dissenting opinion devolved upon Mr. Justice Story, and come to listen to the clear and cogent conclusions drawn from the precedent and doctrine of those antecedent decisions by this last distinguished judge, whose abilities were never more conspicuously manifested, nor exerted with more signal force than upon this and the subsequent occasions, which we shall refer to in the course of this volume, we are necessarily led to pause, and suspend not only the expression of our own judgment, but the judgment itself, for that just, final opinion, which remains to be formed. In our impression of the argumentative power displayed in the report of this whole case, we should do injustice not to combine the bar and the bench. And it would be equally unjust to confine that acknowledgment to the argument in the present case.

The whole question we conceive to be fairly and comprehensively stated, and the difference of opinion to be very clearly defined and marked, in the following passage from the dissenting opinion of Judge Story.

"But how can it be truly said, that the act of New York is not a regulation of commerce? No one can well doubt, that, if the same act had been passed by Congress, it would have been a regulation of commerce; and in that way, and in that only, would it be a constitutional act of Congress. The right of Congress to pass such an act has been expressly conceded at the argument. The act of New York purports on its very face to regulate the conduct of masters, and owners, and passengers, in foreign trade; and in foreign ports and places. Suppose the act had required, that the master and owner of ships should make report of all goods taken on board or landed in foreign ports, and of the nature, qualities, and value of such goods;

could there be a doubt that it would have been a regulation of commerce ? If not, in what essential respect does the requirement of a report of the passengers taken or landed in a foreign port or place, differ from the case put ? I profess not to be able to see any. I listened with great attention to the argument, to ascertain upon what ground the act of New York was to be maintained, not to be a regulation of commerce. I confess that I was unable to ascertain any, from the reasoning of either of the learned counsel who spoke for the plaintiff. Their whole argument on this point seemed to me to amount to this: that if it were a regulation of commerce, still it might also be deemed a regulation of police, and a part of the system of poor laws; and therefore justifiable as a means to attain the end. In my judgment, for the reasons already suggested, that is not a just consequence, or a legitimate deduction. If the act is a regulation of commerce, and that subject belongs exclusively to Congress; it is a means cut off from the range of State sovereignty and State legislation." — p. 157.

The idea of any dormant power, or unexpended balance of authority, to be used as a sort of remainder by the States, so long as it was not exercised by Congress, — or of considering this legislation of the States as a regular complement of that of the Union, to which we have just adverted, — is disposed of in the answer given to it, by the Act of Congress of 1819, regulating passenger ships, &c.

"This last suggestion is peculiarly important in the present case; for Congress has, by the act of the 2d of March, 1819, ch. 170, regulated passenger ships and vessels. Subject to the regulations therein provided, passengers may be brought into the United States from foreign ports. These regulations, being all which Congress have chosen to enact, amount, upon the reasoning already stated, to a complete exercise of its power over the whole subject, as well in what is omitted as in what is provided for. Unless, then, we are prepared to say, that wherever Congress has legislated upon this subject, clearly within its constitutional authority, and made all such regulations, as in its own judgment and discretion were deemed expedient, the States may step in and supply all other regulations, which they may deem expedient, as complementary to those of Congress, thus subjecting all our trade, commerce and navigation, and intercourse with foreign nations, to the double operations of distinct and independent sovereignties; it seems to me impossible to maintain the doctrine, that the States have a concurrent jurisdiction with Congress on the regulation of commerce,

whether Congress has or has not legislated upon the subject; but *a fortiori* when it has legislated." — pp. 158, 159.

The Supreme Court had acted effectually upon the subject of one State undertaking to interfere with the commercial rights and intercourse of its sister States, in the well-known case of Gibbons and Ogden. It cannot quite escape observation, that under the shape, not to say pretext, of internal regulations of police of the protective kind, on the maritime side of commercial States, to go no further, for the purpose of guarding against the introductions of such persons as a State may think proper to exclude, the fundamental principle, common both to the Confederation and the Constitution, communicating to citizens of each State, the rights of citizens of all the States, may be brought in question. That persons are not the subjects of commerce, may, in some physical sense, with a certain gloomy exception, be true. But the freedom of commercial intercourse, even for foreigners, it will be remembered, was secured by one of the most famed and familiar clauses of Magna Charta, — referred to with almost as much frequency, among the few that have been found worth preserving in modern times, as that relating to trial by jury. The rule itself was an early triumph of civilization, in advance, it would seem, of the age that established it, which has wrought itself into the operation of the *jus gentium*; and the regulation, as well as protection of it, properly belongs to the general province of a national government, which may well exercise it with a due reference to all its proper concernments. In connexion with this subject, the power of establishing a uniform rule of naturalization has been expressly assigned to Congress. Few powers will be found more delicate in the operation of the federal government, to judge from experience, than those of this nature.

Massachusetts also, we are sorry to say, furnished her contribution to swell the present volume. We say this with sorrow, because whatever may be thought of the merits of the question, it is undeniable, that the tone and character of the decision chime in with doctrines, which tend, or may be urged, deplorably, to the subversion of the principles of law and property. This cause went before the Supreme Court of the United States under the double disadvantage of a compromising division, in the first place, of the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth, and secondly, of a denial in effect,

by its judgment, that the Act incorporating the Warren Bridge, was any violation of the principles either of the State or National Constitutions. It is to be allowed, at the same time, that much of the argument, on behalf of the new bridge, on the final hearing, proceeded upon grounds quite consistent in themselves with the general principles of justice. And the opinion of one of the members of the Court, Mr. Justice McLean, which went half way with the majority of the Court in affirming the formal judgment of the Massachusetts Bench, fully adopted the course of that portion of the argument, which was apparently intended to form in fact the condition of his own concurrence; namely, that property was not to be sequestrated by the public, upon any occasion, without compensation. But this, unfortunately, it was confessed, when it came to be sifted, could afford no ground for any relief by judgment of the United States Supreme Court, and that the only form in which this tribunal could deal with it was, whether the act impaired the constitutional obligation of contract. A suitable reverence was thus, to be sure, manifested for the essential idea of justice, the principle of which was acknowledged, while the injury itself was left to seek its own redress. But this is a discussion, into which we own we have not much spirit to enter. The point, on which alone it could come before the national Supreme Court, has been determined in the negative. We may remark, however, that at the same time, it is not easy to comprehend the ground, or understand the logic, upon which, if the Court considered the act to be one impairing the obligation of contract, while it was at the same time in the exercise of the right of eminent domain, it could be possible to avoid the force of the constitutional prohibition. But it is possible we do not quite clearly, or fully, comprehend that portion of the juridical argument, which was presented upon this head. And upon the main point of the opinion, we may decently copy the language of becoming obedience, and we may add, dignified submission, used by Mr. Justice Story, in another prominent case in the present volume, which will form a subject of distinct and further notice.

"It is proper to notice the statement at the bar, that the point of the constitutionality of this act has been already decided by this Court. If so, I bow to its authority. I am not disposed to shake, even if I could, the solemn decisions of this Court

upon any great principles of law, and, *a fortiori*, not that which respects the interpretation of the Constitution itself."

In the review, which we rather omit than incline to make, of this very important cause, it is impossible not to feel and to allow the surpassing power of this last most able and eminent judge, over all the materials of the cause, and the prevailing strength of reasoning brought to bear upon the subject, whether in relation to the force of precedent, or the weight of principle. Passing however from the tale of things that were, and considering the case itself to be settled, so far as it can be considered as settled, *salvo jure* in regard to the general authority of the constitutional clause which was brought in question, no further interest may remain attached to the result, or involved in the argument of this memorable decision, — at least none of so much consequence and solemnity as the bearing of any established rule of construction, understood to be extracted from former decisions, and drawn into authority for the support of doctrine contained in the present. Such a rule and guide of construction, it seems, was deemed to be found in the prior decision of the same Court, in the case of the Providence Bank. The case, and the comment, are contained in the following passage, from the opinion of Mr. Chief Justice Taney, pronounced in the name of the Court.

"But the case most analogous to this, and in which the question came more directly before the Court, is the case of the Providence Bank *v.* Billings & Pittmann, 4 Pet. 514; and which was decided in 1830. In that case, it appeared that the legislature of Rhode Island had chartered the bank, in the usual form of such acts of incorporation. The charter contained no stipulation on the part of the State, that it would not impose a tax on the bank, nor any reservation of the right to do so. It was silent on this point. Afterwards, a law was passed, imposing a tax on all banks in the State; and the right to impose this tax was resisted by the Providence Bank, upon the ground, that if the State could impose a tax, it might tax so heavily as to render the franchise of no value, and destroy the institution; that the charter was a contract, and that a power which may in effect destroy the charter is inconsistent with it, and is impliedly renounced by granting it. But the Court said, that the taxing power was of vital importance, and essential to the existence of government; and that the relinquishment of such a power is never to be assumed. And in delivering the

opinion of the Court, the late Chief Justice states the principle, in the following clear and emphatic language. Speaking of the taxing power, he says, 'as the whole community is interested in retaining it undiminished, that community has a right to insist that its abandonment ought not to be presumed, in a case in which the deliberate purpose of the State to abandon it does not appear.' The case now before the Court is, in principle, precisely the same. It is a charter from a State. The act of incorporation is silent in relation to the contested power. The argument in favor of the proprietors of the Charles River Bridge, is the same, almost in words, with that used by the Providence Bank; that is, that the power claimed by the State, if it exists, may be so used as to destroy the value of the franchise they have granted to the corporation. The argument must receive the same answer; and the fact that the power has been already exercised so as to destroy the value of the franchise, cannot in any degree affect the principle. The existence of the power does not, and cannot depend upon the circumstance of its having been exercised or not." — pp. 546, 547.

Giving all the effect to an argument of this kind, that might be asked for it, if addressed to the mere authority of a legislature, to which some of its considerations properly belong, and before which they could not fail of audience, one cannot but be struck with the broad use and bold character of the inference drawn from the expressions borrowed from the case of the Providence Bank, as creating or affording, that is to say, a general legitimate principle of constitutional interpretation. The point contended in defence of that case was, that a State had no power to tax a bank, inasmuch as such a power might be employed to its destruction. It was nothing but the old and stale argument that had been employed from the beginning of time, against the lawfulness of a thing from its liability to abuse; and which, like the argument from what is termed in the vocabulary of the law, inconvenience, or the objection arising from showing and carrying out a proposition to its extreme and violent consequences, is reasonably conclusive against no more than the extremity of the abuse, or the misapplication of a principle, which may be sound and even salutary within its proper circumference. But from an argument which only goes the just length of denying or limiting the force of a sophistical exception, to maintain the competency, upon any moral grounds of reasoning, of thus carrying the thing out to such

extreme consequences, — and to set up on the principle to justify the inconvenience, or to vindicate the abuse, to its utmost conceivable extent, is to pervert the purport of the answer to a false and specious subtlety ; it is to misconceive the wholesome economy of providence and society ; it is to confound all the rules of right reasoning, with the instruments and absurdities of a spurious and artificial logic. The argument, again, that a power given in general terms, is liable to be abused, and that its exercise is therefore to be interdicted, repugnant upon the face of it, has been met and refuted, with a respect it hardly deserved, a thousand times. But who ever thought of building up, on such a power, or on any kind of legal or moral power, the faculty, in any reasonable sense, of carrying it out to its most inconsistent and violent extremity ? Such an attempt can only originate or end in a confusion, we will not say of mind, but of language. Take the power we have mentioned to regulate commerce, for example. This may be used to lay an embargo on shipping. To lay an unlimited embargo, was undoubtedly a strong and extraordinary exercise of that power. But such an act, although indefinite in its duration, and exposed to such an apparent objection, might be truly and in reality a conservative measure for the actual security of commerce, and its ultimate protection and promotion ; although exhibited under the harsh aspect of a general and unlimited suspension. Yet who would maintain the justifiableness of such a power, that should be attempted to be exercised, either in that or in any other form, under the profession of regulating, but for the actual and intended purpose of annihilating commerce ? Suppose that Congress should, by an absolute act, undertake to establish upon the face of it a perpetual interdict of commerce, and to put a stop to all shipbuilding, and navigation for ever, — could such an edict be considered as coming within the scope of the constitutional power ? We think the answer must be that it could not. It would be a most dangerous and extraordinary ground to take, that because a power might be so used as to operate injuriously or destructively, it might therefore be justifiably used upon its own principle, for the very purpose of destruction. The power to regulate the currency may be so used as to derange, and possibly be fatal to the currency ; but who would therefore maintain, that Congress, under that authority, to say nothing of its duty, had

the power to destroy the currency? Powers bearing on State governments, and intended in fact to be exerted beneficially, for the preservation of the State governments, might be employed at this rate legitimately for their destruction; or powers given on the other hand, for the support of the national government, might be exercised for its subversion and dissolution. We must doubt, therefore, whether this position was ever pressed before to so prodigious an extent. Its ultraism, if we may be pardoned the expression, is of a new stamp in the annals of the administration of justice. Principles of such extensive import and bearing, deserve to be profoundly considered before they are adopted; and should be such as to carry their convictions home to the conscience and understanding. We are sensible of the delicacy of impugning an argument coming with the weight of authority from a majority of the Judges, including the Chief Justice of the Union; but we cannot help looking with more apprehension upon the establishment of a pernicious principle, than even an erroneous precedent.

Such a conclusion, we feel morally sure, could not have been in the contemplation of the Court, in the opinion given in the Providence Bank case. It could not, we are quite confident, have commended itself to the judgments of the members of the tribunal at that time; nor received the sanction of the sage and sound, circumspect and forecasting spirit, which then presided in the decisions of this Court. Believing that the opinion given in that case was well and wisely considered, that the reasons were discreetly and carefully weighed, that the rule there laid down also was in regard to a vital and indispensable power of government, the power to tax, which is essential to the support and existence of government, and which cannot be parted with, nor presumed to be impaired, except by some clear and positive expression, we cannot feel the cogency of any inference drawn from this opinion in regard to other powers, although high and important, in which these predominant conditions do not concur; and, on the contrary, we cannot but express our surprise and pain, at perceiving the extent into which it is permitted to be drawn. It cannot, we think, be justly considered, that the power of general improvement, according to the advance of arts, or the economy of society, is equally essential and vital, as that which belongs to its existence and preservation; and

that it should be equally absolute and imperative as a rule in regard to what must be, at all events, mere matter of speculative utility. To say that each must receive the same consideration, — that the objection to the exercise of each must receive the same answer, — is strong and decisive language ; but we do not think it is equally satisfactory. And to lay down a universal rule of interpretation, founded on the strict principle, or the just analogy of that case, is, it appears to us, still more robust and extraordinary. It will be observed, that it was not shown, in the former case, that the Providence Bank either was actually destroyed, or like to be so, by the exercise of that power. The argument was a wholesale one, urged against the exercise of the power at all, either in regard to that, or any other bank ; and it was one which might as well be employed on behalf of the exemption of any other corporate body, enjoying the protection of society, and bound to participate in its burdens. If it had been acknowledged, or had distinctly appeared in the Providence Bank case, that the sure tendency or intent of the taxation, was to effect the destruction of the institution, then the remark, which has been commented on, might have been drawn into direct authority. Government becomes subversive of its own end, when its purpose is bent to destruction. The social system is distinct in essential respects from the political, and its rights are not left dependent on mere political expediency. Whatever apparent analogy might have been found for any general application of the principle maintained in the case of the Providence Bank, in the circumstances of the Charlestown Bridge case, if it had been plainly shown at the former hearing, that its franchise would have been utterly destroyed, that was a point upon which we not only fully believe the mind of every member of the bench must have paused, — but we are firmly persuaded, moreover, that such as supposed, in this last opinion of the Court, could not have been the answering judgment of Chief Justice Marshall. This great man must have been of the same mind with Cicero, that every public act of an agrarian nature, went directly to undermine the foundations of the republic, that it could be marked only as a measure of violence, to snatch away that which had been justly enjoyed for years or ages ; and that all civil rights ought to be protected by a comprehensive equity. "Eaque est summa ratio et sapientia boni civis, commoda civium non divellere, atque

omnes æquitate eadem continere. Habitent gratis in alieno. Quid ita? Ut cum ego emerim, ædificarem, tuear, impendam, tu, me invito, fruare meo? Quid est aliud, aliis sua eripere, aliis dare aliena? *Tabulæ vero novæ quid habent argumenti, nisi, ut emas mea pecunia fundum; eum tu habeas, ego non habeam pecuniam?*" *

But another, and by no means the case of the least claim, contained in the present volume, to a concluding share in our notice and reflections, is that of the Bank of Kentucky. Upon this our remarks must needs be brief, although if we should extend them to the whole scope and compass of the case, they would not exceed our sense of its importance. When this case was formerly argued before the court, as it had been, we are informed that a majority of the judges, who then heard it, were decidedly of opinion, that the act of the legislature of Kentucky, establishing this bank, was unconstitutional and void, as amounting to an authority to emit bills of credit, on behalf of the State, within the prohibition of the constitution of the United States; and among that majority was Chief Justice Marshall. The principle was considered to be decided in the case of the State of Missouri, which is found in an earlier volume. The first question naturally presenting itself in the case was, what was the meaning of the clause of the constitution, that "no State shall emit bills of credit," or, in other words, what is a bill of credit, in the sense of that instrument? Upon this Mr. Justice Story said;

"After the decision of the case of Craig *v.* The State of Missouri, I had not supposed, that this was a matter which could be brought into contestation, at least unless the authority of that case was to be overturned, and the Court were to be set adrift from its former moorings. The Chief Justice, in delivering the opinion of the Court upon that occasion, in answer to the very inquiry said; 'To emit bills of credit, conveys to the mind the idea of issuing paper, intended to circulate through the community for its ordinary purposes as money, which paper is redeemable at a future day. This is the sense in which it has been always understood.' Again: 'The term has acquired an appropriate meaning; and bills of credit signify a paper medium, intended to circulate between individuals, and between government and individuals, for the ordinary purposes of society.' Again: 'If the prohibition means any thing, if the words are not empty sounds, it must comprehend the emission of any paper

* De Officiis, Lib. II. § 23.

medium by a State government, for the purposes of common circulation.' One should suppose, that this language was sufficiently exact and definite to remove all possible doubt upon the point; and it has the more weight, because it came from one, who was himself an actor in the very times when bills of credit constituted the currency of the whole country, and whose experience justified him in this exposition.

"But, it seems, that this definition is not now deemed satisfactory, or to be adhered to; and a new exposition is sought, which, in its predicaments, shall not comprehend the bills in question. The arguments of the learned counsel for the bank, on the present occasion have, as it appears to me, sought for a definition, which shall exclude any perils to their case; rather than a definition founded in the intention and language of the constitution." — pp. 329, 330.

We can allow ourselves to do no more than refer such of our readers, as are not already acquainted with it, to the report of the case itself, with the very able arguments of the eminent counsel on both sides, and the opinion of the court delivered by Mr. Justice McLean, together with the dissenting opinion of Mr. Justice Story; which, in our view, we do not hesitate to say, is *réplique sans réponse*, and which we cannot refrain from referring to as exhausting the merits of the question, and establishing the construction which had been given to the clause in controversy, by the most conclusive proofs of historical and logical induction, and superadded weight of judicial authority.

It would not comport with the character of this journal, nor the purpose of this article, to go into a critical legal analysis of any of the important cases in this volume; and we would here willingly dismiss a portion of the subject which gives rise to a variety of reflections, upon some of which we will task the patience of our readers to detain them a moment longer.

It can hardly be doubted, we are inclined to believe, that the original object of the conjoint constitutional provisions, to which we have alluded, concerning the power of the government over the circulating medium, was to take from the States the control over the currency of the country; and that all paper issues, moreover, of every description, were included in the prohibition. A common currency is as important to the convenience, and well-being, and even to the social existence of a community, it is no extravagance to say, as a common air or language. The question has lately been started in

an important form from a high quarter, for the first time after the usage and practice of half a century, — or more singularly still, it is hardly admitted to be any question at all, — whether the government, that is to say Congress, is under any obligation to provide a medium of Exchange for men in business. It had been previously remarked, in a published communication from the same distinguished source, of a less grave and weighty character, that the inquiry, whether the founders of the constitution also designed to divest the States of their antecedent right to incorporate banks, would now be more curious than useful; as that matter, so far as relates to the mere question of power, must be regarded, it is observed, as settled in favor of the continued authority of the States. And we have no disposition to controvert this proposition. It is stated, to be sure, and admitted as a necessary consequence in delivering the opinion of the court, by Mr. Justice McLean, in the Bank of Kentucky case, that if the entire control of the currency, paper as well as metallic, was intended to be given to Congress, and that if, moreover, the conclusion is a sound one, that a State cannot do indirectly what it is prohibited from doing directly, it must follow, that all banks incorporated by a State are unconstitutional. But the idea is considered at once so startling, as striking a deadly blow against the State banks, which contained a capital of near four hundred million of dollars, and supply in fact at this moment almost the whole circulating medium of the country, that the court shrunk, not without reason, from coming to so sweeping a conclusion; and they well say, that a uniform course of action, involving the right to the exercise of so important a power by the State governments for half a century, and that, as they observe, almost without question, is no unsatisfactory evidence, that "the power is rightfully exercised." But while stating this prudent result with this laudable caution and discretion, they judiciously avoid pressing it into the service of their final decision in this immediate case then before them. In point of fact, however, it is certain that this power had been drawn in question with great weight both of intellectual and constitutional authority. But on the other hand, as no seasonable means were employed to arrest this exercise of power on the part of the States until it had got to such a head, and the matter had become of so much magnitude, and the habit so much fixed in the actual condition of the body politic, — the usage itself had become so inveter-

ate, and the interest created under it so vast and universal, and its ramifications extended so far and wide into all the concerns of the community, — that the theoretic problem was obliged to be regarded, in its political sense, as having received this practical solution ; and those who strove in vain to reconcile it to the text and spirit of the constitution, looking at its positive provisions and prohibitions upon the subject, despaired of reducing the practice to the prescription. It was one of those strong kinds of cases which finally make their own law, and which sustain the sturdy Saxon maxim of the law, *communis error facit jus.* All this must be acknowledged at the present day, whatever might once have been the true course of action and opinion, to have been equally the just dictate of good sense and of patriotic submission, which consoles itself for an unquestionable departure from the intention of the constitution, by the reflection, that it cannot now be altered and recalled without a serious and wide-spread injury to the whole community. For it is vain to say, that the States have not thus legalized a currency, other than what the constitution proposed; and counter in fact to what it contemplated, as legitimate. But at the same time it is manifest, that the constitution did contemplate the providing of some currency more comprehensive and manageable than coin. And under the combined and self-adjusted system of national and State institutions for this purpose, — similar and congenial in some measure to our general political institutions, — it is now pretty universally confessed, that we have hitherto realized as sound and wholesome a currency as any country has ever enjoyed. Still there is some point at which departure should stop. And we may read a lesson, if it be not too late, in this very decision of the Bank of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, of the proclivity which error acquires, and the power by which it propagates itself, when it abandons the polarity of principle, and wanders from its magnetic path, — both from the difficulty of recovering a light that has been lost, and from the natural tendency to go on and increase a divergency that has once commenced. The transition again from a mere State government institution, establishing a vicious currency, to a pure national government system of finance having nothing to do with currency, and simply providing for all payments in which the government is concerned in gold and silver, may not be very violent ; and both equally wide from the genius and object of

the constitution. To abandon the currency to the States may well be one step to the government's confining itself to coin in its own operations, and detaching its own interests and sympathies from those of the whole community. But things that are so thoroughly knit together in the economy and habits of society, cannot be either prudently or safely put asunder.

We do not exactly know how far it may be liable to be considered more curious than useful, to advert here to the political history of another great kindred constitutional question; but our reflections are unavoidably called, in this connexion, to the very remarkable fate of an important institution for the management of the financial concerns of the country, at the distant and dispersed points of the Union, over which the government was to spread, and one essential in its qualities and functions, of whatever modification it may be proved susceptible in its form and organization, to the operations and success of the government itself. This institution was, in fact, originally a vital organ of the government, established by the First Congress of the United States, by a legislative act almost coeval with the constitution, in perfect accordance with its character and provisions, upon the clearest convictions of its consistency and of its necessity. The conclusion on this last ground was then, and must now be admitted to have been, irresistible. It was directed also, with special reference, as the act itself recites, to aiding and benefiting the commerce and industry of the country; and it was finally adopted, as is well known, upon the slow, cautious, deliberate, and conscientious consideration of the first Executive, a name acknowledged by all mankind to be worthy of the most profound veneration; and to which was added, by this act, a new title to the appellation of Father of his Country. It has received the confirmation of successive Congresses, under all the administrations of the federal governments, together with an ample and entire renovation of its existence and faculties, after all the varied, instructive experience of peace and war; and this upon the recommendation of the most calm and sage of the succeeding chief magistrates, who was a sincere convert to its accordance with the instrument of which he was one of the most effective framers and authoritative expounders. And it has enjoyed a duration, — with but a temporary and most eloquent interruption, bating also the present expressive period to it, — almost equal to the whole time of the government. It

may be deemed to impart something also to the force of this statement, even in the way of fact, that the constitutionality of the establishment, being drawn into direct judicial examination, was strengthened by all the sanctions it could receive from successive judgments of the national Supreme Court, after the most strenuous arguments in opposition, and upon the fullest consideration of all the grounds, which could bear upon the question. If any further test could be required, after all these solemn and conclusive determinations, to the wisdom and essential fitness of such an establishment to the constitution of the country, it is furnished by the present condition of the community, laboring under the total disorganization of the currency, which prevails throughout the Union, and which has produced almost a social disorganization of the Union itself. It fixes a seal to the prophetic and statesmanlike prudence and sagacity, in which the scheme was conceived and originated. It amounts to a demonstration, derived from universal suffering under the practical consequences of the abrogation of this constitutional authority, which all other argument and authority in the world could not have afforded beforehand, and which nothing short of this disastrous and overwhelming result could have produced. The consequences speak for themselves, and they speak volumes. It may be said, that human reason hardly admits of any conclusion more absolute.

It cannot but be permitted, if we are not obliged, to pause and behold where we are upon this point. A common and universal currency, we repeat, is as important to the social existence of a community as the element we breathe, or the language in which we communicate and interchange our sentiments with our fellow-beings. The power to regulate and control the representative medium of value, which circulates through the veins, and even the nervous filaments, of society; which runs along with the minuter capillary threads, while it fills and sustains the grand arterial veins of the system; is one most assuredly of a vital character at once to the organs of the government, and to the active functions of the community, in all the various concerns of life and commerce. It

> "Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
> Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

This is a power which we both admit and affirm to be analogous, in a general sense, to that which was maintained by the

opinion and judgment of the Supreme Court, in the case of the Rhode Island Bank, referred to in the decision of the Charlestown and Warren Bridge question ; to the power, that is to say, to assess the portions of the community with the expenses necessary for the support of government. In regard to such a power it may well be said, in the language of Chief Justice Marshall, that, as the whole community is interested in retaining it undiminished, that community is entitled to the strongest presumption in favor of its preservation, and against its abandonment. Akin to a power of this description, in its nature and importance to the well-being and intercourse of society, and to the carrying on of government itself, we maintain, is the employment of a faculty of some kind, we say not how similar to, or nearly the same with, the institution which has been tried and swept away, to aid in conducting the finances, and equalizing the exchanges, and compensating the industry of the country. And we cannot but perceive, that we have arrived at an extraordinary pass in the affairs of the country, in the first place, when the power to create a United States Bank, — a question that was settled in the outset of the government, when the spirit of the constitution was fresh and active, and when was the time to determine the point at once and for ever, and settled with the sanctions of all the branches of government, and the benefits derived from an experience of forty years, not only it may be said with the general acquiescence, but almost the universal gratitude of the community, — for those who have not ceased to question its speculative constitutionality, have not refused to acknowledge its beneficence, — we have arrived, we repeat, at a remarkable pass in this respect, when this power is politically repudiated, and the power not merely to create State banks, but to allow States to issue their own paper, through their own corporate offices, or whatever instrumentality or machinery, whether with or without vaults for the precious metals, — but through institutions in which they are exclusively concerned, — is affirmed in its most unlimited extent. We say unlimited, for although the Court do not deal in unmeasured terms, still it is obvious how consecutively and deductively one decision of this nature becomes the foundation and precedent of another ; and this last decision does undoubtedly furnish a simple recipe for the establishment of a State institution for issuing bills of credit, under which all the real effect of the former judgment

against this practice in the case of the State of Missouri, must necessarily melt away. By this determination, the Court has undoubtedly contributed to weaken and relax the obligations of the constitution upon Congress to make effectual provision for the currency of the Union; and has testified its concurrence in the existing economy and policy on this subject, on the part of the States. We do not absolutely say, although there would be a good deal to support the conclusion, that the two powers cannot coexist, to wit, in Congress to establish a national bank, and in States to establish banks entirely their own, like that of Kentucky, for instance; and although the Court has not discarded its decision upon the prior point of an United States Bank, and there is nothing in terms to prevent Congress from exercising what remains of its authority upon this head, yet it must be felt, that what is left is mutilated and impaired, and that the original power of Congress over the subject, is virtually paralyzed and prostrated.

It must be obvious, it appears to us, that there may be some inconsistency in the two powers, on the part of Congress and the States, to establish such institutions in immediate relation to their own governments. For if there be such a power in a State to establish a pure institution of its own, upon its own credit, it must necessarily exist as a sovereign power, which the State itself again is interested in maintaining undiminished, and against which, no presumption can operate; and which the State may claim to exercise, therefore, independently of any control of Congress over the currency. — But we are not anxious to pursue this theme so far as to be obliged to realize the final force of the conclusion to which it leads. We must be blind indeed to the signs of the times, not to perceive the coöperation of a variety of unfavorable causes to the preservation of the constitutional power of Congress on this subject, or what has hitherto been regarded as such. We have observed the reported declaration of a respectable Senator from Virginia (Mr. Rives), that the provisions of the constitution upon this head, had become incapable of execution. It has been proclaimed, also, as we well know, from high political authority, as a matter of sincere belief, that the public funds can be as safely and conveniently transported from one portion of the Union to another, that domestic exchanges can be as successfully and cheaply effected, and that the currency was at least as sound, under the existing system

of State banks, as these objects could be accomplished by a national one. And this declaration has been followed by another in quite as authoritative a form, that there was no political obligation upon government to assist individuals in the transfer of their funds, except through the post-office, any more than there was to provide means for the conveyance of merchandise. None of these things can escape common observation. But it is matter of painful regret, to perceive how fatally the two principal powers of the government, independent of the legislature, namely, the executive and the judiciary, have recently concurred, we are very far from saying conspired, in legitimating the catastrophe which has been brought about, to the currency of the community. We cannot but see here, that the spirit of the constitution has been rebuked within its own temple ; and if it is not subdued and reduced to the ancient spirit of the revolutionary era, how near we are again brought back to the verge of it, when States may not only establish and legalize a local currency, but when it becomes, in effect, under the prevailing practical interpretation of that instrument, the only true and constitutional currency.

We may be pardoned to say a word, in passing, concerning another political phenomenon connected with the vestiges of the olden time. We mean to refer to the curious mutation which has taken place in regard to the precedent of the old Bank of North America, which took its charter first from the old Congress under the Confederation, and then quietly accepted one from the State of Pennsylvania. The original sanction derived to a federal institution, from the authority of the old confederation itself, in the first place, has gone for nothing. The State principle of power upon that point, has again prevailed ; and the instance of the old bank of North America, under its Pennsylvania charter, is adduced with that of the old Massachusetts Bank in Boston, by the Supreme Court of the United States, in their late opinion in the Kentucky cases, as establishing the foundation of their opinion of the practical constitutionality of State banks. While now, on the other hand, we see the late United States Bank, which has retreated back and sought shelter under the ancient covert, pursued *ad internecionem*, for the imputed offence of its original national character.

We cannot refrain from adding a further remark touching

the singular oscillation in respect to the final prevalence of the majority principle. And it certainly comes to a strange conclusion, that the concurrence of a succession of majorities, through a long series of years, upon one point, manifested through all the organic forms of the government, and even the long course of popular elections, and ratified by every species of representative expression, should all go for nothing, and be considered as defeated by a sudden outbreak and burst of public favor towards an eminent individual. It is strange doctrine, certainly, that the extreme exercise of an extraordinary power, the executive veto, should have the effect of determining, or even opening a long-settled constitutional question; and that such an issue should be considered as decided by the result of a single, or a short course of electioneering campaigns. — Again, we will briefly observe, that it is a very different original question, whether Congress should be considered to have a universal power to establish corporations, even for all purposes within the grand scope of its general powers, and whether it shall be deprived of this faculty for carrying into effect an essential principle, of the government, and to the welfare of the community. We fully agree in all the importance attributed by the present Chief Justice of the Court in regard to the maintenance of such a general principle. Nothing can be more sound in its proper application. Nothing more salutary and conservative in its legitimate operation. — So far as questions of the kind agitated in this volume may be considered as determined by regular and "stated appeals to public approbation," it might perhaps be regretted, that the Court could not have waited a while longer for public opinion to rally its moral force, and arouse itself to the rescue.

It is too plain to escape observation, that the volume before us exhibits a remarkable diversity of opinion among the members of the Court, not only as to the extent of former decisions, but even as to the very grounds on which they had been determined. It is apparent, that there was a more than usual difference, perfectly amicable and respectful certainly among themselves, not only as to the consequences, but as to the character, of prior judgments, to which some of the same members of the Court had been parties, and others had not. And we are here led to venture a remark in regard to a point upon which we have long been pondering. We believe that

the professional part of the public, and all critical jurists especially, have been struck with a novelty and peculiarity in the manner of Mr. Peters' marginal notes, or abstracts, as they are denominated, of cases determined in his reports. These notes are not the pure chemical extracts of the cases decided, if we may use that expression. They are not confined to those mere statements of points, either actually decided, or essentially involved in the judgments, and which constitute the placita of the elder books and abridgments. But they are large and copious extracts, in the literal sense of the word, setting forth, paragraph by paragraph, frequently in the very phraseology, *ipsissimis verbis*, and that not always the most purely judicial diction, the sentiments of the Court, and not unfrequently the identical train of reasoning of the individual judge, who is called upon to deliver the opinion of the Court. The inference which we have rather been led to draw from this habit of the reporter, is, that there is nothing strictly extrajudicial understood by him to be contained in the opinion pronounced in the name of the Court ; that the premises are settled as well as the conclusion, and that deliberate expressions, gravely adopted and approved, are not to be treated as mere *obiter dicta*, in any future discussions on the same subjects. We are not disposed to insist absolutely, or very strongly, on the soundness of such a deduction. But in this mode, it is very obvious, that supposing the train of opinion coming from the Court, to be uniform and consistent, the most elaborate and authentic exposition would be obtained of the true constitutional law of the country, as well as of its general municipal system. Such a work, it is evident, might be in a great measure made, if, indeed, we might not already deem one completed, by the employment of such materials ; and by this means, were there no signs nor circumstances to the contrary, we might now be deemed to be already in possession of a very respectable system of constitutional hermeneutics.

It must be owned, that the idea of such a constitutional harmony, must be a good deal marred by the appearance of the present volume. Nor is it to be inferred, that there has been any absolute monotony to the present moment. There are some general remarks, of Mr. Justice Baldwin, in one of the reported cases, touching a diversity, which he conceived to exist between certain decisions of the Court, on which

we have here no occasion to comment, that it may not be out of the way to quote.

"I freely admit that a court may and ought to revise its opinions, when, on solemn and deliberate consideration, they are convinced of their error. It is often done, though never without the fullest investigation; even then, one decision does not settle the law; when they are contradictory, the matter is open for future research. There is no more certainty that a last opinion is more correct than the first. Generally speaking, a construction of a law nearest the time of its passage, is most respected; and is adhered to, though there may be doubts about it, on the principle of 'stare decisis.' But it is believed to be unprecedented, to consider a subsequent decision that omits any reference to prior ones, and from some cause overlooks them, though they are in point, and by a court of the last resort, as having settled the law. If, however, such is the rule, it necessarily follows, that it can only remain until another last decision shall be made, restoring the old law, or making a new version of it.

"A judge who, in 1835, was at liberty to make a last construction of a law, is certainly as free in 1837, as he was two years before. The very principle of this case is, that the prior decisions, though unanimous, are not binding; the next, in point of time, by a divided court, can then be of no more authority; and *a fortiori*, one such opinion cannot outweigh three contrary ones, unless every last decision has the same effect, whenever a present majority may think fit to make one." — p. 400.

It cannot be concealed in point of fact, that we have fallen under a new dispensation in respect to the judiciary. It cannot be disguised that it has taken a new and decided direction, or rather departure. The difference amounts to something more than ordinary variation. The loadstone has lost something of its polarity. New points of observation have been discovered and pursued, distinct from the astronomical north. Whether the judiciary has any proper volition or not, it is quite plain that it has acquired a new inspiration and impulse. What was the law of the court upon some important points remains so no longer. Within a brief space we have seen the highest judicial corps of the Union wheel about in almost solid column, and retread some of its most important steps. It is quite obvious, that old things are passing away. The authority of former decisions, which had long been set as landmarks in the law, is assailed and overthrown, by a steady, destructive

aim, from the summit of that strong-hold, within which they had been entrenched and established. For it is a notable feature in this judicial revolution, that it goes not merely to shake the authority of former opinions, but to subvert that of former judgments in constitutional cases. A single, or perhaps a second decision, of a somewhat different type or complexion from that of former opinions, might not be considered as settling the question concerning a positive change in the character of the court upon these points; but consecutive opinions, within so short a compass, all of the same cast,—all at least of the same aspect, all certainly imbued with one spirit,—seem to give a determination to the doings of the tribunal, for the time being, that leaves little room for further doubts or conjecture. Upon one or another of the opinions upon constitutional points contained in the present volume, there might be more or less possible variety of individual impression entertained, how far it involved the necessary conclusion of a final abandonment of the former fixed and established constitutional doctrines of the court; but taking them all together, the matter is left in very little doubt. Whatever difference of judgment there might be as to the detail, there cannot be much in regard to the sum total. From either two of the remarkable decisions in this volume there would be no difficulty in deducing the third; that is to say, in divining, if it would require any divination, what it would be. It is very remarkable, also, that all the principles yielded by these decisions, either have relation to the sovereign powers of the Union, or to the very essence of social obligation. There are obvious reasons enough for not exaggerating inferences of an unfavorable kind, in regard to the present or future condition of the judiciary, but we can hardly avoid the reluctant impression, that it has already capitulated to the spirit of the old confederation; and that we are fast returning, among other things, to an old continental currency, and to what were once denominated, moreover, anti-federal doctrines. Under the progressive genius of this new judicial administration we can see the whole fair system of the constitution beginning to dissolve, like the baseless fabric of a vision; and we may well seem to say, in view of all the toil, and service, and sacrifice of the past, *ibi omnis effusus labor!* Nor can we regard it as greatly relieving or consoling this conclusion, that the new set of doctrines, thus broadly pronounced from the same constitu-

tional oracle, should have been enunciated with the dignified weight derived not only from elevated station and official sanction, but from high endowments also of intellectual and moral worth, with large accessions of legal and literary talent, and all the varied accomplishments of polished and profound learning.

It cannot of course escape notice and remembrance, that in two, out of three constitutional judgments in this volume, if no more, as it appears upon the face of them, that of Chief Justice Marshall was different; and had he survived, it would have been in all probability, and we may indeed say certainty, only to have delivered the dissenting opinions. This duty devolved, in regard to all three of those leading cases, principally upon Mr. Justice Story, to whose lot it thus fell, with a most appropriate felicity, to pay at once this parting tribute to the cherished memory of that great and spotless magistrate, and to pronounce their common sentiments in respect to the cardinal principles of that beneficent and beautiful system, which they had so long and so cordially coöperated together in the same sphere to uphold, and establish, and preserve. This profound and reverential feeling is expressed, not without sufficient modesty, and yet firmness, as well as feeling, in the concluding, and as it were valedictory portion, of the dissenting opinion in the Kentucky case; in which he touches upon the circumstances under which he was left to perform this mournful, but not silent duty, in the following emphatic and expressive strain.

"I am conscious that I have occupied a great deal of time in the discussion of this grave question; a question, in my humble judgment, second to none which was ever presented to this Court, in its intrinsic importance. I have done so, because I am of opinion, (as I have already intimated,) that upon constitutional questions, the public have a right to know the opinion of every judge who dissents from the opinion of the Court, and the reasons of his dissent. I have another and strong motive; my profound reverence and affection for the dead. Mr. Chief Justice Marshall is not here to speak for himself; and knowing full well the grounds of his opinion, in which I concurred, that this act is unconstitutional, I have felt an earnest desire to vindicate his memory from the imputation of rashness, or want of deep reflection. Had he been living, he would have spoken in the joint names of both of us. I am sensible that I have not done that justice to his opinion, which his own great mind and exalted

talents would have done. But with all the imperfections of my own efforts, I hope that I have shown that there were solid grounds on which to rest his exposition of the constitution."— p. 350.

ART. VIII. — *Tales from the German.* Translated by NATHANIEL GREENE. Boston; American Stationers' Company. 1837. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 355 and 352.

THIS is the unpretending title of a work, given to the public by one of our own townsmen, a few weeks since. Though styled by the translator "Tales," they might well be called Novels, or Romances; for the first of the series occupies a whole volume, of as portly dimensions as would suffice for a brace of Bulwer's or D'Israeli's manufacture. Of the numerous contributions to the stores of fiction, with which the press has teemed of late, we have met with none more to our taste than this, or which is calculated to excite a livelier interest in the reader; a merit which must be shared between the author and the translator. It is a higher effort to translate well a work of fiction, especially one abounding in colloquial dialogue and local allusions, than a work of sober science, where the terms readily find corresponding equivalents in our own language. The translator of fiction has the difficult task, if he would maintain the interest of his original, of clothing all the peculiar sentiments and images of a foreign nation in the familiar diction of his own. If he fail in the former particular, the work loses its originality and truth; if in the latter, it will have a forced and formal air, fatal to interest. In whichever way he fails, the flavor of the original, like a fine essence imprisoned in a foul vase, will be spoiled.

A translation, skilfully executed, has, to a certain extent, as far as the public is concerned, a superiority over a native composition; since it makes us acquainted with the peculiarities of the nation to which the original belongs, more intimately and faithfully, than could be obtained from any similar production of our own. It is in literature, what a sensible foreigner who speaks our language fluently is in society, the very best source of information respecting the manners and usages of his own country.

Among the fruits, and the evidences, of that wider attention to the literatures of other countries, which distinguishes the present day, is the translation, both here and in England, of many of the most popular foreign authors. None of the English writers have done the public better service in this way than Mr. Thomas Roscoe, who has selected with taste, and translated with considerable skill, some of the most interesting fictions of the Spanish, Italian, and German Novelists. From the latter he has made very liberal selections, from the old times of "Reynard the Fox" down to the writings of Tieck and Langbein, our own contemporaries. In this list, however, we find none of the compositions of Van der Velde, one of the most agreeable and popular authors of the present century; — we might have added, in any other country than that where the writers seem to think in quartos, one of the most voluminous. His works, published at Dresden in 1824, the year of his death, amount to five and twenty volumes. A Life of the Author is incorporated in this edition. A briefer notice of him and his labors, is inserted in the German "Conversations-Lexicon," which, as it was too long for translation in the American edition of that work, we will give to our readers here. We recommend to Mr. Greene, to prefix to a subsequent edition of his book, a biographical sketch of his author, whose writings cannot be perused without exciting a natural desire to become acquainted with something of his personal history.

"Francis Charles Van der Velde was born at Breslau in 1779, and was educated there, at the Magdalen and Frederick schools. In his thirteenth year he lost his father, who had an office in the Chamber of Stamps at Berlin. In 1797, and the following year, he studied law at Frankfort on the Oder. He afterwards held several offices connected with the administration of justice, at Breslau, Winzig, and Zobten. He died at Breslau on the 6th of April, 1824. Between 1809 and 1814, he published various poems and tales in the journals, and wrote several pieces for the theatre, one of which is 'The Bohemian Amazons.' He finally devoted himself entirely to novel-writing. His larger tales began to appear in 1817; and he became the favorite of the reading world. His first series of tales is 'The Minerals,' in three volumes. Then followed 'Prince Frederick,' 'The Conquest of Mexico,' 'The Maltese,' 'The Lichtensteiner,' 'The Anabaptists,' 'The Patricians,' 'Arwed Gyllenstierna,' 'The Wish of Kanku,' 'The Theatre of Lovers,' 'The Bohemian

Maidens' War,' 'The Horoscope,' 'Christina and her Court,' and 'The Embassy to China.' Van der Velde has been called, but improperly, the German Walter Scott; for in Scott's stories the romance is subsidiary, in Van der Velde's it is the main object. Scott's scenes are intended to illustrate certain historical periods. Van der Velde throws an historical air over his novels, only to give more interest to his characters and story. He has drawn fully half his materials from other than German sources. The scene is sometimes on the borders of Norway, sometimes in Mexico, sometimes in Corsica, at the Cape, in China; and he is skilful in preserving the local coloring, in bodying forth the style of thought and action belonging to the times and places selected, and in giving individuality to his characters."

The application of the name of Walter Scott may seem somewhat overstrained; as, indeed, to whom could it be applied without appearing so? The German Novelist, however, must be admitted to show great variety, and much truth and spirit, in his draughts of character, especially of those of his own countrymen, the subjects of his more intimate observation. He abounds in fine touches of pathos, which go direct to the heart; and if he sometimes, with somewhat of a national failing, oversteps the precise limits of probability, or of good taste, he has given a sombre and terrible coloring to some of his scenes, which takes powerful hold on the imagination. The stories which Mr. Greene has selected for his purpose are, "Arwed Gyllenstierna," taking up a whole volume, "The Lichtensteins," "The Anabaptist," (which the translator has substituted for the plural in the original,) and "The Sorceress." The scene of the first of these is laid at the period of Charles the Twelfth's death. We have spirited portraits of the Swedish monarch, of Ulrica, his ambitious successor, and of the celebrated Baron Swedenborg. But the chief interest of the romance is derived from the character of Arwed, a bold and precipitate young cavalier, whose chivalrous virtues are brought into strong contrast with the cold and prudent policy of the old counsellor, his father. Then we have another interest excited in the persons of two beautiful women; one the heroine, a sort of Flora MacIvor in her way, and the other a counterpart of Di Vernon, with a more liberal dash of the Amazon in her composition,—a lady, in short, who rides with pistols at her saddle-bow, and refreshes herself with a bear hunt before breakfast. The story is enlivened with many touches of feudal grandeur and hos-

pitality, and many stirring incidents, which keep a keen interest awake in the reader. We quote the following extract, giving a slight sketch of the celebrated Charles the Twelfth, whose name is as familiar to the English reader as any of the line of British monarchs.

"'Arwed followed the general. The door of the royal chamber at that moment opened. A man was standing by a table, upon which were lying a Bible, a map of Norway, and a plan of Frederickshall. His blue, unornamented riding-coat, with large brass buttons, his narrow black neck stock, his thin locks, which bristled in every direction, the broad, yellow, leather shoulder-band, from which his long sword depended, and his large cavalry boots, would have led to the conclusion that he was a subaltern officer, — but his tall, noble figure, his beautiful forehead, his large, soft, blue eyes, and his well-formed nose, gave to his whole appearance something so majestic, and so highly distinguished him from two embroidered, starred, and ribboned lords who were with him in the room, that Arwed instantly recognised his hitherto unknown king.

"'The trenches opened on the fourth,' said the king, fretfully tracing upon the plan with his finger. 'They ought to be further advanced!'

"'Certainly, your majesty!' answered Arwed's protector, in a sad tone. 'One feels tempted to believe that he who conducts these works either cannot or will not advance them, and it must be conceded that colonel Megret understands his business.'

"'I know what you would say, Duecker,' said Charles, with a severe countenance. 'But I will give you a useful lesson. You must not speak ill of any one when you are speaking with your king.'

"Making an effort to suppress his feelings, and followed by the scornful smile of the eldest prince, Duecker retired, — whilst the other, a youth of about Arwed's age, amused himself with examining the new comer with a far from becoming hauteur.

"The king, following the glance of his nephew, perceived Arwed, and advanced towards him.

"'Who?' asked he, with some embarrassment.

"'Gyllenstierna,' answered Arwed, with a profound inclination; 'a Swedish nobleman, who begs of your majesty that he may be permitted to fight under your banners.'

"'Count Gyllenstierna?' inquired Charles, leaning on his giant sword. 'The father is a determined opponent of my administration!' said he to his brother-in-law, as Arwed bowed affirmatively, and a convulsive smile distorted the lips of his well-formed mouth.

"'Yet full of devotion for his king and his native land!' earnestly interposed Arwed, 'if your majesty will but permit his son to prove it.'

"The king gave him a complacent look. 'I am now about to take the battery called the Golden Lion from the Danes,' said he; 'you can remain by my side.'

"'Heaven reward your majesty!' cried Arwed, in ecstasies, and seized the hand of the hero to kiss it.

"'I like not that,' said the king, hastily withdrawing his hand, — and at that moment adjutant-general Siquier, a slender Frenchman, with a cunning but wasted face, entered the room.

"'Every thing is in readiness for the attack, your majesty!' announced he.

"'God with us, comrades!' exclaimed the king, putting on his immense gauntlets of yellow leather.

"'This attack will cost many men!' said Duecker, in an under-tone to the young duke.

"'O!' whispered Siquier, who overheard the remark, 'a great French general, under whom I once served, was accustomed to say before the slaughter, "If God will but remain neutral to-day, then shall these Messieurs be finely flogged."'

"The king, who was already at the door, once more returned. 'Your great general,' said he to Siquier, — indignant at the quotation of the irreverent speech, — 'spoke then like a great fool!'

"With a countenance which badly concealed his rage at this unexpected reproof, Siquier cast down his eyes, and the warriors silently followed their heroic leader." — pp. 27 – 29.

Of all the tales, "The Lichtensteins" is, on the whole, most to our taste. At least, with some blemishes of extravagance, it affords the most lovely and engaging pictures of the national character. It is a tale of the Thirty Years' War, in the early part of the seventeenth century; and among the victims of military oppression in that lawless period, the author has depicted the character of a German woman of the middling class in society, Katharine Tessel, who displays such purity and heroic constancy, softened by so much feminine sweetness, and by such a frank and amiable simplicity, truly national, as makes one sigh it should be all a dream. But we refer the reader to the work itself; for it is as fruitless to attempt giving an idea, by mere description, of a spirited portraiture in fiction, as in painting.

We have but a few remarks to add, respecting the execution of the translation. It is made with uncommon beauty and spirit, the diction fluent, the dialogue natural, and, as far

as we have compared it with the original, the version is eminently faithful. When the translator has deviated, it has generally been by omission, in the desire to present nothing offensive to the American reader. We have particularly noticed this in the story of "The Anabaptist," where the process of purification has been carried on by Mr. Greene with a bold hand, with decided advantage to the morals, and, we may add, without detriment to the interest of the story. The continental writers indulge unrebuked in much greater license in their works of imagination, than is conceded by our own severer standard of morals; although the modern effusions in our language, under the auspices of Bulwer & Co., are fast familiarizing us with models, whose influence may break down this honorable line of demarkation between us. It is a proof of good taste, to say nothing of better motives, in Mr. Greene, that he has carefully softened down, or, where he could not do that, has expunged, such few exceptionable passages as occur in his author. In this way, if his work lose some of its attraction for a morbid imagination, it will gain infinitely more with a higher and better class of readers, and will probably have a wider circulation; since it is thus qualified to form a most pleasing and elegant entertainment of the domestic circle. As such we cordially recommend it. Mr. Greene has been favorably known by his previous translation of Sforzosi's Italian History, for Messrs. Harper's Edition of the Family Library. We hope he will find leisure to continue his literary pursuits, and that, since he has the power, he will also have the inclination, to enrich his native literature by transplanting such beautiful exotics into it, as the "Tales from the German."

ART. IX. — *Antiquitates Americanæ, sive Scriptores Septentrionales Rerum Ante-Columbianarum, in America. Samling af de i Nordens Oldskrifter in deholdte efteretninger om de gamle Nordboers opdagelsereiser til America, fra det* 10*de til det* 14*de Aarhundrede.*
Edidit Societas Regia Antiquariorum Septentrionalium. Hafniæ, 1837. 4to. pp. 479.

THIS is a work of great interest. It has long been expected with impatience. Its editor, Mr. C. C. Rafn, is entitled

to the cordial thanks of the student of the history of American geography, for the learned labor bestowed on the publication ; nor are we less indebted to the Royal Society of Antiquaries at Copenhagen, under whose auspices the work has been brought before the public, and at whose expense the valuable engravings contained in it were executed. It has fallen into our hands, while the last sheets of this number of our Journal are passing through the press. But we are well aware of the curiosity relative to its contents, which has been excited in advance. We have accordingly given it as thorough an examination as we have been able, and hasten to lay the result before our readers. It is a work to be diligently studied rather than eagerly run through ; and our object in this article is not to supersede the necessity of a perusal, but rather, by giving the reading public in general an idea of the richness and importance of the contents of the volume, to induce every one who takes an interest in the history of our geography, to become thoroughly acquainted with it.

No single event in the history of civilization is of equal importance with the discovery of America ; and among the individuals of our race, whose character and achievements have raised them to fame, there is perhaps none more illustrious than Christopher Columbus. What can a mortal man do, which approaches so near the work of his Creator, as to bring an unknown world to the knowledge of his fellow-men? Who among the sons of men has equalled this great exploit, — not by casualty, and happy coincidences, — but with counsel aforethought, on well-weighed grounds, deliberately reasoned out and carried into execution, not under the smiles of patronizing greatness and with the aid of power, but buffeting, toiling, begging his way to success and glory unmatched. The formation of such a character, and the march of such an understanding, in the conception and accomplishment of its great undertaking, are worthy subjects of inquiry. No tale of fiction equals in interest the simple narrative of the adventures of Columbus ; and if one wishes to go farther, and retrace the steps by which he was led to the illustrious vision of a voyage to the East Indies by a western route, — the vision which resulted in the discovery of a new world, — he will find himself engaged in researches of the most curious and instructive character.

Columbus inherited an elder brother's share, — a double

portion, — of the estate of great men, — envy ; envy which nothing could disarm, shame down, or satiate. His brilliant success excited inappeasable hatred, on the part of those who were or were not rivals for the glory and profit of nautical adventure. They resisted him in the outset ; hung like a mill-stone round his neck in his progress ; and poisoned the cup of his enjoyment, to the last drop. They reversed the benediction ; — they turned into bitter ashes the beauty of his achievement, which had enabled Spain to stretch her jurisdiction, like the arch of heaven, over half the globe ; — and instead of the garment of praise, they scourged him home from his world-discovery, clothed in the spirit of heaviness. Before his voyage was undertaken, every imaginable obstacle was thrown in his way. After it was accomplished, while the attempt could be made with any degree of plausibility, the reality of his discovery was denied. When that attempt was baffled by the innumerable proofs, which poured in, (to the astonishment and admiration of Spain and all Europe,) of the certain discovery of mighty regions beyond the ocean, whose inhabitants, animals, and plants differed widely from those of the other hemisphere, then the heartless creatures turned round and maintained that the glorious old Admiral had learned it all from books and elder navigators. Nor was it a life-estate alone, which he held in the malice of his foes. It descended with his name. A perverse and wicked cruelty pursued the very blood of him, who gave a new world to Castile and Leon. But all these poor attempts to blight a peerless reputation, have for ages been buried in the forgotten tombs of their forgotten authors.

We make these remarks in the outset, that we may not leave in doubt for a moment the views we entertain of the title of Columbus to the glory of discovering our continent. It is very far, however, from our intention, to cast reproach on those inquiries, which have been or may be instituted, for the purpose of bringing his mind within the province of the laws which govern the operations of human intellect ; and of showing that it travelled that path of induction, which in most cases has led the understanding to the knowledge of great truths. Such an inquiry, so far from being injurious, is propitious to the renown of a great man ; — since if it should be made to appear conclusively, that none of the elements of his discovery or achievement lay in preëxisting ideas, there would

be great danger of reducing it to an accident. Under the guidance of the learning and sound philosophy of modern scholars, and purified of the unamiable passions which infected too many of the contemporaries and immediate successors of the great discoverer, this inquiry has of late years been pursued with signal success. The recent masterly publication of the Baron Alexander von Humboldt,* though as yet incomplete, has almost exhausted this topic ; and left but little to do, (in reference to the points touched in the volumes hitherto published), in setting forth the extent of the preëxisting knowledge, and, what is of quite as much importance, in such an inquiry, the preëxisting ignorance on the subject of the nations and regions beyond the bounds of the known world. The study of this work shows, that, to use a somewhat mystical language, there was, from the days of Pythagoras down to those of the immortal Admiral himself, a sort of effort of the general intelligence of mankind toward the solution of the great problem, — the discovery of America. This could not but be. In the intellectual as in the natural world, every movement, however slight, every exertion of power, however faint, operates in every direction, and changes, in the language of mechanical philosophy, the relations of every thing else existing. For instance, a single log of wood, carried by the gulf-stream far eastward in the Atlantic, till it was taken up by other currents and thrown upon the shores of Europe, would, if observed there by any person capable of recognising it as a production not known to exist in the old world, produce an effect, (certainly a very slight one in the single case,) which could never be exhausted ; — that is to say, the mind of Europe to the end of time must, in reference to the question of extra-European regions, be in a somewhat different position from what it would have been, but for the phenomenon alluded to. We repeat, the effect of a single incident of this or any other like kind, must be infinitesimally small ; but yet there would be an effect. When we consider, that the sphericity of the earth was known to the earliest Greek philosophers ; that the Ferro islands, Ireland, the western coast of

* *Examen critique de l'Histoire de la Géographie du Nouveau Continent et des Progrès de l'Astronomie Nautique aux quinzième et seizième Siècles, par* Alexandre de Humboldt. The two first volumes only of the four of which this interesting work is to consist, have appeared. The publication of the residue is expected with impatience.

Africa as far down as Cape Non, — to say nothing of the East Indies, — were certainly visited by Carthaginian navigators, it is hard to say whether the discovery of America by Columbus, or its non-discovery for the two thousand years that preceded him, is the most wonderful. In this, as in many other things, pertaining to the intellectual and moral efforts of man, when we reflect upon his powers, his destiny, his motives, it is his ignorance and his degradation, and not his mighty achievements, which need to be explained ;—

> " in our *proper motion* we ascend,
> Descent to us is adverse." —

To this general, and if we may so say, unconscious preparation for the discovery of America by Columbus, belong the facts and traditions connected with a reputed prior discovery of the continent from the north of Europe, a subject on which the volume before us has collected the original documents and thrown a new light. There is, of course, no novelty in the general proposition. The tradition to that effect is familiar to the reading world, from all the popular works relative to the discovery of Columbus, and the history of America. It will be sufficient to allude to J. Reinhold Forster's " History of the Voyages and Discoveries made in the North," to Dr. Robertson's " History of America," to the first article in Dr. Belknap's " American Biography," to the thirteenth article of the Appendix to Mr. Irving's " Life of Columbus," and to Mr. Wheaton's " History of the Northmen." Forster is the authority principally followed by subsequent writers. The general purport of the traditions is, that about the beginning of the eleventh century of our era, some portion of the Atlantic coast of North America was discovered by Norwegian navigators sailing from Greenland ; that they touched at various parts of the coast, and finally made a settlement upon it ; that they called the portion, where this settlement was made, Vinland or Wineland, from the abundance of wild grapes which it produced ; that in the twelfth century, a missionary enterprise was undertaken from Greenland to America, for the purpose of converting the inhabitants to Christianity ; and that after an intercourse kept up with the American continent for three centuries, the colonial establishments either became amalgamated with the native population, or from other causes disappeared, till the existence of Vinland was forgotten in Europe. Such in general is the tradition. Forster cites for it the two works of

Torfæus, viz. *Veteris Groenlandiæ Descriptio*, *Hafniæ*, 1706, and *Historia Vinlandiæ Antiquæ*, *Hafniæ*, 1705; the Ecclesiastical History of Adam of Bremen; and *Arngrim Jonas' Specimen Islandiæ Historicum*, and alludes in general "to many other writings." * These authorities, with the exception of Adam of Bremen, (of whom we shall have a word or two more to say presently,) are of course all at second hand. The original authorities for the alleged discovery of America by the Northmen, were understood to exist in numerous manuscripts, written in the ancient Icelandic language, preserved principally in the Danish libraries, and for the most part hitherto unpublished.

Although there is nothing averred in this traditionary account, which transcends the bounds of possibility, there were of course several questions, which immediately presented themselves, well entitled to an answer, before we admitted its truth; — and to which, till the appearance of the volume before us, there was, beyond the limits of Denmark, and to persons unacquainted with the ancient Icelandic tongue, no ready method of obtaining an answer. Till very lately, if we mistake not, the general inclination of the popular mind, in the reading community, was against the reality of this Scandinavian ante-Columbian discovery of America. Mr. Irving expresses himself with distrust on the subject, although he admits that there is no great improbability, "that such enterprising and roving voyagers as the Scandinavians may have wandered to the northern shores of America, about the coast of Labrador, or the shores of Newfoundland." † Messrs. Leslie, Jameson, and Murray, in their "Discovery and Adventures in the Polar Seas and Regions," reject the opinion of a visit to any part of our coast by the Norwegians. They explain the traditions on the hypothesis, that the first discoveries of Greenland, made by the Norwegians, were in a high northern latitude, and that Vinland was but another and a more southern portion of the same territory.‡ Mr. Bancroft adopts this opinion, and states, that

* J. R. Forster's Voyages and Discoveries in the North, (English translation from the German,) p. 87.

† Life of Columbus, American Edition, Vol. III. p. 294.

‡ Discovery and Adventures in the Polar Seas and Regions, p. 87. American Edition. The editors of this work state, that they have formed their opinion "after a careful examination of the authorities"; but they do not enter into any particulars.

he has been led to it by the perusal of the original Saga itself, in the Latin version.*

On the other hand, to say nothing of J. Reinhold Forster, an authority, however, by no means to be contemned, M. Malte-Brun entertains no doubt on the subject. After giving a brief abstract of the tradition, he adds, "to entertain a doubt of the truth of accounts so simple and probable would be an excess of skepticism; and if we admit them, it is in vain to look for Vinland, except on the coast of North America. That part of the world, then, was discovered by Europeans, five centuries before Columbus; and this discovery, the first of which there is historical proof, was not perhaps wholly unknown to the bold and skilful Genoese, who first succeeded in opening a continuous communication between the two hemispheres."† Malte-Brun, in this last suggestion, seems to have had a passage of Ortelius in his mind, who, as long ago as 1570, made the same assertion relative to Columbus. M. de Humboldt, in his work already referred to, quotes the passage from Ortelius, with a censure not less applicable to the remark of Malte-Brun. To the justice of this attempt to detract from the merit of Columbus, on the score of the prior discoveries of the Norwegians, we shall revert in the sequel. M. de Humboldt, after repeating the purport of the traditions of a Norwegian discovery, with an expression of entire reliance on their general accuracy, judiciously adds; "In this class of events, as in others of a more remote antiquity, we know, so to say, the masses; — the reality of the communications between Greenland and the American continent; but the detail of the events is vague, and often in appearance extraordinary. It is only the learned of Denmark and Norway, who can remove those contradictions of dates and distances, those doubts on the direction and length of the voyages, which present themselves on the face of the spots, described in the *Sagas*."‡ M. de Humboldt distinctly rejects the opinion that Vinland

* History of the United States, Vol. I. p. 6.

† Malte-Brun, *Histoire de la Géographie*, p. 395. It is a great defect, that this admirable sketch of the History of Geography is omitted in the English translation of the *Précis de la Géographie Universelle*, at least in both the American editions. It is the first volume of the original.

‡ Examen Critique, &c., tom. ii. p. 102. We quote the works of Malte-Brun and Humboldt more at length than might otherwise be necessary; not merely on account of their high authority, but also in the belief that very few copies, particularly of the latter, have reached this country.

was the southern part of Greenland, which appears to have originated with Zurla; and adds, (p. 124,) that "the colonization of this peninsula did not proceed from north to south."

Among the questions to which an answer was necessary before the truth of this tradition could be admitted, were those which relate to the Icelandic manuscripts, in which the tradition is contained. What are these manuscripts, where are they preserved, what is their age, and what their claims to authenticity, what is their exact purport, and why are they not published? A want of information on these points, was probably a chief cause of the distrust and doubts entertained on this interesting subject.

Full satisfaction on all these points, as far as it is possible to furnish it, will be found in the volume before us. It presents us with extracts from no less than eighteen ancient authors principally Icelandic; several, containing detailed accounts of the discovery, and all of them allusions to it. Satisfactory information of the genuineness of the manuscripts will also be found in the work, and the question will be found to reduce itself to a pretty simple issue on the credibility of the accounts themselves. It will be our effort, in the residue of the article, to exhibit an analysis of its contents; not, as we have already stated, to the effect of making a study of it unnecessary to all who would attain an intelligent judgment on this curious and interesting subject; but in sufficient detail, to enable the general reader to form a pretty accurate opinion of the substantial merits of the question.

Before proceeding to execute this task, we think a good effect on the reader's mind will be produced by two preliminary reflections. The one regards the character of the people, by whom the discovery is supposed to have been made. Something of the reluctance to admit this discovery which haunts the popular mind, unquestionably springs from a superficial notion of the improbability that a people, locked up, as we almost think them, within the ice-bergs of the north, should have preceded the Genoese, the Venetians, the Spaniards, and Portuguese, in crossing the Atlantic. It happens, however, that at the very period when this discovery is alleged to have been made by the Northmen, and long before, they were, of all the tribes of men, precisely the people most likely to make it. Out of a little speck of a barbarous horde, not important enough to be named by Tacitus in his account of the Germans, there had sprung up, in the course of a few

centuries, that bold, enterprising, warlike race, who, under a strange political organization, in which feudalism, traffic, knight-errantry, and piracy bore equal parts, covered the ocean with their commercial and their naval marine, discovered or colonized, or both, the archipelago of the North, Iceland, and Greenland, the Orkneys, the Shetland Islands, Ireland, and the main of England ; all littoral Germany, the Low Countries, and the northern coast of France ; ravaged the coasts of Spain and France on the Mediterranean ; sacked the cities of Tuscany ; wrested Apulia from the Greek emperors ; made successful war with the pope and the emperor ; established one dynasty in Muscovy ; drove the Saracens out of Sicily, and established another dynasty there ; defeated, in Epirus, the last powerful armies, which were raised by the degenerate Empire of the East ; overran Greece, and carried terror to the walls of Constantinople. Naval skill, experience, and power, were the foundation of this ubiquitous domination. The vessels of the Northmen were substantially built of the most durable timber ; were constructed with covered decks ; and their mariners were the first who learned the art of sailing on a wind. The sea was their home. When the head of a family died, it is said that his sons cast lots for the inheritance. He that gained the lot occupied the paternal estate ; for the rest of the sons,

> "Their march was on the mountain wave,
> Their home was on the deep."

They were among the last of the inhabitants of Europe, who embraced the Christian religion ; and their barbarous faith, their ruthless mode of warfare, and their professed contempt of the laws of nations, which were respected by the population of Christendom, made the names of the Vikingars terrible in the ears of the civilized world. The period assigned for the discovery of our coast, by their navigators, was perhaps that, at which their power was at its height of developement. The cold and cheerless sea, which stretches from the Arctic coast of America to Norway, and the entire expanse of the Atlantic, with its encompassed islands down to the Azores, was one great theatre of their activity. The discovery of America is supposed to have taken place in the year 1000. This was but a century after Rollo made the conquest of Normandy ; in 1060, we find one Norman prince established in Apulia ; and six years after, another conquers Eng-

land, and founds the present line of British sovereigns. It is plain that no achievement of naval adventure, related of such a people, can be considered beyond the line of probability.

Another preliminary remark must be made. The Northmen, though before their conversion to Christianity a barbarous, were by no means an illiterate people; and after their conversion, and adoption of the alphabet of the Christian nations, they became rapidly a reading and a writing people. They were not, indeed, unacquainted with letters, before they were taught the Roman alphabet by the priests; but it does not appear, that the ancient Runic characters were used for any other purpose than inscriptions. But a strong poetical taste and a passion for traditionary and mythical lore, pervaded the northern race. The order of Skalds, or poets, was the immediate depository of the national traditions. They were treated with great consideration, both on account of their office and their rank, for they were of the noble and powerful families. Those of the class, who distinguished themselves for their genius, became the friends and confidential advisers of the kings and earls. They were entertained at court in time of peace; and in battle were stationed where they could witness the exploits which they were to commemorate; in other words, they had the privilege of a position in the hottest of the battle. The existence of this class of men gave a peculiar character to the literature of the North. In the south of Europe, at this period, literature was almost a monopoly of the clergy, and every thing was written in the Latin language. As necessary consequences, most of the writings of that day abound in monkish legends; and what was still more unfavorable to the growth of a vernacular literature, they were a dead letter to the mass of the people. The Skalds were men of the world; — warriors, rovers, chieftains, they mingled in the stir of life; they were trained, not within the cloister, but in the open air of the mountains and the vales, and amidst the wild creations of Arctic nature. After the convulsions of continental Scandinavia, Iceland was their favorite seat, the home of stout-hearted refugees, who made this poor frozen rock the abode of traditionary lore and song. Nature, with a kind of caprice, in reproducing in the polar circle an Ausonian age, associated with it the romantic features of a Campanian region. — Volcanoes flamed up from eternal glaciers; and fountains of boiling water spouted from snow-clad craters. The conversion of the North to Christianity was contemporary with the period to

which the discovery of America is referred ; and with this period commences also the reduction to writing of the mythical and traditionary lore of the Skalds. In 1056, Sæmund Sigfussen was born. The poetic, or elder Edda, was reduced by him to writing, —a collection of the mythological and historical traditions of the North. Ari the Wise was his friend and fellow-student. He composed several works, of some of which fragments are still extant. His accounts extend from the latter part of the ninth century to the beginning of the twelfth, and include the most remarkable events connected with the first settlement of Iceland, the revolutions in its government, the discovery of Greenland, and the introduction of Christianity. A work of this writer, called Landnama-Bok, contains a passage relative to the discovery of Greenland, to which, if our limits permit, we shall allude hereafter. In the next century, (in the year 1178,) Snorre Sturleson was born, whose great national history, *the Heimskringla*, is still preserved, and will presently receive our more particular attention. It will appear from this brief sketch, that, at the very period at which the discovery of America is alleged to have been made by the Northmen, they were rapidly becoming a literary people ; and that with the third generation from the discoverers, a series of national writers of reputation commences, whose works are still preserved, and form a satisfactory basis of authentic history.*

We now proceed to lay before our readers a brief sketch of the historical purport of the documents contained in the volume before us ; and this we have, for the most part, abridged from the abstract in the English language, which occupies a few pages, at the beginning of the work.

In the spring of the year 986, Eric Rauda, that is, Eric the Red, emigrated from Iceland to Greenland, and formed a settlement there called Brattalid, at a place named from himself Ericsfiord. Among those who accompanied him was Heriulf Bardson, who established himself at a place which still bears the name of Heriulfsness. Heriulf had a son named Biarne, Biorne, or (in some modern writers) Biron.† Biarne was

* On the subject of the literature of the Northmen, we have principally followed our accomplished countryman, Mr. H. Wheaton, (minister of the United States at Berlin,) in the fourth and fifth chapters of his valuable "History of the Northmen."

† This is the orthography of Dr. Belknap. See the first article in his "American Biography."

absent on a trading voyage in Norway, when his father accompanied Eric to Greenland. Returning to Iceland in the course of the summer, and finding his father gone, he sailed in pursuit of him, though wholly ignorant of the navigation between Greenland and Iceland. His vessel was soon enveloped in fogs; and after many days' sailing, he knew not whither he had been carried. When the fog cleared up, they found themselves sailing with a southwest wind, and saw land to the left. It was without mountains, overgrown with woods, and rose in several gentle elevations. As it did not correspond with the descriptions of Greenland, the country of which they were in search, they left it to larboard, and continued sailing for two days, when they saw another land, which was flat and overgrown with wood. From thence they stood out to sea, and sailed three days with a southwest wind, when they saw a third land, which was high and mountainous, and covered with glaciers. Coasting along its shore, they discovered that it was an island. They bore away from it without landing, and after four days' sailing with fresh gales, reached Heriulfsness in Greenland. Such is the tradition of Biarne's voyage in 986. If it be considered as authentic, we must suppose, that on sailing from Iceland for Greenland, he was carried by a northeast wind and currents far to the south, till he struck the coast of America; and thence, with an opposite wind, stretched along the shores of Newfoundland and Labrador, till he reached his place of destination in Greenland. Biarne is stated not to have landed on the continent of America.

Some time after this, probably in 994, Biarne made a visit to Eric, earl of Norway; and gave him an account of his voyage, and of the unknown land he had seen. He was censured by the earl, for not having explored the region. On his return to Greenland, a voyage of exploration was determined upon. Leif, a son of Eric the Red, for this purpose bought Biarne's ship, and put on board a crew of twenty-five men, among whom was a German named Tyrker, who had been long attached to the family of Eric. They sailed in the year 1000, and came first to the land which had been last discovered by Biarne. Here they landed. No grass was visible; the shore was lined with icebergs; and the intermediate space between them and the water, was one continuous stratum of slate. This substance is called *Hella* in the Icelandic tongue, and hence the region was named Helluland. The

Editor of the volume before us identifies this region with Newfoundland, on the ground of the length of time, — four days, — passed by Biarne in the first-named voyage, in sailing from this spot to Greenland. It strikes us that the described features of the country correspond more nearly with those of Labrador.

They put out to sea from Helluland, and descried another land, where they also went on shore. It was level, covered with wood, and presented a front of white sand bluffs. This they called MARKLAND, or Woodland. It is supposed by the Editor of the *Antiquitates Americanæ* to have been the coast of Nova Scotia. Again, standing out to sea, they sailed for two days, with a northeast wind, before they saw land again. They then came to an island east of the main, and entered a channel between this island and a promontory projecting in an easterly (or northerly) direction from the main land. They sailed westward; there was much land left dry at ebb-tide. Afterwards they went on shore at a place, where a river, issuing from a lake, fell into the sea. They brought their ship into the river, — thence into the lake, — and there anchored. Here they first constructed temporary huts; but having determined to pass the winter, they erected more permanent buildings, which they called LEIFSBUTHIR, Leif's booths, or huts. Thus established, Leif divided his company into two parties, whose business it was, alternately to watch the settlements, and to explore the country. Upon one occasion the German, Tyrker, failed to return at night, with the exploring party to which he was attached. When at length he came back, he reported that, in his wanderings, he had seen abundance of grapes, with which he was well acquainted in his native land. From this circumstance Leif gave the name of VINLAND, or Wineland, to the country. After passing the winter at this spot, Leif and his party returned to Greenland in the spring. The Editor of the volume before us identifies the island just alluded to with Nantucket, and the region called Vinland with the States of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. In addition to the supposed geographical conformity, he is led to this conclusion, by an astronomical indication, which will be presently stated.

On his return to Greenland, Leif's discovery was the object of much inquiry; and Thorwald, his brother, borrowing Leif's vessel, undertook another voyage in the same direction,

in the year 1002, determined to explore the country further in a southern direction. They reached Vinland before winter, which they passed at Leif's booths, employing themselves in fishing. In the spring of 1003 a party was sent by Thorwald, in the ship's long boat, to explore the country to the south. They passed the summer in this employment, and found the country beautiful and well wooded, with a narrow belt of sand between the forest and the sea. They also encountered many shallows and islands. They found no traces of men, except a shed upon an island lying to the westward.

In the spring of 1004, Thorwald sailed out to the eastward, in the large ship, and then northward past a remarkable headland, enclosing a bay and which was opposite to another headland. They called this Cape KIARLANESS, or the Keel-Cape. Doubling this cape, they skirted the shores, and crossed the inlets, till they came to a projecting promontory, covered with wood. This spot charmed Thorwald; he exclaimed, "This is a beautiful spot, and here I should like to fix my dwelling." As they were preparing to go on board, they noticed three canoes on the beach, and under each canoe three *Skrœllings* or dwarfs, which is the name given by the Northmen to the Esquimaux. A contest ensued, and eight of the nine Skrœllings were killed. The ninth fled into the interior of the bay, from which he soon returned with a vast number of his countrymen. The party of Thorwald retreated to their vessel, and sheltered themselves behind its bulwarks; but Thorwald himself was mortally wounded by an arrow under his arm. Perceiving his wound to be fatal, he said to his companions, "I now advise you to prepare for your departure as soon as possible, but me ye shall bring to the promontory, where I thought it good to dwell. It may be that it was a prophetic word that fell from my mouth, about abiding there for a season. There shall ye bury me and plant a cross at my head, and also at my feet, and call the place KROSSANESS, in all coming time." They obeyed this command. Returning to Leif's booths, they passed the winter there, and the following spring went back to Greenland. The Keel Cape, in the opinion of the Editor of the volume under review, is Cape Cod; and the promontory called Krossaness, from the fate of Thorwald, is either the Gurnet opposite Plymouth, or Point Alderton in Boston harbour.

In the season following these events, Thornstein, the third

son of Eric, embarked, with his wife Gudrida, in search of the body of Thorwald, which they wished to bring back to Greenland. The voyage was unsuccessful. They were tossed about all summer, and knew not whither they were driven. It was winter before they made the western coast of Greenland, where Thorstein died. In the spring Gudrida his wife returned to the family seat, at Ericsfiord.

The following year, 1006, is of importance in the history of these expeditions. In the summer of this year, there arrived in Greenland two ships from Iceland. The one was commanded by Thorfinn, surnamed *Karlsefne*, that is, the Hopeful, a wealthy and powerful personage of illustrious lineage, descended from Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, Irish, and Scottish ancestors, some of whom were of royal rank. The other ship was commanded by Biarne Grimolfson and Thorhall Gamlason. They kept the festival of Yule (Christmas) at Ericsfiord. Here Thorfinn became enamoured of Gudrida and espoused her in the course of the winter. The discoveries in Vinland were the great subject of interest in the family of Eric. Thorfinn was urged by his wife and the other members of the family to undertake a voyage to the newly discovered country. Accordingly, in the spring of 1007, he and his associates embarked in their two vessels; and a third ship, commanded by Thorward (who had married Freydisa, a natural daughter of Eric), was joined to the expedition. The party consisted, in the whole, of one hundred and forty men. They took with them all kinds of live stock, intending if possible to colonize the country. They touched at Halluland on their way southward, and found many foxes there. Markland also they found stocked with wild animals. Proceeding southward they made Kiarlaness (Cape Cod), and passed trackless deserts, and long tracts of sandy beach, which they called FURDUSTRANDIR. They continued their course, until they came to a place, where a frith penetrated far into the country. Off the mouth of it was an island, past which there ran strong currents, which was also the case farther up the frith. On the island there were an immense number of eyder-ducks, so that it was scarcely possible to walk, without treading on their eggs. They called the island STRAUMEY (stream-isle), and the frith, STRAUMFIÖRDS (stream-frith); and on its shores they landed and made preparations for a winter's residence. They found the country extremely beautiful, and set themselves to explore it in all directions.

Thorhall, with a party of eight men, took a course northward in search of the settlements of Leif at Vinland, but they were driven by westerly gales to the coast of Ireland and there made slaves. Thorfinn, with the rest of the company, in all one hundred and thirty-one men, sailed southward, and arrived at a place where a river falls into the sea from a lake. Opposite to the mouth of the river were large islands. They steered into the lake and called the place *Hop*. On the low grounds they found fields covered with wheat growing wild, and on the rising grounds vines. Here they were visited by great numbers of the natives in canoes. These people are described as sallow-colored, ill-looking, with unsightly heads of hair, large eyes, and broad cheeks. Thorfinn and his company erected their houses a little above the bay and passed the winter there. No snow fell, and the cattle found their food in the open field. In the following spring, 1008, the natives began to assemble in numbers, and opened a trade with the strangers. The articles exchanged were furs on the one side, and strips of cloth on the other. In the course of the season, Gudrida, the wife of Thorfinn, gave birth to a son, who was called Snorre, and who was the first child, of European descent, born in America, and the ancestor of many distinguished personages at the present day, whose descent, according to the genealogical tables appended to the volume before us, is lineally traced to Thorfinn and Gudrida. Among these we may mention Professor Finn Magnussen, a native Icelander, now established at Copenhagen, one of the most distinguished Icelandic *savans* of the day, and Thorwaldsen, the great sculptor. After other adventures and contests with the natives, which are related with great particularity in the volume before us, but which we are obliged to omit, Thorfinn returned with his party to Greenland. After a few years spent there, he purchased an estate in Iceland, in 1015, where he passed the rest of his life, as did Snorre, his American born son. After the death of Thorfinn, and the marriage of her son, Gudrida made a pilgrimage to Rome. The family remained distinguished for wealth, influence, and intelligence. Thorlak, the grandson of Snorre, was raised to the episcopal rank, and was of great repute for his learning. He compiled a code of the ecclesiastical law of Iceland, which is still extant; and is very likely to have been the person who committed to writing the *Sagas*,

or traditions of the voyages and adventures, of which we have given a brief abstract.

In the year 1011, another voyage was made to Vinland by Helge and Finnboge, two brothers from Iceland, who were joined by Thorward and his wife Freydisa; but our limits oblige us to omit the tragical incidents of the expedition. It may be observed here, that the *Straumey* of the preceding voyages is supposed by the Editor of the *Antiquitates* to be Martha's Vineyard; *Straumfirth* to be Buzzard's Bay; and *Hop* to correspond with Mount Hope Bay, the seat of King Philip.

For the residue of the eleventh century there are no accounts of voyages from Greenland to the newly discovered region. It is matter of conjecture only, that a continuous communication was kept up. In the year 1121, Bishop Eric of Greenland embarked on a missionary voyage to Vinland, of which the result is not known. In 1285, a new land west of Iceland is said to have been discovered by two missionaries from that island. This new land is supposed to have been Newfoundland; and mention is made of a voyage from Greenland to Markland as late as 1347.

Such is the purport of the historical evidence contained in the volume before us of the early discovery of America by the Northmen. We have retained many particularities of detail of little intrinsic importance, and, had our limits permitted, should have added many others, inasmuch as they form a striking characteristic of the narrative, and contribute essentially to the means of judging of its authenticity.

The first question which will probably present itself to the minds of most readers on this subject will be, Why have these accounts been kept back so long from the world? To this question the Editor of the volume before us, M. Rafn, replies, in the preface to the volume, by negativing the fact. If the learned of the more southern portions of Europe have not turned their attention to the subject, it is not owing to the silence of Danish and Swedish scholars. In addition to writers like Crantz, Pontoppidan, Arngrim, and Peringskiöld, authors of a more critical class, like Torfæus, in his works already cited, and more recently Suhm, Schöning in his History of the Kings of Norway, and Lagerbring in his Swedish History; and still more lately Wormskiold, a Dane, and Schröder, a Swede, are sufficient to evince, that, though the

ancient Icelandic manuscripts have not been published at length, their contents have been diligently studied and laid before the world. Various causes might be easily assigned, why the learned of other countries have given less attention, than they deserve, to the treatises of the northern antiquaries on the subject. What is written in Swedish and Danish is inaccessible to all but the few acquainted with those languages; and of the work of Torfæus, which, being written in Latin, might have been understood abroad, it is said by M. Rafn, "longo jam tempore vel in septentrione nostro inter rarissimos libros fuit, nedum ut unquam, paucissimis exemplaribus exceptis, extra eundem dimanaverit." *

About one half of the volume before us consists of *two* narratives, which constitute the two most important chapters of the work. The first may be called the History of Eric, the first settler of Greenland, and the second, which is a longer performance, is the History of Thorfinn the Hopeful, who conducted the most important expedition to Vinland.

The account of Eric is contained in two separate ancient documents, which however appear to have been excerpts made from one and the same ancient work now lost, which was a full biography of Eric. Of these two documents, the first is entitled the Chapter or Section of Eric, and the second the Chapter or Section of Greenland.† They furnish, in somewhat greater detail than we have given them above, the particulars of the voyages for the discovery of Vinland. The document called the Chapter on Greenland, contains a celebrated passage, relied upon as fixing the length of the shortest day in the year, in the region where Leif established his settlement. The passage in Icelandic reads as follows: "Meira var thar jafndægri enn a Grænlandi ethr Islandi; Sol havthi thar eykterstad ok dagmalastad um skamdegi." In order to give the reader as clear an idea as possible of this difficult and important part of the inquiry, we first translate the passage, with the exception of the two words whose meaning is in dispute. "There is a greater equality of the days there than in Greenland or Iceland; the sun there on the day of the

* A copy of this exceedingly rare and curious little volume, belonging to the Ebeling Collection, is in the Library of Harvard University.

† The Latin title is, "Particulæ de Eiriko Rufo et Grœnlandis;" the Danish, "Fortællinger om Erik den Rode og Grönlænderne;" the Icelandic, "Thættir af Eiriki Rauda ok Grœnlendingum."

winter solstice has *eykterstad* and *dagmalastad.*" Dagmal (day-meal) we understand to mean breakfast, so called as the first meal of the day ; and as the hour of breakfast was nine o'clock, these words came to signify that hour. Now if the passage under consideration is believed to contain a statement of the hour when the sun set and rose, whatever be the meaning of *eykterstad*, (which is more doubtful,) as *dagmalastad* means nine o'clock, the sun, if he rose at nine, set at three, and the day was six hours long. On the strength of this simple deduction, Torfæus, who, as far as we know, was the first to produce this passage from the ancient manuscripts which contain it, fixes the length of the day in Vinland at six hours. As this implied a latitude of 58° 26′, he concluded that the discoverers of Vinland had been inaccurate in noting the length of the day, inasmuch as the natural productions and climate, which they ascribe to the newly discovered region, are nowhere else found in so high a latitude. That the *day-meal* should be taken at nine o'clock, A. M., and thus become a synonyme of that hour in the Icelandic language, will seem perfectly natural, when we reflect that this latitude of 58½°, in which the sun rises at nine o'clock, is precisely the latitude of the southern part of Norway, that is, of the central portion of that part of the north of Europe, from which the Icelanders emigrated, and from which they carried their language, institutions, and manners.

Torfæus confirms his interpretation by the authority of Arngrim Jonas, a learned Icelander who flourished at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century, and who was deemed a profound astronomer. In his "History of Greenland," he thus renders the passage we are considering ; "There is in Vinland no winter, no cold, no frost as in Iceland or Greenland ; inasmuch as the sun, on the very day of the winter solstice, (they had no dials there,) passes about six hours above the horizon." — Having cited this passage from Arngrim Jonas, Torfæus proceeds ; "This meaning I had long ago given this passage, *first*, on the authority (if I rightly understood him) of Bryniulf Sveinson, the most learned of all the bishops of Skalkholt, *to whom I was sent, while yet a youth, in the year* 1662, *with royal letters from my gracious master, King Frederick the Third, for the purpose of learning the genuine signification of the more difficult ancient words and phrases ;* and *then*, from the necessary correspond-

ence of the time of sunset with that of sunrise."* We do not see how any thing can be much stronger than this.

While the work of Torfæus was in the press, a learned Swede, named Peringskiöld, published a Swedish translation of the ancient and venerable Icelandic chronicle of the kings of Norway, entitled *Heimskringla*, and composed by the celebrated Snorre Sturleson, in the thirteenth century. Into his version of the Heimskringla, Peringskiöld interpolated, from some ancient manuscript, the chapter from the Life of Eric, which contains the passage in question, and gave a totally new version of it, to the following effect;— "The sun has there spaces of increase, and the daily light appears about breakfast time (namely, at six or seven o'clock) on the shortest day." Peringskiöld's version of the Heimskringla was prepared from valuable Icelandic manuscripts, which the Swedes had carried from Denmark in the Thirty Years' War, and he was aided by Gudmund Olavsen, a learned Icelander, who was carried as a prisoner of war from Denmark to Sweden at the same time.† Schöning, in his splendid edition of the Heimskringla, published at Copenhagen in 1777, tells us, that he has rejected Peringskiöld's version of this passage, and adopted that of Paul Vidalin, a bishop (we believe) in Iceland.‡ We have given the version of Peringskiöld above, as we find it in the Appendix to Torfæus. Aided as Peringskiöld was, by a learned Icelander, his departure from the ordinary meaning of *dagmalastad*, and his singular translation of *eykterstad*, ("augmentorum spatia,") with the length of ten or twelve hours, which he gives to the day of the winter solstice, are circumstances which seem to show, either that the original passage is of very obscure and indeterminate signification, or that Peringskiöld, for the sake of placing Vinland in a southern latitude, designedly wrested the original text to a meaning it will not bear.

A strong desire (as Torfæus admits) to bring down the latitude of Vinland to a region, whose climate and productions correspond with those described in the tradition, led him, after examining and rejecting the version of Peringskiöld, to institute a new inquiry. He commenced it, not with the word *dag-*

* Torfæi Historia Vinlandiæ Antiquæ, Addenda.

† Historia Regum Norvegicorum conscripta a Snorrio Sturlæ filio, Editio Schöningii, Tom. I. præf. p. xxi.

‡ Id. p. 309.

malastad, but with *eykterstad*, although, as the latter word is confessedly the more obscure of the two, the sound canons of criticism would not authorize us in making its conjectural meaning control the better ascertained import of *dagmalastad*. *Eykterstad* comes from *eykt*, which is synonymous with the English word, which it so nearly resembles, *eighth*. It seems that the ancient Icelanders divided the day into eight equal portions, corresponding with eight imaginary divisions of the horizon, and marked by the eight principal points of the compass. Each of these portions was an *eykt*. But although each of these divisions was called an *eykt*, it is alleged by Torfæus, on the authority of a passage in the *Kristinrettr*, or Ancient Ecclesiastical History of Iceland, ascribed to Thorlak, the bishop whom we have named above, that *eykt*, in the ancient ecclesiastical nomenclature of Iceland, was the name given to the point of time at which the sun has traversed two thirds of the space between south and west, namely four o'clock, P. M. On this ground Torfæus hesitates, whether to adhere to his first interpretation, which made the day six hours long, and which was founded on the known signification of *dagmalastad* ; or adopt another, lengthening it to eight hours, on the strength of this meaning of *eykt*, derived from the Kristinrettr. On the authority of the same passage of the Kristinrettr, Finn Jonsen (so we render Finnus Johannæus) in a treatise on the ancient and modern horology of Iceland, and also in his ecclesiastical history of Iceland, lengthens the day to nine hours, conforming, as he says, to the view of Paul Vidalin, set forth in a manuscript work, called *Allr dagr till Stefnu*, from which Schöning, in his edition of the Heimskringla, had already borrowed the same interpretation. This view of the passage is adopted by M. Rafn in the work before us. He renders it as follows ; — "When the day is at the shortest, the sun there has a place (is above the horizon) from half past eight before noon till half past four in the afternoon." A day of nine hours' length at the winter solstice implies a latitude of 41° 24′ 10″. As the latitude of Seaconet Point and Canonicut Island is 41° 26′, he deems the observations to have been made with singular exactness, considering the imperfect instruments of the Scandinavian navigators at that period.

We have thus endeavoured to give our readers some notion of this interesting topic, and shall only venture at present to say, that it appears to us a matter of doubtful criticism. Far-

ther light seems to us necessary, before any of the interpretations can be confidently relied on. Grave difficulties can be started in each of them. We perceive, from the long extract given, at page 435 of the work before us, from that of Finn Jonsen, that the integrity of the passage from the Kristinrettr has been suspected. We submit with diffidence to the learned at Copenhagen, that not only may there be a foundation for this suspicion, (and the passage appears to us, in its present condition, by bringing in a totally new meaning of *eykt*, to throw the whole discussion into great confusion,) but that the original passage in the *Particulæ Grœnlandiæ* is by no means a lucid statement, on any interpretation, of the fact it is supposed to relate. We cannot imagine a more awkward way of saying that the shortest day in Vinland was nine hours long. The versions, in order to give it meaning, assume a highly paraphrastic form; and it is much to be desired that a further collation of manuscripts might furnish an easier text, or parallel passages in other authors render the interpretation clearer. But all these points must be left to the learned in the Icelandic tongue, and to their decision we shall cheerfully bow.

No further remark is necessary on the contents of the two documents with which the volume before us commences. They are taken from a manuscript which the editor designates as the *Codex Flateyensis*, so called from the Island of Flatey, on the west of Iceland, where it was long preserved. Bryniulf Sveinson, the bishop of Skalkholt, above named, (in whose diocese Flatey lay,) gave it to King Frederic the Third of Denmark, and it is now preserved in the royal library. We presume it to be the manuscript cited by Torfæus, as one of his chief authorities, under the same name of *Codex Flateyensis*. The manuscript, for its size, contents, and the elegance with which it is illuminated, is of great interest and value. It purports to have been written between the years 1387 and 1395. It contains a collection of metrical pieces, and then a series of miscellaneous purport on the Occupation of Norway, on Eric the Traveller, on King Olav Trygvason, and other subjects connected with ancient Norwegian history. The language and dialect are those of the twelfth century. They are anonymous, that is to say, it is not stated from whom the writer of the manuscript transcribed them. The two documents in question bear internal marks of having been derived from some older history of Eric the Red. Who may have

been the author of it can only be conjectured. It was probably written at an early period in Greenland, though not perhaps in the lifetime of those engaged in the transactions recorded. It is more in accordance with the course of things in the like cases, even in periods of the world more addicted to writing books, that an oral tradition should be handed down for two or three generations before it is committed to paper. Such a transmission will afford an explanation of inaccuracies and discrepances with other narratives of the same events, proceeding, in part, from independent sources. But as Eric was the individual of the greatest consideration in the colony of Greenland, exercising a patriarchal influence in its affairs as its first settler, it may well be supposed that in the lapse of time some one would be found to commit to writing an event so important to his family, and so interesting to the colony, as the discovery of Vinland. A fac-simile of this manuscript, as of several others from which the documents in the *Antiquitates Americanæ* are taken, is contained in the volume. There appears to be no doubt of its genuineness, and as little that it was compiled from preëxisting materials.

The second of the *two* narratives, which we have mentioned above as constituting the chief portion of the historical matter of this volume, is entitled the *History of Thorfinn Karlsefne*, or *the Hopeful*. Although relating substantially the same events which are recorded in the first narrative, or the *Life of Eric*, there are such differences between the two, as to warrant a belief in an independent origin. The discovery of the larboard land by Biarne, the son of Heriulf, is wholly omitted in the History of Thorfinn. The first discovery is ascribed to Leif, on a return voyage from Norway ; whereas the Life of Eric supposes the discovery by Leif to have been the result of an expedition expressly undertaken for the purpose. The History of Eric represents Thorwald as making a separate voyage to Vinland, and perishing there, in the manner stated in the earlier part of this article. The History of Thorfinn makes the death of Thorwald an incident in Thorfinn's expedition. Some other points of difference are stated by M. Rafn, as they had previously been by Torfæus ; but our limits require us to pass them unnoticed. They do not appear to us to shake the foundations of the tradition. The difference is not greater than would naturally grow up in accounts, orally transmitted for three or four generations, de-

scending from different individuals concerned in the same general series of transactions. The documents derived directly from the History of Eric give a prominence to the achievements of his sons, Leif and Thorwald. The History of Thorfinn, though closely corresponding, in many points, with the other narrative, evidently proceeds from a quarter in which Thorfinn was regarded as the most important personage. While the discrepances do not, — as we have seen in the specimens of them given above, — extend to matters vitally essential, they prove, at least, that the accounts which we now have are not the work of collusion.

The style of the History of Thorfinn, like that of the two former documents, is of the twelfth century. The metrical fragments, of which some few are interspersed, bear the character of that remote period. It may be somewhat easier to indulge a rational conjecture as to the author of this narrative, than it is in the case of the History of Eric. The family of Thorfinn, as we have seen above, after his adventures in Vinland, was perpetuated with great prosperity and repute in Iceland. His widow Gudrida made a pilgrimage to Rome, from which she returned in safety, and passed the rest of her life in a religious house. A grandson of Snorre, the American born son of Thorfinn, the learned bishop Thorlak, author of a Code of Ecclesiastical Law, still extant, was born in 1085. A great-grandson of Snorre, of the name of Brand, was raised to the episcopal dignity in 1163, and another descendant reached the same rank in 1143. Either of these learned men might well have committed to writing the extraordinary accounts of the exploits of their ancestor.

The History of Thorfinn the Hopeful, as recorded in the volume before us, is taken from a manuscript contained in a collection of books, entitled the Arna-Magnæan Collection, and forming a part of the library of the University of Copenhagen. It is called the Arna-Magnæan Collection, from the fact of its being the donation of Arne-Magnussen, (or, as the name is Latinized, Arna-Magnæus,) a native Icelander, eminently skilled in the literature of his country, who flourished in the beginning of the last century.* It is a manuscript of great beauty, and appears, from the style in which it is written, to be of the beginning of the fourteenth, perhaps

* Wheaton's History of the Northmen, p. 63.

even of the end of the thirteenth century. A beautiful facsimile of it is contained in the volume under review. M. Rafn has consulted five other manuscripts of various age and merit, which contain substantially the same text with the Arna-Magnæan, of considerable portions of the History of Thorfinn, and four other manuscripts which contain a somewhat different narrative of the same story ; but on these matters we have no time to dilate.

By way of fortifying and illustrating the view which is presented in these documents of the discovery of Vinland, the editor has appended to the History of Thorfinn various interesting extracts from other ancient manuscripts and authors. The first is from the "Landnama-bok," of which we have spoken above, (p. 171,) and it is substantially a repetition of a passage in the first document relative to the settlement of Greenland. The next passage is from the "Heimskringla" of Snorre Sturleson. For the life and character of this extraordinary man, we must refer our readers to Mr. Wheaton's "History of the Northmen."* He is the individual to whom the ancient history and literature of his country are the most indebted, and his great work, the *Heimskringla*, or History of the Kings of Norway, has gained him the title of the Northern Herodotus. He was born in Iceland, in 1178. His father and mother were of illustrious lineage, descended from the ancient kings of Sweden and Norway, and from the same families from which sprung Ragnar Lodbrok, Rollo Duke of Normandy, and the whole line of the posterity of William the Conqueror. In his third year, Snorre was sent from Iceland to Norway for his education ; and here he remained till his twentieth year, receiving instruction, not merely in the language and literature of his country, but in that of Greece and Rome. By inheritance and marriage he became the wealthiest individual in Iceland in lands and flocks, herds, arms, clothes, utensils, and books. To these he added talent, address, and eloquence. He appeared at the Al-thing, or general national assembly, with a retinue of several hundred armed followers. This was the old Icelandic method of securing the liberty of speech. He took up his abode in the midst of the wonderful volcanic region, on the southwest coast of the island, and adorned it with works, one of which, under the name of

* Page 99 et seq.

Snorra-laug (the bath of Snorre) still exists. The bath is supplied by water, heated in nature's subterraneous cauldrons, and it is surrounded by a stone seat capable of holding thirty persons.

His talents and reputation raised him to the post of Chief Magistrate of Iceland, in which he was distinguished for his knowledge of the laws and civil institutions of the country. He was not less eminent for his literary talent, displayed in various compositions in prose and verse. Unhappily his ambition and avarice seem to have grown by what they fed on. He became in consequence involved in deadly feuds, and he was obliged to take refuge in Norway. After a short period he returned to Iceland, in defiance of the prohibition of Hakon the king; and by his secret order, Gissar Thorvaldson, the son-in-law of Snorre, collected a band of armed men from a hostile clan, and murdered him, on the 22d of September, 1241. According to Mr. Wheaton, there is reason to think that the character of Snorre has been in some points denigrated by the malice of his enemies. He lived in times and a region, where an individual in his situation could sustain himself only by the strong hand of power; — but he seems to have had a taste for letters inconsistent with the turbulent ferocity, which his biographers ascribe to him. Be this as it may, his great historical work is one of the most interesting and valuable productions of the middle ages. Professor Müller regards it as a mere compilation from the ancient Sagas existing at the time it was prepared, which Snorre arranged, collected, and sometimes enlarged from other sources, causing the whole to be transcribed in its present form. Snorre gives some countenance to this view of his work, by the modest manner in which he speaks of it in the Preface. "In this book," says he, "I have caused to be written those things, which have by the ancients been handed down, concerning the princes who ruled the kingdoms in the northern regions and used the Danish tongue, as I have heard wise men relate them who were thoroughly acquainted with the facts; also some of the genealogies of these princes, as far as they have come to my knowledge, partly as they are contained in the genealogical table (*Langfedgetal*) where the kings and other illustrious men have recorded their lineage, and partly from the songs and historical ballads, which the ancients sung as a pastime. — We have taken as our especial authority, whatever

is contained in the songs which were chanted by the Skalds in the presence of the kings or their sons; for we have deemed every thing true which is found in those songs, concerning the expeditions and exploits of those princes. For though it is the custom of Skalds to sing the praises of him in whose presence they live, or whom they undertake to commemorate, yet no one would be so bold as to narrate exploits to a prince which would be known as fictions and falsehoods, not merely to the hearers, but to the prince himself, and which for that reason would redound not to his credit, but to his disgrace and shame." We have made this extract from the Preface to the Heimskringla, with the more willingness, as giving our readers, from an authentic source, an insight into the manner in which it was composed, and are well persuaded that whatever it may detract from the merit of originality in the author, it will more than add to his credibility. The passage from the Heimskringla cited by M. Rafn, briefly mentions the discovery of Vinland by Leif. As we have before observed, the long account of the adventures of Leif, in which is contained the famous passage relative to the solstitial day, is supposed to have been interpolated into the Heimskringla by Peringskiöld. It is however retained by Schöning, in his great edition of the work. It is not necessary to advert to the other extracts introduced by way of illustration in this part of the *Antiquitates Americanæ*.

The length to which we have extended our remarks on the first part of the work before us, obliges us to pass more rapidly over the second. It consists of a series of shorter extracts from ancient Icelandic authorities, such as the *Islendingabok*, or Book of Iceland, by Ari the Wise, whom we have already mentioned, the *Landnama-bok*, of the same author, and other works of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. They relate to the early history of Iceland and Greenland, and contain passing allusions to Vinland. Among these documents is a very curious *Carmen Feroïcum*, or ballad of the Ferro Islands, relating the adventures of *Finn the Handsome*. These authorities are all Icelandic; but with them is given that of Adam, a canon of Bremen, who wrote an ecclesiastical history about the year 1075. This priest had been attracted by the reputation of Sweno, king of Denmark, to visit him at his court; and from the materials collected on this journey he published an ecclesiastical history in four books. Attached to

the fourth is a geographical sketch, *De Situ Daniæ*, in which the following passage occurs. "Besides it was stated [by the king], that a region had by many been discovered in that ocean, which was called Winland, because vines grow there spontaneously, producing excellent wine; for that fruits not planted grow there of their own accord, we know, not by false rumor, but by the certain testimony of the Danes." As Adam Bremensis was a foreigner, from a region where nothing probably was known by direct communication of the affairs of Iceland and Greenland, and as he professes to derive his information immediately from the king of Denmark, this passage is certainly very curious. It had been already cited by Torfæus.

Appended to these extracts and documents in the volume before us, is an account of certain monuments of the ancient occupation of Greenland, by the Scandinavians. These monuments consist of a brief sepulchral inscription in Latin letters, found upon a stone at Ikigeit; a similar inscription in Runic letters from the bay of Iggalikoi; the walls of a temple of substantial architecture at Kakortok; and a Runic inscription from the Island Kingiktorsoak (woman's island) in Baffin's Bay, supposed to be of the twelfth century. This last inscription has attracted great attention among the *Savans* of Europe, but we are compelled to leave it with this simple allusion.*

The account of these ancient inscriptions, the monuments of the occupation of Greenland by the Northmen at an early period, affords a natural transition to what the editor regards as a similar monument in our own immediate vicinity. We allude to the celebrated inscription on Dighton Rock. The researches made in the ancient manuscripts of Iceland having led to the conclusion, that the Northern discoverers of our continent established themselves in the very quarter where that rock is found, the characters and figures preserved upon its face have naturally been studied with great interest by those to whose labors we owe the present volume. Placing themselves in correspondence with the learned societies of this country, and particularly with the Historical Society of Rhode Island, they have derived, chiefly from that respectable body, and as it would seem, mainly from its active and intelligent Secretary,

* See the judicious observations of M. de Humboldt, on this inscription, in his work above cited. Tom. II. p. 98.

Dr. Webb, all that is known or can be gathered on the subject of this celebrated rock. Great gratitude is expressed by the editor toward Dr. Webb, for his able coöperation in this matter. With his assistance, the learned members of the Society of Antiquaries at Copenhagen have been able to submit their hypothesis to the public with no little appearance of solidity. They have presented among the plates at the close of the volume, copies of all the transcripts which have been made of the characters upon the face of the rock, so that the reader is in a condition to see the weak as well as the strong side of their conjectures. These copies, it is well known, differ materially from each other, some of them so much so as with difficulty to be recognised as copies of the same original. After a diligent comparison of those copies which have the greatest appearance of being exact, it is the opinion of M. Rafn and his learned associate, Professor Finn Magnussen, that this inscription is a monument of the occupation of the country by the Northmen ; that it refers specifically to the establishment of Thorfinn the Hopeful ; that the figures represent the personages of his family ; that certain characters supposed to be numerals, express the number CXXXI, to which his party was reduced after the departure of Thorhall ; and that other characters, deemed Runic, record the occupation of the country by him and his followers.

This is undoubtedly a very curious part of the inquiry. That the rock contains some rude delineations of the figures of men and animals, is apparent on the first inspection. The import of the other delineations and characters is more open to doubt. By some persons the characters are regarded as Phenician. The late Mr. Samuel Harris, of this city, a very learned Orientalist, thought he found the Hebrew word *melek* (king) in those characters, which the editor of the work before us regards as numerals signifying CXXXI. Colonel Vallancey considers them to be Scythian, and Messrs. Rafn and Magnussen think them indubitably Runic. In this great diversity of judgment a decision is extremely difficult. The present copies are too unlike each other to command entire confidence, and we are not prepared to say whether, in the present state of the rock, better can be taken.

To the discussion of the subject of Dighton Rock, succeeds a highly skilful and ingenious geographical commentary, the object of which is to strengthen the main doctrines historically estab-

lished in the previously exhibited documents, by pointing out their conformity with the present features of the coast, quality of the soil, and character of the climate. So happily is this part of the discussion managed, that the reader is irresistibly borne along with the commentator, and finds it hard to withhold his assent, even on points where the imagination seems to have contributed some share to the resemblance. Several genealogical tables, in the Appendix, deduce the descent of many families and individuals of eminence at the present day, from the discoverers of Vinland. Fac-similes of the most important manuscripts cited enable the reader to form a satisfactory judgment of their age ; and engravings of the Runic inscriptions and monuments above cited ; transcripts of all the known copies of the Dighton Rock ; a map of Iceland in the year 1000 ; a map of Greenland, of the navigation of the Northmen, and of Vinland, conclude this highly important and valuable publication.

Having thus presented our readers with an analysis of this learned and interesting work, as full as our limits and leisure permit, it may be expected of us, in drawing our article to a close, to express an opinion on the main point, which it is intended to establish and illustrate.

We have already observed, that the great fact asserted in these Icelandic accounts, is in itself in no degree improbable. That the greatest navigating people, who, before the invention of the mariner's compass, traversed the ocean, and who are known to have visited every part of the North sea, should, in their voyages to Iceland, Greenland, and Ireland, have been carried by northeastern winds to the coast of North America, is so far from being unlikely, that it is almost impossible it should not have taken place. With the settlement of Greenland the first step, of course, was taken toward the discovery of the American continent. If not a part of that continent, it is separated from it only by a narrow arm of the sea. Ten degrees of latitude, on the coast of Labrador, lie within a radius of six hundred and fifty miles from Cape Farewell. The distance from the same cape to Newfoundland is not greater than that from Iceland to Greenland ; from Norway to Iceland ; or from Norway to the northwestern coasts of England. To pilots, accustomed to make the last-named voyages, and in strong and substantial vessels, such as we know were built by the Scandinavian shipwrights, (whose mythic prototype,

Völundr, was deemed, by the enthusiasm of a simple age, to be endowed with more than mortal skill,) there is, certainly, nothing extraordinary or formidable, in running down from Cape Farewell in Greenland to Newfoundland. It is precisely the same distance as from Halifax to the entrance of Chesapeake Bay; and a navigation, as far as we know, in no degree more difficult.

The ancient accounts of these voyages contain nothing which, when rightly considered, ought to impair their substantial credibility on the score of extravagance. They present many of the characteristics of the legendary tales of rude ages; of the narratives of credulous mariners, relating their exploits in distant and newly-discovered countries. The German, Tyrker, whose discovery of the grape gave the name of Winland to the region, is represented as having lost his way from the exhilarating effect of the fruit which he had eaten, and recovering himself but slowly on his return. In the image of a German sea-rover intoxicated with eating fox grapes, there is indeed a ludicrous extravagance. So, too, the savage who shot Thorwald, is described as a one-legged animal, a phenomenon which awakens a burst of poetical admiration on the part of one of the company. On the death of Thorstein, in Greenland, while his wife, Gudrida, is holding the lyke-wake, the dead body enters into a conversation with her, and relates her future fortunes in the style of the epic visions of Greece and Rome. These are the ornaments, with which a traditionary tale is clothed by minstrels and rhapsodists; they are the superstitions of a credulous age; they are the romantic creations of weather-beaten mariners, sitting with their skinny-handed crones, around a drift-wood fire, for the live-long Arctic night, and rehearsing the wonders of the sea. Rude but vigorous fancy redeems the frozen and homely poverty of real life. The poor seaman's cabin, excavated under the comfortable lee of a glacier, one half sunk into a frozen soil, the other covered with eternal snow, warms and flashes up with a strange pageantry. Its inmates have seen spirits dancing on the northern lights; they have beheld wild eyes glaring out of the ice-blink; have looked, with amazement, at the sea serpent, as he curls up and overtops the mainmast*; have cast

* The belief in portents of this description is not confined to the Northmen of the eleventh century. Crantz, a worthy Moravian missionary, in his "History of Greenland," Vol. I. p. 116, quotes the following description

their anchor into the small ribs of the kraken; and, losing their way, have wandered into that dreadful Hafgerding, or place in mid ocean, where the waters rise up like mountains, on the three sides of a dreary plain, from which there is no escape to the astonished mariner. Regarding the age and the region, in which these Icelandic traditions must have circulated for two or three generations, we think they have suffered less than could have been expected from the credulity and extravagance, the superstition and the ignorance, of their narrators.

With regard to matters of a different kind, it must be admitted that there are some points, in which the traditions are inexact. After all the ingenuity evinced by the editor of the volume before us, the descriptions of the winters of Vinland certainly do not come over our minds, like descriptions of our own winters. Eight hundred years ago, on the common theory of an amelioration of the climate, the winters must have been more severe than at the present day. We are aware that much snow does not always fall in Rhode Island; and that the sheep (to their cost) are kept out all winter at Nantucket; but let the reader compare the account of the Vinland winter in the *Particulæ Grœnlandiæ*, with that which the Mayflower's company found at Plymouth. Every one feels that the last account is the authentic New England winter; our teeth chatter as we read it. That of Leif, the son of Eric, is a traveller's paradise; "Such is the goodness of the land, as to show that the flocks had no need of pasture; for there were no wintry frosts, and the grass scarce withered." It may, however, be deemed a sufficient explanation of this difficulty, that to persons used to the climate of Iceland and Greenland, the ordinary winter of Massachusetts and Rhode Island would seem mild; and the cattle of that region, when brought to this, might be capable, even before the introduction of artificial pasturage by agriculture, of subsisting themselves by browsing, like the moose and the deer at the present day, in climates more austere than ours.

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from Paul Egede, we presume a brother missionary, who saw and delineated, in his second voyage to Greenland, the following interesting specimen of zoology; — "July 6th, 1734. A most hideous sea-monster was seen, which reared itself so high above the water, that its head overtopped our mainsail. It had a long pointed nose, out of which it spouted like a whale. Instead of fins, it had great broad flaps like wings; its body seemed to be grown over with shell-work, and its skin very rugged and uneven; it was shaped like a serpent behind; and when it dived into

The manner in which these accounts have been transmitted to us, though not *omni exceptione major*, is, upon the whole, satisfactory. Of the authenticity of the manuscripts there is not a shadow of doubt; of the age of some of them there is no question. These manuscripts carry back the record to the fourteenth, and even the thirteenth century. The substantial agreement of the accounts in one main tradition, and their difference in circumstantial details, are a sufficient warrant, that they were not, when produced, a wholesale fabrication. We have every reason to believe, from internal evidence, that the accounts contained in the existing manuscripts were faithfully compiled from older documents; from the metrical *Sagas* of which we have spoken above; and from traditions orally handed down in the families of the discoverers. These families are historically known to have been such, as were likely to preserve the memory of events reflecting honor on the House. They embraced men of ecclesiastical and civil rank. We admit that we can conceive of something better than we possess. Had we a succinct narrative, purporting to be written by Bishop Thorlak, the grandson of Snorre, bearing the name of its author, and shown by its style and contents to be authentic, we cannot deny that it would have produced a strength of conviction, which these anonymous compilations fail to inspire. Had the learned and accomplished author of the Heimskringla, instead of a passing sentence, given us a lucid chapter on the discovery of Vinland; had he really inserted in his chronicle the traditions of Leif and Thornfinn, which have been in modern times interpolated into it; this would have constituted a very high order of historical evidence. But the want of this direct historical evidence does not destroy the worth of what we have. These accounts are either founded on truth, or they are wholly false; and those who hold to the latter opinion will, we think, find more difficulty in carrying out their hypothesis, than there is in admitting the substantial truth of the tradition.

That such a discovery should have been made; so vast, so interesting; that expeditions to explore, to settle, and to evangelize the country should have been undertaken; and that a

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the water again, it plunged itself backwards, and raised its tail above the water a whole ship's length from its body. Our eye could rate the measure of its body to be no less than the bulk of our ship in thickness, and in length three or four times as long."

communication between America on the one hand, and Greenland and Iceland on the other, should have been kept up for three centuries and a half; that written accounts of these very important events should be in existence; and that the discovery should have been pushed to no greater consequences; nay, that all effective knowledge of it, after a time, should have perished; are, it must be admitted, circumstances somewhat difficult to explain. If it be hard to find a continent, one would think it must be much harder to lose one. When America was discovered by Columbus, the intelligence rung round Europe. The old world seemed to pour itself out upon the new. The discovery by the Northmen, to use a modern phrase, seemed, as far as we can judge, to produce no *sensation* in the world. It had no effect upon the mind of Europe at large. It led to no vigorous efforts at colonization; awoke no spirit of adventure; occasioned none of those mighty revolutions, which were caused by the discovery of Columbus; and was before long forgotten. These are difficulties which must be looked in the face.

Are they sufficiently accounted for by the want of the art of printing; by the less extensive prevalence of knowledge; and by the comparative barbarism of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, as contrasted with the kindling intelligence of the beginning of the sixteenth? Was the attention of the ardent spirits called forth in other quarters; to the revolutions that were advancing under Norman banners in Apulia and Sicily; to the magnificent conquest of England by a Norman prince; and, above all, to the great movement of the crusades, which shook Europe to its centre? Again, the Spanish discoverers, on the first islands, and first portions of the continent which they visited, found the precious metals in abundance. This discovery urged the passion for adventure to madness. Gold and silver were found in heaps. The tale went home of rivers, that flowed over beds of golden sands; of temples, whose walls blazed with the precious mischief; of captive princes, purchasing their ransom by halls full of piled ingots. This turned the heads of men in the old country. They grew frantic to get at this gold; and it soon became necessary, in order to avoid the depopulation of Spain, that severe restrictions should be laid on emigration. But avarice was not the only master-passion, which was enkindled. The Spanish adventurers encountered at the outset a delicious tropical climate,

a region inhabited by races, which, compared with themselves were unwarlike and timid, — whose civilization had furnished many of the arts of luxury and gaudy display, few of those of defence, at least against a mounted, iron-clad enemy, who fought with thunderbolts. Ambition was fired at the thought of achieving the conquest of vast realms, by a trifling expense of the resources of European warfare. The career of Cortez and Pizarro was enough to ruin a generation of young men, — to corrupt the imaginations, and unsettle the judgments of men for a century. Far otherwise the case with the Northmen. They landed, at best, on an inhospitable coast; inhabited by a warlike race of savages; they themselves had no fire-arms; and the country, and those who occupied it, offered little to awaken either ambition or avarice. At a much later period, we witness the effect of this diversity in the character of the two portions of the continent, upon the conduct both of governments and individuals. Newfoundland, we know certainly, was discovered by Cabot, for England, a few years after the West Indies were discovered by Columbus for Spain. And yet, though the example of Spain, in turning her almost undivided attention to her new American acquisitions, was before the eyes of England, she neglected hers for three quarters of a century; and, at last, did little more than extend a parsimonious countenance to the feeble attempts of private companies to colonize the continent.

We have a curious historical illustration of the instantaneous momentum given to maritime adventure in England by the passion for gold. For fifteen years, Frobisher had in vain solicited the court and the merchants for encouragement, in fitting out an expedition for the purpose of exploring a northwest passage. At length, by the aid of the Earl of Warwick, he succeeded in raising the means of equipping three vessels, one of thirty-five tons, one of thirty, and one of ten (!), in which he sailed forth to encounter the perils of a polar sea. He made some progress up Davis's Strait, and discovered a tract of coast, or an island, to which, on his return, the name of *Meta Incognita* was given by Queen Elizabeth. After his return, he was importuned by numbers of his friends, to give them something which he had brought from Meta Incognita. At a loss to satisfy this eager curiosity, he cast his eyes on a large stone, which, from its glittering appearance, he had been induced to take on board. He broke it into pieces, and dis-

tributed them among his acquaintance. A portion of it came into the possession of the wife of one of the adventurers, who placed it in the fire. After lying there for some time, it was taken out and dipped in vinegar, and was then found "to glister like gold." Being sent to the goldsmiths, they were either so ignorant, or so misled by the delusion of the day, that they pronounced it a valuable ore of gold. "This false decision," says Mr. Murray, "threw all England into a ferment of joy. There was no difficulty now, in equipping an expedition." * Another writer says, "From this essay, the nation dreaming of nothing but mountains of gold, great numbers earnestly pressed, and soon fitted out Captain Frobisher to undertake a second voyage the very next spring." †

Weighing all these considerations, we have come to the conclusion, that there is no sufficient reason for doubting, that these traditions of the discoveries of the Northmen are founded on fact; and that our continent was visited by them in the eleventh century. What portion of the coast was thus visited by them, must, in the present state of the evidence, be considered open to doubt. Of those indications of precise locality, which are pressed with confidence and much ingenuity in the volume before us, and which are thought by its editor to fix the site of the settlements of the Northmen in Rhode Island and Massachusetts, we are disposed to suspend our opinion for further evidence. The true interpretation of the passage, relative to the length of the brumal day, must be left to our Danish friends. It is but recently that the study of the venerable dialect of their ancestors has been pursued under the strong lights of modern criticism.

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* Discovery and Adventure in the Polar Seas and Regions, p. 153, Amer. edit.

† Biographia Britan., art. *Frobisher*. The author of that article, as well as of the work cited in the preceding note, derives the account from Hakluyt. Frobisher brought home from his second voyage, two hundred tons of the supposed golden ore. It was, by order of the queen, submitted to the examination of a commission, who reported so favorably upon it, as to occasion the outfit of a third expedition, consisting of forty mariners, thirty miners, and thirty soldiers "to guard the whole company, among whom were included the gentlemen, refiners, bakers, carpenters, and other useful persons." One is inclined from this array, to believe with Forster, that the substance in question must have contained some gold. A great quantity of it, taken from "the Countess of Sussex's mine," was brought home from this third voyage; — but we hear no more of it, nor of the polar El Dorado, from which it was extracted. — Forster's History of the Voyages and Discoveries in the North. p. 274.

There is no doubt that as more of the ancient manuscripts, which fill the libraries of Denmark and Sweden, are critically examined, parallel passages will be found. The coincidence of the name *Hop* or *Hopi*, which the discoverers gave to a bay on which they settled, with the name of Mount Hope or Mont Haup given to the residence of King Philip is curious. But is it more than curious? We have seen no proof that there is any such Indian word as Montaup; and if there be, it lies a wide way off from Hop. Granting Mount Hope, the current appellation, to be a corruption of Montaup, still it does not appear that Montaup is divisible into *Mont-aup* or *Mont-Haup*, or that *Mont*, in the language of the Pokanokets, is equivalent to *Mount* in English. Mount Hope or Montaup is the name of King Philip's *hill*. *Hop* is the Icelandic for *bay*. It is, we take it, in a broader pronunciation, the same word as Haf, Havn, Hafen, Haven, which, in the cognate dialects, denote a recess of the sea. We have already expressed the opinion, that the copies of the inscription on Dighton Rock cannot be relied upon, though we have great reason to believe that the last of them, if no other, is as perfect a copy as can now be made. Our respect for the members of the Rhode Island Historical Society leads us to the conclusion; we are confident there was no lack of pains or skill on their part. We own that we remain wholly unconvinced in reference to its interpretation by the learned and ingenious commentaries of our friends at Copenhagen. The representations of the human figures and animals appear to us too rude for civilized artists in any age, erecting a public monument. They greatly resemble the figures which the Indians paint on the smooth side of their buffalo skins. The characters supposed to be numerals certainly resemble the Roman signs for unity and for ten; but every straight mark resembles I, and every cross resembles X. In the characters supposed to be Runes, we behold no resemblance to the only specimens of Runes we have ever seen; there is certainly none to those found in Baffin's Bay and at Iggalikoi, and described in this volume. No one would hesitate in pronouncing the inscription to be an Indian work, we think, but for the circumstance that it is wrought on stone and seems to require the use of iron. This region was a metropolitan seat of the Indians, — the residence of the greatest chieftain known to the settlers of New England,

—for a half a century after the landing at Plymouth. In this time, the Indians were supplied with implements of iron from the colonists; why may it not have been wrought by Indians between 1620 and 1675? Or why may it not have been the work of some Anglo-American in that period? There are two or three other cases of curious inscriptions on rocks in New England, supposed to be of ancient and foreign origin, but afterwards found to be the work of whim, mischief, or insanity. We do not, however, undertake to decide positively against the antiquity and civilized origin of the delineations on Dighton Rock.

While we are decidedly of opinion, that the ancient Icelandic accounts to which we have called the attention of our readers, have a foundation in historical truth, and that the coast of North America, and very possibly this portion of it, was visited by the Northmen, we deem it exceedingly doubtful whether they made any permanent settlements on the continent. There are no distinct accounts, as far as we perceive, of any such settlements. The traditions of the voyages undertaken are almost wholly confined to a short period at the beginning of the eleventh century. Had a permanent settlement been made, and a commercial intercourse kept up, the expeditions would have grown in number and importance, and they would have become more and more notorious. In place of this, an almost solitary allusion to some highly precious description of wood, purporting to have come from Vinland, is the only remnant of whatever traffic existed between the two hemispheres. It may be deemed next to impossible, that permanent settlements should have been founded, with all the necessary social, commercial, and political consequences kept up for three centuries, without the propagation of the knowledge of these extraordinary facts throughout the civilized world. It is perhaps as near an impossibility, that no permanent relics, architectural or sepulchral, should have remained as the monuments of an occupation so long continued. The Northmen, at this early period, are known to have built public edifices of substantial materials and in a durable style. Greenland was discovered and colonized by them, but a few years before the supposed period of the discovery of the continent. About the same length of time elapsed before the destruction of the Scandinavian colonies in Greenland and the interruption of the supposed

continuous intercourse between Vinland and the mother country. In this period, buildings public and private were constructed in Greenland, of which the ruins in great numbers still bear witness to the race that erected them. Some of them, as the walls at Kakortok, are of a very imposing character. There is upon the entire coast of North America nothing of this description; not a stone which appears to have been laid upon another stone, according to the principles of European art. We think it very difficult to reconcile this fact, with the supposition that any portion of the coast was permanently occupied by a people, who, in every other region inhabited by them, not excepting Greenland, erected substantial stone edifices, and who, in some part of the period for which they are supposed to have occupied America, constructed magnificent cathedrals in other parts of the world.

We have necessarily left untouched several curious questions connected with the main subject of our article, such as the traditions relative to an imaginary island to the west of Iceland entitled, *Huitramannaland* or *Hibernia Magna;* the voyage of the brothers Zeni; and the name given to the natives of Vinland by the Norwegian discoverers, viz. *Skrœllings* or dwarfs, which is the name by which the Eskimaux are called, in the history of Greenland. On one additional subject only, before closing our article, we deem it necessary to say a few words, and that is on the question, whether Columbus had any knowledge of the traditionary accounts of these Northern discoveries.

We know, by an extract of a letter of the great Admiral himself, preserved to us by his son, that in the year 1477, he made a voyage to Iceland, and even sailed a hundred leagues beyond it.* In allusion to this fact, M. Rafn makes the following remark, at the close of his Preface; "These very ancient accounts, which in themselves illustrate in no small degree the history of the earth, of geography, of navigation, and of trade, are also important, inasmuch as Columbus himself, *as some of our writers have aptly shown*, on his voyage to Iceland in the year 1477, conferring, according to his practice, in Latin, with clergymen and other learned men, probably heard accounts relative to those explorations. Thus

* Irving's Life of Columbus, Vol. I. p. 44, Amer. edit. Humboldt, Examen Critique, Tom. II. p. 105.

this great man perceived his own previous judgment, concerning regions lying to the west, to be most firmly corroborated by new arguments. In this respect also, it is carefully to be considered, that the ancient Icelandic writings, at this period, were by no means hidden on the shelves of librarians or antiquaries, but from daily reading and lecturing were familiar to the whole people. Hence it happened that well instructed clergymen and magistrates had diligently examined these ancient accounts, and particularly those remarkable descriptions of regions lying to the southwest of Iceland and Greenland." In confirmation of the positions here taken, M. Rafn refers to a dissertation of Mr. Zahrtmann, inserted in the Northern Journal of Antiquities, (which we have not seen), on the voyage of the brothers Zeni; and to an essay of Professor Magnussen on the commerce between Bristol and Iceland in the fourteenth century. A passage is cited from this essay, in which its learned author commemorates a bishop of Skalkholt in Iceland, Magnus Eyolfson, of eminent learning, who in 1477 is known to have visited the churches near Hvalfjardareyri (which was the port principally visited by vessels from Bristol), and he adds, "Cum Columbo ibidem Latinè conversans, ei, de occidentalibus terris interroganti, narrationes de itineribus Gudleivi Gudlægi filii aliorumque Borealium *verisimiliter* retulit." This Gudleif is commemorated in one of the fragments, which we were compelled to omit, as having been driven, on a voyage to Iceland, to the shores of Vinland. We do not know that exception need be strongly taken to the statements now cited of M. Rafn and his learned coadjutor, inasmuch as they limit themselves to the assertion of probabilities. It may, however, be proper to remark, that, as far as we know, no account of the life of Columbus preserved to us contains any trace of these conferences. In none of his writings, and in *none of the charges brought against him by his enemies*, is there an allusion to these supposed northern communications. M. de Humboldt, the gravest authority on every question of this kind, avers, that "the merit of having the first recognised the discovery of America by the Northmen belongs indubitably to the geographer Ortelius, who announced this opinion in 1570." Although it might be keenly urged, that after Columbus had made his discovery, he would selfishly have suppressed every allusion to the

fact of his Icelandic conferences, yet there was a long and a weary period of his life, when he would have spared no pains to blazon them to the courts of Spain and Portugal, as confirmations of the reasonableness of his projects. But not a syllable remains, containing a trace of his having used these northern accounts for that purpose. If we suppose that he held these conferences with Bishop Magnus and others in 1477, we must believe that he kept them closely locked up in his own bosom, alike when it was, as when it was not, his interest to disclose them.

The remark of M. Rafn, that, at the close of the fifteenth century, the discoveries of the eleventh century were rendered familiar to the intelligent portion of the Icelandic community, by reading and lectures, is, we think, made without due consideration. It supposes a greater degree of familiarity with the subject then, than probably exists even now. A poor foreign navigator at the present day, arriving, we will not say merely at a port of Iceland, but at Copenhagen itself, on a trading voyage, would not be very likely to fall in with an individual, who had ever heard of Vinland. We deem M. Humboldt's views on this point much sounder. "In the second half of the fifteenth century, at a period when for three hundred and fifty years all navigation to Vinland had been interrupted, the recollection of the Greenland discoveries could not have been sufficiently distinct, to come to the knowledge of a Genoese navigator, who certainly had as little thought of the *Sagas* of the country, as of the Manuscripts of Adam of Bremen. This celebrated ecclesiastical geographer, who describes Courland and a part of Prussia as forming islands in the Baltic, was undoubtedly acquainted with Vinland in the eleventh century, but his ecclesiastical history and his Scandinavian chorography were printed for the first time, seventy-three years after the death of Columbus."

There is another very sagacious remark of M. de Humboldt in this connexion. He observes, that "the object of Columbus was to find a way to India, in order that he might reach the Spice Islands by a western passage. He might have learned that the Scandinavian settlers of Greenland had discovered Vinland; and that fishermen from Friesland had touched at a land which they called Drogeo, but neither of these would have seemed in any degree connected with his

projects. Vinland and Drogeo acquire their interest for us from the certainty of the continuity of the coast from Cape Paria to the mouth of the St. Lawrence." Till the discoveries of Columbus, and the light thrown by them upon the geography of the newly discovered Atlantic regions, the traditions of the Northern discoverers would, even on the part of those who most firmly believed them, have been supposed to refer to some region of limited extent in the Northern or Western Sea bearing the like relations as Iceland, Greenland, and Ireland, to the rest of the world. It is distinctly related in the accounts we have cited, that Thorhall and his eight companions, who left the main body under Thorfinn, to seek in a boat the former settlements of Leif, were blown upon the coast of Ireland. No person whose whole knowledge of Vinland was derived from these traditions, would have formed the slightest conception of the magnitude of the American continent, of its distance from Europe, or its relations to the geography of the world. It may be said, that this reflection neutralizes the force of the argument against the probability that Columbus had heard of the discovery of Vinland, drawn from the fact, that he did not appeal to that discovery in support of his own project. This is true; but supposing Columbus, while in Iceland, to have heard of Vinland, it either did or it did not appear to him to confirm, by actual experience, the truth of his great theory. If it did, then it is inexplicable that he should have made no use of these discoveries, in sustaining his own projects; if it did not, then it is of no interest to establish the fact, that he acquired a knowledge of these discoveries on his visit to Iceland. In concluding this topic, we ought to say that nothing is farther from our purpose, than to impute to Messrs. Rafn or Magnussen a design to detract from the glory of Columbus. All that they appear desirous of rendering probable is, that "his opinions, previously formed," (as we know they were, by his letter to Toscanelli of 1474,*) "were confirmed," by the knowledge of the discovery of Vinland.

With these remarks, we dismiss the subject for the present, renewing our thanks to M. Rafn, the learned and indefatigable editor of the volume before us, and to the Royal

* Irving's Columbus, Vol. I. p. 35

Society of Danish Antiquaries, under whose patronage he has been enabled to bring it before the public, in so handsome a style of typography. It is one of the most valuable contributions ever made to the study of the history and geography of our continent. We trust that some zealous student of these subjects will be immediately found, who will put the Icelandic authorities into an English dress, and prepare them, with a proper literary apparatus, for the perusal of the general reader.

ART. X. — *History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic.* By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. In Three Volumes. Boston; American Stationers' Company. John B. Russell.

THE reign of Ferdinand and Isabella has been *diu desideratum* in English, indeed we may say, European literature. Saving the invidiousness of national distinctions in Anglo-Saxon literature, we might add American; — for it seems now to be fairly admitted, that some faint gleams of a literary dawning in the West, have at last, reversing Nature's order, become distinctly visible to foreign optics. It is certainly astonishing that the most brilliant page of modern European history (for such we esteem this era of Spain,) should have been left unwritten for three centuries. Equally astonishing it may be abroad, that it should have been first written on this speculating side of the Atlantic, and in this *monetary* age, (a vile invention,) by a scholar heretofore unheard of in the world of letters.

We have said, unwritten. In our own language this is literally true; and almost equally so in any language of Europe, unless we go back to the old contemporary chroniclers, — mere malleable materials, — or to the Spanish historiographers of the sixteenth century, who wrote not even in their mother tongue, but in the universal language of the learned in that day; a dead language then, vainly attempted to be revived, since buried, and in great danger, alas! of being absolutely forgotten. Within human memory, two petty works only have appeared upon the transatlantic continent, professing to be histories of this reign; one in French, and one in German. Our author,

in his Preface, with all becoming courtesy, commends each of them moderately; and sooth to say, very moderate commendation is quite as much as the subjects deserve. Their slender notoriety is, perhaps, proof enough of this, considering that both were published some distance back in the last century. What native currency they may have had in their day, we know not; but we much doubt whether many English or American scholars of the nineteenth century have ever heard of either Vincent Mignot, or Rupert Becker, or their respective histories. Yet the Abbé Mignot was a member of the French Academy, — "conseiller clerc au grand conseil," — a nephew of Voltaire's, rich and liberal withal, — why not justly entitled to all the patronage of letters which his merits would permit? He is commended, too, in the "Biographie Universelle," as a very laborious and learned man, who wrote several historical works; among them a History of the Empress Irene, a History of Joanna the First, Queen of Naples, a History of the Ottoman Empire, the most esteemed of his productions, and, in 1766, "Histoire des Rois Catholiques Ferdinand et Isabelle," in two small duodecimos, on which the remark of his biographer is, "sujet bien choisi, mais exécuté médiocrement;" which means, a miserable book. It is added, "the author never cites his authorities; but one may easily see he has consulted only Mariana and Ferreras." Indeed, one may easily see that with half an eye; for he himself candidly states it in his own preface. "Excepting for the discovery of the New World," says he, "I have not found, in all the authors who form the collection entitled *Hispania Illustrata*," (a voluminous and learned compilation,) "*nor elsewhere*, any thing, or *scarcely* any thing, which Mariana and Ferreras, the two Spanish historians best known, have not recorded." This is much as if one were now to write a work devoted exclusively to the reign of Elizabeth, and tell us he could find nothing on the subject worth looking at, besides Hume and Lingard. For Mariana and Ferreras wrote histories of Spain, the one in Latin and Spanish, the other in Spanish alone, quite as general, as the English histories referred to. Mariana's, as old as the sixteenth century, used to enjoy a high reputation; but more for graces of style, than for profoundness or accuracy. Ferreras is not thought to have even this degree of literary merit. He is esteemed little more than a laborious annalist, who, between 1700 and 1732, published

sixteen quartos of the history of his country, beginning just after the Flood. Both these authors having been duly done into French, their translations afforded the easiest possible reference to this very learned and laborious Abbé, who could find nothing anywhere else. With such facilities, he threw off a flimsy, superficial narrative of the most striking events of the reign, put together with no great art, but *readable* and lively enough, being a *Frenchified* view of Spain, somewhat *à la Voltaire*, but without his literary grace and brilliancy.

As for Von Rupert Becker, we know nothing of his personal history which does not appear in his title-page, where he is styled, — in fact he has no style at all, — and his Preface, which dates from Dresden. His work, entitled, "Geschichte der Regierung Ferdinand des Katholischen, Konigs von Spanien," or, "History of the Reign of Ferdinand the Catholic, King of Spain," in two slender duodecimos, appeared in 1790–91. Its literary character, among his own countrymen, may be gathered from the "Bibliotheca Historica" of Meuselius, who says, "This history, the author of which seems to have drawn from pure sources, is 'sat bene, licet passim paullo negligentiùs composita;' "— the dark symbol, doubtless, of a transcendental puff!

In truth, however, the German seems to be a more careful writer, so far as his matter is concerned, than the French Abbé; and he is withal a man "having authority," or, rather, authorities; not very *recherchés*, to be sure, nor greatly numerous; but he cites them occasionally, such as they are, chapter and verse, with exemplary scrupulosity, so that any one may follow him, who has leisure and inclination, as far as he likes, and see what he shall see. For our own part, we have seen enough to satisfy us, that, using only the most common-place references, he has yet an entire respect for plain, unvarnished facts, so far as his authorities go; so he has also for the House of Austria; still his sentiments are liberal, with a subdued tendency to be enthusiastic on the subject of constitutional liberty. He is a perfectly moral writer; and occasionally plunges into a depth of original reflection, which rarely obscures the pages of the Abbé Mignot. In short, there is a degree of dull respectability about him, which, in our judgment, nearly justifies the eulogium of his learned countryman, Meuselius. To be sure he calls Aragon Spain, and makes Ferdinand king of it, — which is passing somewhat

lightly over the reign of Isabella, and might ruffle a little the old pride of Castile. Still it is all "sat bene" for five hundred small duodecimo pages of large German print; and our reader has already spent on it quite as much time as it deserves.

But if France and Germany have done little, Great Britain has added nothing. There is no history of this reign in English. Dr. Robertson, in the first chapter of his "Charles the Fifth," despatches Ferdinand and Isabella in about twenty pages, in which he has recorded at least half as many errors. The clever "History of Spain and Portugal," in five duodecimos, prepared for Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædia," doles out to the illustrious pair four and twenty pages in Castile, and five for Ferdinand alone in Aragon. There are a few other glimpses here and there in English literature of great things done in Spain in those days; and there has always been a sort of vague tradition that Ferdinand and Isabella were a very remarkable brace of sovereigns. But wherein their greatness consisted, unless it were in the discovery of America by a duly authorized agent, has been left by the British writers mainly to conjecture, or at best to loose inference from sweeping assertions and obscure hints.

America, even before the publication of the history now under review, has done something more than this. Irving's lives of Columbus and the other Spanish voyagers of that age, gracefully and thoroughly illustrate these foreign adventures; and his Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada gives a glowing picture, something between history and romance, of one other brilliant achievement in the administration of the Catholic sovereigns. So several European writers of eminence, Hallam, Roscoe, Milman, Fléchier, Sismondi, have treated, in a popular historical form, particular topics involving at times partial views of Spanish affairs under this administration. It is from such incidental notices concerning Spain, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, that a few scattered rays of light have occasionally broken in upon the general reader, serving only to make the surrounding darkness visible and palpable. There has been no comprehensive history of that age and country. The succeeding reigns, from Ferdinand and Isabella downward, through the long lines of the House of Austria, and the House of Bourbon, have all been copiously narrated, with more or less of accuracy, and various degrees of literary merit,

by Robertson, Watson, Thompson, Dunlap, and Coxe. Yet the great period of all has been singularly left behind. Nor has either one of these popular historians done any thing effective, towards illuminating the reader with a knowledge of the Spanish constitution, or of the great national features and characteristics, which, combined with peculiar civil and political institutions, and modified by the operation of external causes, carried this people at one time to such a pitch of glory and power as has seldom been equalled in the history of nations, and have since plunged them into a degree of abasement, almost equally unparalleled. Robertson's "Charles the Fifth" is a general history of Europe. It opens with an entire volume, devoted to the progress of European civilization, from the dark ages down to that period, exhibited, by the way, far more fully in each of the other leading nations than in Spain, of which the account is meagre and unsatisfactory, and after all not always accurate. His hero, although on the mother's side hereditary monarch of Spain and its dependencies, was also, through the father, heir to the kingdom of the Netherlands and the archduchy of Austria, whence he soon became elective emperor of Germany. Spain is swallowed up in these immense relations, and soon lost sight of. Charles himself looked upon this as a foreign principality, devolving upon him by a sort of lucky accident, and chiefly valuable as an aid to his German and Flemish governments. There was his whole soul; in those his great schemes were unfolded; and for them his brilliant part was played on the theatre of Europe. The historian participates in these feelings of the hero. His visits to Spain are short and far between; and all we learn of the Spaniards is, that, under the conduct of a German emperor, their famous infantry was a terror to all parts of Europe. The historians of Philip the Second, and the Third, have trod in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessor. Their works might well be denominated, a history of the wars and persecutions of the Netherlands. With the exception of a chapter or two, embracing the insurrection and expulsion of the Moors, and the expeditions against the Turkish and Barbary powers, their three volumes are wholly devoted to the civil, political, and military affairs of the Low Countries, and the topics incidentally connected with them. These writers (Robertson, Watson, and Thompson) doubtless deserve respect; but not as historians of Spain. And when we have come down to

Dunlop and Coxe, we have descended into the regions of Spanish and historical degeneracy. The causes have operated; we see only their effects. Thus, from the beginning to the end, the domestic and moral history of Spain is, to the English reader, a sealed book. We know not why she was once the leading power of Christendom; we may guess, but we can hardly be said to know, how she has fallen into her present and long-continued degradation. The only English author who has exposed much of her internal affairs, is Dr. Dunham, the writer of the cabinet history, before mentioned as a clever work. We should rather have said, a work indicating considerable cleverness in its author, but not turned to the best account. There never was a book more unsuitable for the place it occupies in a popular encyclopædia. It has a vast deal of undigested learning, conveyed in the driest style possible; and, with a great parade of arrangement, is nevertheless a shapeless, disproportioned, and *unreadable* abstract of events and facts, relating to Spain and Portugal, (there is no other unity than this,) detailed with strange minuteness for so general a history; not without occasional acuteness of reflection, but without the least regard to relative importance, or any attempt at generalization. The laws of some old Wisigothic barbarian, who flourished Anno Domini 450, are of the same consequence to this learned Theban, as the modern constitutions of Aragon and Castile; and the petty ravages of a Moorish marauder take equal rank in his pages with those great military movements which startled all Europe. There is a vast deal *in* the book undoubtedly; but very few readers will ever be at the pains to get it out; since it involves the labor of picking over, putting together, arranging, concocting, and digesting a grand historico-chronological hotchpotch, respecting the military, civil, legal, commercial, literary, political, and ecclesiastical state of the whole Peninsula, during the last thirty or forty centuries.

We trust we have said enough to satisfy hungry appetites that there is at least some show of novelty in this Spanish dish. There is also a high *gusto*. We have opened a new vein, and it proves a rich one. The state of Europe at this period, we all know, was greatly remarkable. It was the most memorable point of the revolution of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, — the revolution of *concentrativeness*, if the disciples of Gall and Spurzheim will allow us to borrow

their barbarism for a new and civilized use. The world had been for ages a petty baronial world; it suddenly became a right royal one; and is now going on the regular way to be a popular world. The age of Ferdinand and Isabella, like that of Washington and Louis the Sixteenth, was the beginning of a great end; or at least contained, in the general upturning of the old elements of society, the first marked developement of that new political state which had long been imperceptibly accruing, and of that which was to follow. It was one of those epochs, when the world is perceptibly undergoing a great change; when the universe of nations seems to be in a state of excited action, and the human mind moves forward, not merely with accelerated steps, but by great and visible leaps. The day of the crusaders was gone by, and the myriads who proudly trod the way to Palestine were long since buried and forgotten; but the spirit of chivalry, which they had engendered, still breathed in full vigor; while the learning and the luxuries of the East had created new wants in Europe, and given a fresh impetus at once to letters and to commerce. The properties of the needle, though some time known, had just begun to be successfully applied to maritime adventure. The soul of the crusader was now launched upon the ocean; and every day was unfolding new avenues to wealth and knowledge. Gunpowder and fire-arms were beginning to modify the art of war. Printing had just come into use, and was diffusing intellectual life, to an extent, and with a rapidity, till then unknown. A succession of remarkable sovereigns, — we have no such kings and queens now-a-days, probably because there is not the least demand for the article, — headed the leading states of Europe. We cannot do better here than to quote a sentence or two from the book we propose to review, — not as a specimen particularly, though it is "*sat bene*," — but because it happens to be pat to our purpose.

"In whatever degree public opinion and the progress of events might favor the transition of power from the aristocracy to the monarch, it is obvious that much would depend on his personal character; since the advantages of his station alone made him by no means a match for the combined forces of his great nobility. The remarkable adaptation of the characters of the principal sovereigns of Europe to this exigency, in the latter half of the fifteenth century, would seem to have something providential in it. Henry the Seventh of England, Louis the Eleventh of

France, Ferdinand of Naples, John the Second of Aragon, and his son Ferdinand, and John the Second of Portugal, however differing in other respects, were all distinguished by a sagacity, which enabled them to devise the most subtile and comprehensive schemes of policy, and which was prolific in expedients for the circumvention of enemies too potent to be encountered by open force.

"Their operations, all directed towards the same point, were attended with similar success, resulting in the exaltation of the royal prerogative at the expense of the aristocracy, with more or less deference to the rights of the people." — Vol. II. pp. 255, 256.

But looking at the historic, we had almost said dramatic, interest of the age in which this great game was begun to be successfully played, by the union of crowned heads and the commons against an insubordinate and oppressive aristocracy, and was pushed on so successfully, that the crowned heads soon began to jostle each other, — the successors of this list of sovereigns, contemporaries also of Ferdinand the Catholic, must be added to the account. Henry the Eighth, bluff "Defender of the Faith," succeeds Henry the Seventh in England; the wily Louis the Eleventh of France, is followed by the hairbrained Charles the Eighth, who had just talent enough to set all Europe in a flame, and he again by Louis the Twelfth, "the father of his people," and by that mirror of chivalry, Francis the First. John the Second of Portugal finds a more distinguished successor in Emanuel the discoverer. During the same period Alexander the Sixth, of infamous memory, Julius the Second, and Leo the Tenth, both great and both ambitious, occupy the papal chair; while Mahomet the Second, the conquerer of Constantinople, Bajazet the Second, the invader of Italy, Selim the First, the victor of Egypt, and Solyman "the Magnificent," build up and extend the Ottoman Empire in Europe and Africa. Greatest among the great, sat Ferdinand and Isabella on the Spanish throne, preparing a place for their more celebrated, but not greater, grandson, Charles the Fifth.

Such an array of contemporary sovereigns the world never saw before nor since. No wonder that the foundations of the old feudal system were broken up with fearful rapidity. All was energy and action. Each power found itself moving, with a new and concentrated force, among powers no less energetic and formidable than itself. The inhabitants of neighbouring countries were no longer shut up in their own shells,

distracted by family feuds, and ignorant, or careless, of all movements from without; but Europe then first became truly an assemblage of nations, and her soil an arena, where, severally and collectively, they struggled for supremacy. Each was jealously watching the movements of all. Diplomacy grew into a system. Wars were conducted on a new and gigantic scale. Alliances and combinations multiplied. International intercourse, whether for peace or for war, was extensively and permanently established. Masses of men, moved into remote countries, communicated mutual intelligence, while they were engaged in the work of mutual destruction. The spirit of inquiry, discovery, and improvement was in all directions restless and active. Amid the contests for papal supremacy and civil independence, the seeds of the Reformation were being sown in one quarter, while the chains of the Inquisition were forging in another. Manufactures and commerce, science, and even letters, were forced to flourish in the midst of this universal commotion; and commerce pushed its way, through new and more direct channels, to the remotest portions of the globe. Great enterprises were constantly on foot; and even a new world was revealed, as if to accommodate the expansion of the age.

Robertson mistakes in selecting the age of Charles the Fifth "as the period at which the political state of Europe began to assume a new form," and as the natural introduction to the history of modern affairs. It was an interesting and a brilliant age, memorable for the colossal power directed by a single arm, and exhibiting strikingly the progress of the great *centralizing* revolution, and some of its consequences. But the true point of view from which to contemplate that revolution, the new system of states, and the commencement of European politics, is one step higher. All historians agree, Robertson among the rest, that the ball was opened by Mary, sole heiress of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. The premium of her fair and wealthy hand, with all the broad domains it covered, was the first object of contest and negotiation which interested nearly all the princes of Europe. It ended by a treaty of marriage with Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, the father of Philip the Handsome, who intermarried with Joanna *the Crazy*, heiress of the Spanish crown, through which union, all these united sceptres were eventually transmitted to Charles the Fifth. The next prominent event was

the invasion of Italy by Charles the Eighth, of France, resulting in the league of Venice, by the Italian states, the Emperor Maximilian and Ferdinand of Spain, which drew after it a long train of Italian wars. Then came the partition of Naples between France and Spain, and the wars which sprung from that, — soon followed by the celebrated league of Cambray, between the Emperor and the Pope, France, Spain, and most of the Italian states, for the repetition of that interesting ceremony upon Venice; — and not long after was the first Holy Alliance, when the Pope and the Emperor, Ferdinand of Spain, and Henry the Eighth of England, combined to keep France out of Italy. All these were events of deep and general interest, the first which agitated Europe in all its empires, giving birth to the invention of that curious piece of machinery called a *balance of power*, the preservation of which has caused so much trouble and learned discussion among the politicians of the last three centuries. And all these events, be it noted, occurred while Ferdinand occupied the Spanish throne.

But if the age of Ferdinand and Isabella was the most interesting period of the revolution, Spain was unquestionably the most interesting country of the age. What a singular collection of romantic materials composed her population! The ancient Iberian had been overrun in different eras by the Carthaginian, the Roman, the Goth, and the Arabian, — "they all of them reigned in their turns," — supplanting without wholly outrooting each other, and the dynasties which had passed away left deep and distinct traces visible on the soil, and among the inhabitants. All these races of mankind, so utterly unlike, lived, not wholly amalgamated, but mixed, and mostly distinguishable, in that age, among the people of Spain; while Roman, Gothic, and Oriental structures, with all their rich associations, were, as with greater dilapidation they yet are, seen scattered over her beautiful and diversified country. The Moor and the Christian had, for more than seven centuries, maintained the din of battle throughout her borders. Feats of arms were their daily duty; and the fabulous knight-errant of romance scarcely exceeded in adventure the actual living Castilian *hidalgo*, or Moorish *alcayde*. The true spirit of chivalry lingered there long after it had fled the rest of Europe, and in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella was scarcely degenerate. With it came the lay

of the troubadour and the melody of the Moorish ballad, — the rich elements of that Castilian literature which began to be moulded into form in the court of Isabella's infancy. The old Celtic Biscayan, the Gothic mountaineer of Cantabria, the chivalrous and stately Castilian, the independent Aragonese, the turbulent Catalonian, the accomplished Arab of Granada, and the domesticated Jew of Cordova, who had grown up in his adopted country, to be both a learned Rabbi and a wealthy usurer, were all to be subjected to one common rule, and compressed into national union. With these discordant elements of population, Spain had been long split into numerous petty states, which, by the progress of conquest and marriage, had been reduced to the four kingdoms of Navarre, Aragon, Castile, and Granada, existing at the birth of Ferdinand and Isabella. Their marriage united the great crowns of Castile and Aragon; their united arms accomplished the final downfall of the Moorish dynasty in Granada; and their policy and arms together secured the little frontier kingdom of Navarre; and thus, in the compass of a single reign, built up and completed the internal structure of modern Spain; while their domestic reforms and steady administration of the laws reduced the turbulent to subjection, and brought order out of chaos. In the mean time Sicily and the Balearic Isles had descended on Ferdinand with the crown of Aragon (Dr. Robertson to the contrary notwithstanding*); but in his reign were added Naples and the whole of Lower Italy; while the discoveries of Columbus extended the Spanish empire into regions before unknown; and the arms of Ximenes acquired for it a new sovereignty in the north of Africa. The character and policy of the sovereigns who accomplished these wonders in so brief a period, we see at once must be worthy of study; but it was a part of that character, as it always is of greatness, to find fitting agents for mighty ends, who add new interest to the scene. To say nothing of a host of eminent inferiors, we shall have said enough when we remind the reader of three of the greatest men who ever lived in any age or country, — with qualities of greatness widely differing, and marked characters

* "Ferdinand owed the crown of Aragon to the unexpected death of his elder brother, and acquired the kingdom of Naples *and Sicily* by violating the faith of treaties, and disregarding the ties of blood." Robertson, Hist. of Charles V., Vol. II. p. 2.

which have no other mutual parallel than their common grandeur, — "The Admiral," Columbus, — "The Great Captain," Gonsalvo, — the wonderful Ximenes. Their lives belong to the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.

We hold it therefore to be just matter of congratulation to the whole literary world, that this interesting and instructive chapter of modern history has at length been written, and so thoroughly that it will not require, as most Spanish history does, to be re-written. We are gratified that such a work has originated in this country; and pleased too to observe by a foreign advertisement, that it is in course of publication, under suitable auspices, at London, as well as here. Indeed it has probably already appeared there; and although we cannot anticipate for a large historical work by an unknown American, that kind of rapid and ephemeral popularity which greets the newest novel from a familiar hand, we shall be disappointed if the literary portion of the British public do not give the stranger a fair welcome, and admit him gradually to the place he is entitled to hold among the historians of our common language. At the commencement of the reign of their own young, beautiful, and accomplished queen, called to preside over the destinies of so great a nation, at a moment demanding so much of wisdom, justice, moderation, and independence in its government, it would seem as if more than common interest might be felt in the authentic exhibition of these kingly qualities, in a female sovereign of such precious example and glorious memory, as Isabella of Castile, whose only fault was a virtue, perverted by the bigotry of the times. Nor can we republicans contemplate her true-hearted respect for the just rights of the people, so rare in that age, without some augmentation of that filial regard which we entertain for her as *the mother of America*, — an appellation to which this eminent woman is justly entitled; and if we cannot feel the same love for the cold-hearted and selfish Ferdinand, we may at least admire the depth of his policy, and the vigor of his administration, doing him the poor justice not to adopt those grossly exaggerated views of his hypocrisy and deception, which have so commonly deformed the pages of other writers. The politicians and statesmen of both countries will find in the history of this reign much food for reflection on the nature of governments, whether royal or republican. The scholar will find a rich treat of literary mingled with po-

litical history. The general reader cannot fail to be interested and surprised at the number of striking incidents and blood-stirring adventures crowded into the compass of a few years. And the gentler sex may find in the life of Isabella, not only something to excite their domestic sympathy, but much excellent example also, even for those who are not born to grace a throne. They will be particularly struck with that harmonious action by which the royal couple accomplished their united purposes; that happy mingling of interest, affection, and authority, which cherished mutual respect, and claimed mutual support, without compromising the dignity or independence of either; and that graceful division of the cares of sovereignty which assigned the foreign relations and military movements to Ferdinand, while his queen regulated the internal affairs of the great national household, not neglecting, meanwhile, the humbler domestic duties which fall within the ordinary sphere of a wife and a mother.

But we are getting prosy. This sounds *sermonical.* And lo! we have already rambled over almost a dozen pages, about the age and the country, and the people, and the writers who have *not* described them, without having given the least notion of the book, which we set about introducing to the notice of our readers. Dr. Dunham will begin to complain in his turn of a literary hodgepodge. And yet surely we cannot be expected to despatch in a minute what has occupied the author, it seems, as long as the siege of Troy. Indeed the most cursory inspection manifests that his is a work of uncommon diligence and labor, — without which no history worth reading can be written, whatever may be the talent of the writer. Every page is crowded with references to works in foreign languages, many extremely rare, and some wholly unpublished, the bare perusal of which is a long labor, which we hope to be spared, having ample evidence on his pages, that they have been by him not only read and consulted, but diligently studied and compared. And here we are struck with a fact, disclosed in the Preface, which places the book among the curiosities of literature. We will state it as it is given by the author.

"I hope I shall be acquitted of egotism, although I add a few words respecting the peculiar embarrassments I have encountered, in composing these volumes. Soon after my arrangements

were made, early in 1826, for obtaining the necessary materials from Madrid, I was deprived of the use of my eyes for all purposes of reading and writing, and had no prospect of again recovering it. This was a serious obstacle to the prosecution of a work, requiring the perusal of a large mass of authorities, in various languages, the contents of which were to be carefully collated, and transferred to my own pages, verified by minute reference. Thus shut out from one sense, I was driven to rely exclusively on another, and to make the ear do the work of the eye. With the assistance of a reader, uninitiated, it may be added, in any modern language but his own, I worked my way through several venerable Castilian quartos, until I was satisfied of the practicability of the undertaking. I next procured the services of one more competent to aid me in pursuing my historical inquiries. The process was slow and irksome enough, doubtless, to both parties, at least till my ear was accommodated to foreign sounds, and an antiquated, oftentimes barbarous phraseology, when my progress became more sensible, and I was cheered with the prospect of success. It certainly would have been a far more serious misfortune, to be led thus blindfold through the pleasant paths of literature; but my track stretched, for the most part, across dreary wastes, where no beauty lurked, to arrest the traveller's eye and charm his senses. After persevering in this course for some years, my eyes, by the blessing of Providence, recovered sufficient strength to allow me to use them, with tolerable freedom, in the prosecution of my labors, and in the revision of all previously written. I hope I shall not be misunderstood, as stating these circumstances to deprecate the severity of criticism, since I am inclined to think the greater circumspection I have been compelled to use has left me, on the whole, less exposed to inaccuracies, than I should have been in the ordinary mode of composition. But, as I reflect on the many sober hours I have passed in wading through black letter tomes, and through manuscripts whose doubtful orthography and defiance of all punctuation were so many stumblingblocks to my amanuensis, it calls up a scene of whimsical distresses, not usually encountered, on which the good-natured reader may, perhaps, allow I have some right, now that I have got the better of them, to dwell with satisfaction." — pp. xi. – xiii.

He quotes, too, in a note from Johnson's "Life of Milton," a passage which we may easily imagine was sufficiently appalling. "To compile a history from various authors, when they can only be consulted by other eyes, is not easy, nor possible, but with more skilful and attentive help than can

be commonly obtained." And to this he adds; "This remark of the great critic, which first engaged my attention in the midst of my embarrassments, although discouraging at first, in the end stimulated the desire to overcome them."

We are not aware that literary history affords a similar example of a work of this nature, — undertaken and accomplished, in spite of a natural infirmity, at the outset, which would seem almost fatal to success. We can imagine how the gifted poet, sightless in mature age, after a youth and early manhood spent, as Milton's was, in the acquisition of prodigious learning, should be able, in his darkness, to compose and pour out that eloquent and immortal flood of light, which almost dazzles and confounds with its sublimity the intellect of other men. But how the historian, or the lexicographer, should have the hardihood, and the perseverance, with other eyes, to grope his way from book to book, and through almost undecipherable manuscripts, collating and comparing again and again, for the purpose of weighing authorities and verifying minute facts by exact references, and should thus compose a work depending for its value mainly on its accuracy, is difficult to conceive. Yet Milton, we know, besides his great epic, projected and did much towards the production of a history of his own country, and a Latin Dictionary. He continued these labors "almost to his dying day; — *but the papers were so discomposed and deficient, that they could not be fitted for the press.*" His example, therefore, afforded only discouragement, and justifies at least the remarks of his biographer. To have persevered, as our author did, for years, under such circumstances, and with such success, can only be accounted for by applying to him another remark of Milton's biographer, — "His mind was too eager to be diverted, and too strong to be subdued." The character which could overcome such obstacles is a large guarantee for the fidelity of his performance. And although he disclaims all indulgence for the fact, we should hold him richly entitled to liberal allowance for errors of minutiæ, if indeed we could find the least occasion to accord it. Fortunately, he has been enabled, it seems, of late, to revise with less dependence upon others; and we trust he may now be permitted, for many years, to pursue literary labors so honorable to himself, and so profitable to the public.

In estimating a new history of old times by a foreign hand,

the first point, of course, to be settled, is authenticity. Not that we are to look for absolute and certain truth; — "Oh! read me not history," said Lord Orford, "for that I know to be false;" — but we desire to find at least an approximate probability, sufficient to satisfy all but the hyper-critical skeptic; and to this end, after seeing that the book is not *primâ facie* a hasty and superficial performance, but bears the marks of profound elaboration, our next duty is to unkennel the materials, and dig up the author's means of information. And this, in the present case, is gentle work enough; for it is mostly done to our hands in copious notes and references, more than equal in bulk to half of the main body of the text. Thence it appears, that the writer has had access to extensive stores of information, close at hand, and has possessed himself, besides, at great labor and expense, of every foreign valuable, which they did not offer, for the illustration of this reign. The library of Harvard University, enriched by the celebrated Ebeling and Warden collections, in addition to its own gradual accumulations, gives, as we know, liberal access to almost every thing published concerning Spanish America, and much that concerns Spain proper. But, alas! all its treasures would have done little, after all, towards the elucidation of this history. In the department of Spanish literature, the private library in Boston of one of its late professors, Mr. George Ticknor, to whom the author acknowledges obligations, is far richer. Collected by himself, during long residence in Spain and other parts of Europe, with ample means to acquire, and extensive knowledge to choose, directed to a particular end, this scholar has succeeded in bringing together an uncommonly choice and complete library of Spanish literature, containing many a gem which Bouterwek would have given a tooth apiece for. That learned author deeply laments the penury of his materials for the history of early Castilian literature, and had vainly sought, through the most celebrated public collections of Europe, for several rare antiques, which this little private Boston library happens to afford. But it is, after all, to our author's own library that we must look for the rarest and most original sources from which he draws, except perhaps on the subjects of American affairs and the early Castilian literature. In this connexion he has immortalized the unpoetical name of Obadiah Rich, — a gentleman not wholly unknown to fame before, for great attainments as a learned bibliographer. This

curious collector of the old and the rare, it seems, has been mousing for our author to some purpose through the Spanish cemeteries of learning. Our former American minister, too, at that court, Mr. A. H. Everett, so distinguished for his extensive literary acquirements, together with the then secretary of the American legation, as it seems from the acknowledgment, interested themselves to procure what might have been difficult of access without such official aids. By these means, and unwearied pains, this author seems to have brought into his own closet the best editions of those rare works relating to his subject, which are not to be found in general libraries, and many of which are not cited by any European writer, at least out of Spain. It must have been a lucky accident, after all, which could have enabled him, for example, to obtain a complete collection of all the laws, ordinances, and *pragmáticas* published during this reign at different periods, — works of few copies, never very extensively circulated, long out of print, and, in fact, rendered entirely obsolete by compilations and revisions, incorporating into new codes from time to time, often with essential changes, all that continued to be the law of the land. They must have been valueless as law books ever since the "Nueva Recopilacion" of Philip the Second's reign, at least; and it is surprising they should have been preserved, excepting in libraries from which price could not move them.

To many such rarities is added, a number of original and unpublished manuscripts of that age, invaluable for its illustration, and probably little known even to Castilian scholars. For instance, "Las Quincuagenas de los generosos é ilustres é no menos famosos Reyes," &c. of Oviedo, a contemporary of this reign, and known as an author by his published History of the Indies; though his "Quincuagenas" still lies in five manuscript folio volumes, containing, according to our author, "a very full, and indeed prolix notice, of the principal persons in Spain; their lineage, revenues, and arms; with an inexhaustible fund of private anecdote," which this octogenarian gossip, by his long acquaintance with the court, had abundant opportunity to collect from the most authentic sources. The "Reyes Catolicos" of Bernaldez, and the "Anales del Rey Don Fernando el Catolico" of Carbajal, are large contemporary chronicles of the whole reign, by authors whose position gave them peculiar means of knowledge. Palencia's "Coro-

nica del Enrique 4°." who preceded Isabella on the throne, is full upon her early life; his "Decades," in Latin, continue her reign down to the capture of Baza, in 1489; and the writer held, under both these sovereigns, the office of royal historiographer of Castile. An original life of Cardinal Ximenes, by a contemporary, is cited as another valuable; and several other unpublished works, of minor importance, are referred to in the author's possession. In what country but Spain could these treasures have been suffered to slumber in manuscript, unused to the present day? With these Mr. Prescott has had the opportunity of comparing, as it seems, not only the general histories of his predecessors, but several published chronicles of contemporary writers; and the Letters of the learned Peter Martyr, written at the time, and from the precincts of the court, to his numerous political and literary correspondents and friends; written, too, without the least view to publication;—a species of document invaluable for penetrating the truth, and catching the true spirit of the age. He has been enabled to avail himself also of the learned labors of several modern Spaniards, who, since the nation has begun to rouse a little from its ancient lethargy, have made copious collections, and publications of official documents, illustrating this period. The sixth volume of the "Memoirs of the Spanish Royal Academy of History," a large quarto, is devoted wholly to memorials of the reign of Isabella, drawn by authority from the public archives, and published under the supervision of that eminent scholar, Clemencin, whose loss, while his commentaries on Don Quixote were yet unfinished, literature laments. Navarrete's similar collection of documents relative to the history of Columbus and the other early Spanish voyagers, has been made known to us some time since by Irving. The secrets of the Inquisition have been fully exposed by its former secretary, Llorente, from its own official recesses. The literal version into French, by Condé, of the Spanish-Arab Chronicles has, at last, opened their contents to other than Oriental scholars. And Marina, Sempere, and Capmany have unfolded every thing valuable that relates to the ancient political institutions of the country. These publications, first made within the last twenty years, and the number of manuscripts yet unedited which Mr. Prescott cites, in addition to many rare and costly books, sufficiently explain what would seem otherwise inexplicable, — why this most in-

teresting portion of Spanish and European history should have been hitherto unwritten. The truth is, the materials for writing it were locked up, wholly beyond the reach even of native authors, until a small portion of modern liberality and life came at last to be infused into the antiquated blood of the Spanish Bourbons. As it is, if the history of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella be found deficient in authenticity, it cannot be charged to the want of adequate materials, of which copious notices will be found appended to the work; and, if the author has not made a right use of them, he has certainly been guilty of very culpable indiscretion, in furnishing his reader with the amplest means of detection, by numerous citations and references on every page, not of a general character, but minute and particular.

Next to the authenticity of a narrative are the dignity, novelty, interest, and variety of its subjects. Of these, some inadequate idea may have been formed from our introductory remarks. We propose to pursue the inquiry into some of the principal topics; and to begin with those small portions of the work, in which our author's course runs parallel to that of other and well known writers.

The shifting relations of Spain with France and Italy, as viewed at different periods, occupy in the whole some ten or twelve chapters. Here are encountered such authors as Guicciardini, Sismondi, and Roscoe. The "Life of Leo the Tenth," the "Républiques Italiennes du Moyen Âge," and the "Istoria d'Italia," familiar to English, French, and Italian readers, might be supposed to have scoured the field, leaving nothing of interest behind. Guicciardini, indeed, a conspicuous actor in the scenes he describes, and long resident at the court of Ferdinand, may be looked upon as himself an authority, partial, of course, from his position; but, in addition to that, his work, though a standard classic from the beauty of its style, as well as its authentic basis, has all the defects inseparable from contemporary narrative. Small things appear magnified by proximity. Distance only gives the true historical perspective. Roscoe and Sismondi, on the other hand, take a distant view enough, and have no other interest or bias, (unless Sismondi may be slightly tinctured with nationality,) than that of faithful historians, depending, like our author, on the remote sources from which they draw. But those sources are wholly French and Italian. They have not peeped into the Spanish

archives; — and the same may be said of all the minor moderns who touch upon the politics of these times. The prominent distinction, therefore, of the present work, is, that it views the scene, as no other writer has, from the peninsular side of the Pyrenees; that it unfolds the most secret movements of the Spanish court, often unknown, or misconceived, by prejudiced foreigners; that it follows the Spanish arms, rather than those of allies, or enemies; that it brings, for the first time, into high relief, all of military movement and political machinery which appertains to Spain, more than to France, or Italy; and that it weighs equally in the balance French, Italian, and Spanish authorities.

To illustrate these remarks, let us ask, Who knows any thing authentic of Gonsalvo de Cordova? We have been told, ever since time was, that he was "the Great Captain." But who has told us the facts on which rests his title to that high eminence? Not Roscoe, or Sismondi; no, nor even Guicciardini. We may read their admirable histories through, from the beginning to the close of this interesting period, and although we see some brilliant passages of arms, and one or two considerable victories obtained by the Spanish forces over the best troops and officers of Europe, we shall yet in the end be at a loss to perceive that impressive and distinguishing greatness, which placed Gonsalvo in the same rank with a Cæsar or a Wellington. Perhaps our readers may have luxuriated in the amiable fiction of Florian; if so, they have learned less truth of Gonsalvo there, than they have of Charles the Second out of Scott's "Woodstock." They will even have derived the impression, that he began his career of Italian wars with the title of Great Captain, already earned in the domestic war of Granada, and of course bestowed by his own countrymen. The historian Sismondi, misled by Guicciardini, has followed the French novelist into this error, and states that the title was first given to Gonsalvo in Sicily, by his own soldiers; "avec leur jactance accoutumée," before a blow had been struck in Italy; admitting, however, that it was well merited for his conduct in the Granadine war.* Roscoe has given new currency to the fable, with a slight modification, and supposes the title originally intended merely to designate his authority, placing it on the footing of generalissimo of the Span-

* Répub. Ital., Tom. XII. p. 351.

ish forces.* Our author, on the other hand, instructs us, that this hero exercised no other than a subaltern command, through the whole war of Granada; distinguishing himself, indeed, as a brilliant partisan, but with no opportunity of displaying, to vulgar eyes, the substantial qualities of a great military leader. Those latent qualities, however, did not escape the penetrating eye of Isabella. It was her judgment which selected him, her personal influence which raised him, *per saltum*, to the command of the first Italian expedition, undertaken not for her Castile, but for Ferdinand's Aragon. The appointment was an astonishment to the Spaniards, and cause of deep chagrin to older and more experienced officers, who had already earned their laurels. So far from being then the Great Captain, Gonsalvo carried with him into Italy no loftier title than "prince of cavaliers," which his conduct in Granada, together with his chivalry, generosity, and courtly manners, had acquired for him among his military boon companions. He went into Calabria with a petty force of six hundred lancemen and fifteen hundred foot; and, so far from being generalissimo, joined himself at once to the army of the King of Naples, under whose orders he sustained, from the French, at Seminara, the only defeat he was destined to encounter in a long and glorious military career. That defeat dispersed the Neapolitan forces, put their King to flight, and left Gonsalvo to his own resources, at the head of a little remnant, opposed to superior numbers of the best troops, as then esteemed, in Europe, under the celebrated D'Aubigny. Our author fights with him, inch by inch, through the campaigns of Southern and Upper Calabria; displaying, at every step, that astonishing energy, vigor, activity, and prudence, by which he formed his own soldiers; taught them how to meet a new and superior adversary; resisted where resistance was useful, avoided pitched battles against odds, seized upon every opening left by a watchful enemy, darted unexpectedly upon their strong-holds, slaughtered their garrisons, interrupted their communications, and, by his lightning-like movements, kept both provinces in universal alarm, ignorant where next the blow would fall; until, in obedience to a new summons from the King of Naples, after crippling the foe by a terrible infliction of surprise at Laino, he left D'Aubigny wondering what had become of him, and effected a rapid junction with the Neapolitan standard before

* Life of Leo the Tenth, Vol. I. p. 230.

Atella. There it was, according to the Spanish accounts, that he was first greeted, by Ferdinand of Naples, and the Venetian general, and the papal legate, whose forces besieged another division of the French army in Atella, with the well-merited title of *the Great Captain;* which, after a few more such, and even more brilliant campaigns, came at last to be universally accorded to him, and was worn like a patronymic.

Now, during this period, Sismondi, who follows Guicciardini, is hovering, with the other French army, about the neighbourhood of Naples, where its King and his Italians had rallied. These seemed, truly enough, to be head-quarters for the Italian war; and consequently, after the rout of the king of Naples at Seminara, almost the whole notice we get of the Calabrian campaign is this. "D'Aubigny défendait la Calabre et la principauté ultérieure contre Gonsalve de Cordove; mais *le climat* avoit vaincu celui que ne pouvoient abattre les efforts de ses ennemis; il succomboit à une longue maladie, et ne pouvoit *poursuivre les avantages* qu'il avoit d'abord obtenus."* The next we hear of Gonsalvo, is only an incidental mention of the fact, that he had surprised a little chateau called Laino, where a small force had been assembled by the partisans of France; and that after this "first victory of his in the Neapolitan dominions," (last victory would have been nearer the truth,) he came with six thousand men to join the King before Atella, where the French, under Montpensier, were besieged; "et son arrivée," adds Sismondi, with a force quite unintended, "fit perdre aux assiégés leur dernière espérance." He, in truth, wound up his first campaign by driving the French out of Italy; then broke up a nest of marauders at Ostia; and finally made a triumphal entry into Naples, where he was hailed as "the deliverer." Roscoe gives us even less of all this than Sismondi. So ended the foolish invasion of Charles the Eighth, routed by the League of Venice, to which Spain was become a party.

The subsequent wars which accrued upon the famous, or rather infamous, partition of Naples between France and Spain, and the quarrel of the two lions on division of the spoil, exhibit, in still stronger light, the claims of Gonsalvo to his military renown. The campaign of the partition, by concert of French and Spanish arms, was indeed comparatively an easy one; though not without points of interest in the move-

* Répub. Ital., Tom. XII. p. 386.

ments of Gonsalvo, fully brought out in the present history, and barely glanced at by Roscoe and Sismondi; while both these writers, following the enemy, impugn the good faith and honor of Gonsalvo, in matters over which he had no control, save in a single instance, where, under the instinct of a soldier, he yielded too prompt obedience for his fame, to orders from his less scrupulous sovereign, for the detention of the young Neapolitan prince, contrary to the terms of a capitulation. This is the only just stain upon his bright escutcheon, and has been made the most of by the historians of France and Italy. But on the breaking out of unexpected hostilities between France and Spain, for the possession of the Capitanate, Gonsalvo was found at disadvantage, with a very small body of troops, before a powerful army of his late allies. He was compelled, of course, to yield for a time to the storm, securing a retreat to the seaport of Barleta, where, shamefully neglected by his master, he was long shut up, resisting all persuasions to be drawn out of his fastness, though his men were reduced to great extremity, and the French were of course overrunning all Calabria. But by and by, when the French are sufficiently dispersed and spread by their own victories in all quarters, he suddenly sallies forth, routs the nearest enemy, carries the castle of Ruvo by storm, strengthens himself with reinforcements, gives battle on vantage-ground to an over-confident enemy, obtains a decisive victory, breaks up their main army, overtakes and beats their detachments in all directions, and makes a second triumphant entry into Naples, leaving the French without a spot to stand upon in Italy, except the fortress of Gaeta, which is in course of reduction by regular siege. Perhaps the reader would like to see how Gonsalvo and our author fight a battle. He shall have it; and we will take, because it happens to fall in our way, the battle of Cerignola.

"The weather, although only at the latter end of April, was extremely sultry; the troops, notwithstanding Gonsalvo's orders on crossing the river Ofanto, the ancient Aufidus, had failed to supply themselves with sufficient water for the march; parched with heat and dust, they were soon distressed by excessive thirst; and, as the burning rays of the noontide sun beat fiercely on their heads, many of them, especially those cased in heavy armour, sunk down on the road, fainting with exhaustion and fatigue. Gonsalvo was seen in every quarter, administering to

the necessities of his men, and striving to reanimate their drooping spirits. At length, to relieve them, he commanded that each trooper should take one of the infantry on his crupper, setting the example himself by mounting a German ensign behind him on his own horse.*

"In this way, the whole army arrived early in the afternoon before Cerignola, a small town on an eminence about sixteen miles from Barleta, where the nature of the ground afforded the Spanish general a favorable position for his camp. The sloping sides of the hill were covered with vineyards, and its base was protected by a ditch of considerable depth. Gonsalvo saw at once the advantages of the ground. His men were jaded by the march; but there was no time to lose, as the French, who, on his departure from Barleta, had been drawn up under the walls of Canosa, were now rapidly advancing. All hands were put in requisition, therefore, for widening the trench, in which they planted sharp-pointed stakes; while the earth which they excavated enabled them to throw up a parapet of considerable height on the side next the town. On this rampart he mounted his little train of artillery, consisting of thirteen guns, and behind it drew up his forces in order of battle.

"Before these movements were completed in the Spanish camp, the bright arms and banners of the French were seen glistening in the distance amid the tall fennel and cane-brakes with which the country was thickly covered. As soon as they had come in view of the Spanish encampment, they were brought to a halt, while a council of war was called, to determine the expediency of giving battle that evening. The duke of Nemours would have deferred it till the following morning, as the day was already far spent, and allowed no time for reconnoitring the position of his enemy. But Ives d'Allègre, Chandieu, the commander of the Swiss, and some other officers, were for immediate action, representing the importance of not balking the impatience of the soldiers, who were all hot for the assault. In the course of the debate, Allègre was so much heated as to throw out some rash taunts on the courage of the viceroy, which the latter would have avenged on the spot, had not his arm been arrested by Louis d'Ars. He had the weakness, however, to suffer them to change his cooler purpose, exclaiming, 'We will fight to-night, then; and perhaps those who vaunt the loudest will be found to trust more to their spurs than their swords;' a prediction bitterly justified by the event.

"While this dispute was going on, Gonsalvo gained time for making the necessary disposition of his troops. In the centre he placed his German auxiliaries, armed with their long pikes,

* The origin, perhaps, of Napoleon's *Voltigeurs.*

and on each wing the Spanish infantry under the command of Pedro Navarro, Diego de Paredes, Pizarro, and other illustrious captains. The defence of the artillery was committed to the left wing. A considerable body of men-at-arms, including those recently equipped from the spoils of Ruvo, was drawn up within the entrenchments, in a quarter affording a convenient opening for a sally, and placed under the orders of Mendoza and Fabrizio Colonna, whose brother Prospero and Pedro de la Paz took charge of the light cavalry, which was posted without the lines to annoy the advance of the enemy, and act on any point as occasion might require. Having completed his preparations, the Spanish general coolly waited the assault of the French.

"The duke of Nemours had marshalled his forces in a very different order. He distributed them into three battles or divisions, stationing his heavy horse, composing altogether, as Gonsalvo declared, 'the finest body of cavalry seen for many years in Italy,' under the command of Louis d'Ars, on the right. The second and centre division, formed somewhat in the rear of the right, was made up of the Swiss and Gascon infantry, headed by the brave Chandieu; and his left, consisting chiefly of his light cavalry, and drawn up, like the last, somewhat in the rear of the preceding, was intrusted to Allègre.

"It was within half an hour of sunset when the duke of Nemours gave orders for the attack, and, putting himself at the head of the gendarmerie on the right, spurred at full gallop against the Spanish left. The hostile armies were nearly equal, amounting to between six and seven thousand men each. The French were superior in the number and condition of their cavalry, rising to a third of their whole force; while Gonsalvo's strength lay chiefly in his infantry, which had acquired a lesson of tactics under him, that raised it to a level with the best in Europe.

"As the French advanced, the guns on the Spanish left poured a lively fire into their ranks, when a spark accidentally communicating with the magazine of powder, the whole blew up with a tremendous explosion. The Spaniards were filled with consternation; but Gonsalvo, converting the misfortune into a lucky omen, called out, 'Courage, soldiers, these are the beacon lights of victory! We have no need of our guns at close quarters.'

"In the mean time, the French van under Nemours, advancing rapidly under the dark clouds of smoke, which rolled heavily over the field, were unexpectedly brought up by the deep trench, of whose existence they were unapprized. Some of the horse were precipitated into it, and all received a sudden check, until Nemours, finding it impossible to force the works in this quarter, rode along their front in search of some practicable passage. In

doing this, he necessarily exposed his flank to the fatal aim of the Spanish arquebusiers. A shot from one of them took effect on the unfortunate young nobleman, and he fell mortally wounded from his saddle.

"At this juncture, the Swiss and Gascon infantry, briskly moving up to second the attack of the now disordered horse, arrived before the intrenchments. Undismayed by this formidable barrier, their commander, Chandieu, made the most desperate attempts to force a passage; but the loose earth freshly turned up afforded no hold to the feet, and his men were compelled to recoil from the dense array of German pikes, which bristled over the summit of the breast-work. Chandieu, their leader, made every effort to rally and bring them back to the charge; but, in the act of doing this, was hit by a ball, which stretched him lifeless in the ditch; his burnished arms, and the snow-white plumes above his helmet, making him a conspicuous mark for the enemy.

"All was now confusion. The Spanish arquebusiers, screened by their defences, poured a galling fire into the dense masses of the enemy, who were mingled together indiscriminately, horse and foot, while, the leaders being down, no one seemed capable of bringing them to order. At this critical moment, Gonsalvo, whose eagle eye took in the whole operations of the field, ordered a general charge along the line; and the Spaniards leaping their intrenchments, descended with the fury of an avalanche on their foes, whose wavering columns, completely broken by the violence of the shock, were seized with a panic, and fled, scarcely offering any resistance. Louis d'Ars, at the head of such of the men-at-arms as could follow him, went off in one direction, and Ives d'Allègre, with his light cavalry, which had hardly come into action, in another; thus fully verifying the ominous prediction of his commander. The slaughter fell most heavily on the Swiss and Gascon foot, whom the cavalry under Mendoza and Pedro de la Paz rode down and cut to pieces without sparing, till the shades of evening shielded them at length from their pitiless pursuers.

"Prospero Colonna pushed on to the French encampment, where he found the tables in the duke's tent spread for his evening repast; of which the Italian general and his followers did not fail to make good account. A trifling incident, that well illustrates the sudden reverses of war." — Vol. III. pp. 72 – 78.

The following year is ushered in by a new invasion of the French, after vast preparation, and with a force intended to be overwhelming. It finds Gonsalvo, with his little army, still engaged in siege before the strong fortress of Gaeta. He

retires into the interior; abandons at once every thing which is indefensible; and plants himself, with his whole concentrated power, in a position which can neither be turned nor forced. There and there only will he fight, — and there the French dare not attack him. The two armies, hutted on opposite sides of a river, growl at each other, through the half of a long winter; the Spaniards suffering incredible hardships, compared with the French; ill supplied, in a marshy position, and ready to burst forth into mutiny; controlled only by the astonishing command which their general had acquired over them. But nothing within or without can tempt him to move an inch either way, until after long and secret preparations, one dark and stormy night, he suddenly crosses the river four miles off, with his whole army, surprises the nearest French, scatters them into messengers of terror to the main camp, and in short repeats the scene of the last campaign; makes a third triumphal entry into Naples, and leaves Italy without a Frenchman to be found in arms, even in the fortress of Gaeta.

This hasty outline may give some idea of the kind of interest which belongs to a narrative properly filled out, with graphic description, well calculated to show the abundant grounds of Gonsalvo's indisputable claim to the Great Captaincy. The other writers, Guicciardini, Roscoe, and Sismondi, have less occasion, by the course of their histories, to follow the Spanish arms. Roscoe despatches their campaigns, which occupy several chapters of this history, in as many pages. Sismondi, following Guicciardini, is also comparatively meagre on the points most prominent for Spain; although not materially contradicting the new account, without which no reader of history can understand the great fame of Gonsalvo, or form the remotest conception of his military merits.

Perhaps the reader would like to see his fashion of quelling a mutiny. It is one of the brief little anecdotes of which an unusual number give life to the pages of this history.

"The soldiers loudly complained, that their general found treasures to squander on foreigners, while his own troops were defrauded of their pay. The Biscayans, a people of whom Gonsalvo used to say, 'he had rather be a lion-keeper, than undertake to govern them,' took the lead in the tumult. It soon swelled into open insurrection; and the men, forming themselves into regular

companies, marched to the general's quarters and demanded payment of their arrears. One fellow, more insolent than the rest, levelled a pike at his breast with the most angry and menacing looks. Gonsalvo, however, retaining his self-possession, gently put it aside, saying, with a good-natured smile, 'Higher, you careless knave, lift your lance higher, or you will run me through in your jesting.' As he was reiterating his assurances of the want of funds, and his confident expectation of speedily obtaining them, a Biscayan captain called out, 'Send your daughter to the brothel, and that will soon put you in funds!' This was a favorite daughter named Elvira, whom Gonsalvo loved so tenderly, that he would not part with her, even in his campaigns. Although stung to the heart by this audacious taunt, he made no reply; but, without changing a muscle of his countenance, continued, in the same tone as before, to expostulate with the insurgents, who at length were prevailed on to draw off, and disperse to their quarters. The next morning, the appalling spectacle of the lifeless body of the Biscayan, suspended by the neck from a window of the house in which he had been quartered, admonished the army that there were limits to the general's forbearance it was not prudent to overstep."—Vol. III. pp. 28, 29.

The new light thrown upon the diplomacy of the period is however more curious than that which is shed over the military movements. The first striking point of discrepancy between this and other histories, regards the treaty of Barcelona, by which Charles the Eighth, then meditating his descent on Naples, relinquished to Ferdinand all hereditary pretensions to certain provinces on the Spanish frontier, and the contracting parties entered into a compact of mutual alliance, against all enemies "the Vicar of Christ only excepted,"— as was usual in treaties of that age, — both parties being then on terms of perfect amity with His Holiness. According to Roscoe and Sismondi, the claim of France, to these Spanish territories, was founded upon a mortgage of them by Ferdinand's father to Louis the Eleventh, as security for 300,000 crowns, loaned by France to Aragon; of which repayment had been duly tendered; yet Louis refused to redeliver the securities, and they descended to Charles the Eighth, who, of his own proposal, relinquished them, as the price of an express stipulation on the part of Spain, not to oppose his designs on the crown of Naples. Indeed it is asserted by Roscoe, that both Ferdinand and Isabella, and even the infant Don John, their heir apparent, bound themselves by solemn oath to observe

this stipulation. But the comparison for the first time of Spanish with French authorities shows, that this statement is full of error, — in one point unfavorable for Spain, — while the whole story of the solemn oath is mere Parisian moonshine. It was a common treaty between Charles and Ferdinand, executed with no unusual guaranties by either; — and Isabella of Castile had nothing to do with the matter. It concerned Aragon exclusively, where she was Queen, only by the courtesy of marriage, and not of proprietary right. The frontier territories adjoining France had been mortgaged to Louis the Eleventh, not for a specific loan, although the agreed price of their redemption was 300,000 crowns; but for promised aid in a war of Aragon against one of her revolted provinces. That aid was never afforded, and the price of redemption was never tendered; nor if it had been, in the lifetime of Louis, would the ceded territories have been given up. The negotiation which terminated in the treaty of Barcelona, moreover, was not a volunteer of Charles's seeking, but a long and steady pursuit of Ferdinand's for the recovery of his lost provinces. He is even charged with having bribed the confessors of Charles to alarm his conscience in the matter; and the royal conscience was found to grow more tender towards Aragon, just in proportion as it conceived itself entitled to the crown of Naples. Ferdinand, believing that his own title to his bastard cousin's throne was the better of the two, while he kept that pretension quite in the dark, artfully availed himself of the growing tenderness of France, to get back his fair provinces, not by an express stipulation of aiding, or even of not opposing, her designs on Naples, — he was far too adroit a politician for that, — but, by a general compact of mutual alliance, offensive and defensive, against all enemies whatsoever, "*the Vicar of Christ only excepted*," as usual. Now Ferdinand all the while well knew, that the Vicar of Christ had certain domestic relations with the royal house of Naples, which would render it quite irritating to his heavenly temper, to see this terrestial crown forcibly wrested from the family possession, by an ungodly Frenchman. And he himself, to say nothing of the regard which he had for his bastard cousin, was devotedly attached to the interests of the church, and could not bear to see such sacrilege. And although this might not justify the hazarding of a hasty battle, it seemed well worth a little far-

ther trouble of negotiation, at least until some fitter time should offer for trying conclusions with his brother of France, touching the true title to Naples. The treaty of Barcelona therefore is no sooner concluded, and the territories of Roussillon and Cerdagne fairly delivered over, than Ferdinand begins to put up His Holiness to a due sense of the indignity intended, and to assure him, that Spain would never stand by and see Christ's Neapolitan kingdom so impiously invaded. The Pope was thereupon deeply moved at the meditated wickedness, and invoked all Christendom to his aid. Meanwhile Charles, with busy note of preparation, had assembled his armament, nothing doubting of all reasonable aid and amity from his loving brother of Spain; to insure which, however, he sends forward a formal notice that he is now ready for his great expedition, long meditated, against the Turks, and intended merely to stop a few moments by the way, just to set matters right in Naples, and would be greatly obliged, according to treaty, for the loan of a small sum of money, and the use of a port or two for the accommodation of his navy. To this Ferdinand replied, with great politeness, and many assurances not only of fraternal affection, but also of entire readiness to do any thing in the world that might be asked of him against the Turks; but, as to Naples, he begged to remind his dear friend, that Naples was a fief of the Church; that his regard for the Church was beyond all earthly considerations; and that his brother of France could not surely have forgotten how particular he was, in this general treaty of amity and alliance against all the world, to put in the words "*the Vicar of Christ only excepted*"; — and that, since Naples and the Turks were coupled in the proposed expedition, he regretted extremely that it would not be convenient for him to advance any money, or open any ports, at present; and in short, that he must wholly decline that polite and friendly invitation. Charles and his ministers opened their eyes in amazement, when they learned, for the first time, what "the Vicar of Christ" meant, — but sure enough, there it stood in the treaty, a peremptory exception, "written in strong ink," and nothing remained, but to raise an outcry about Spanish perfidy, which soon grew into breach of express contract, and flat perjury.

This story, which we have told in our own way, and not in our author's, is singularly characteristic. Other

historians are loud tongued enough about Ferdinand's ill faith; but they all rest their complaint upon breach of express contract. Roscoe even supposes that the beginning of Ferdinand's interference in the affairs of Naples, was long subsequent, and originated from a request of the King of Naples; and that the only justification the Spaniards pretended to set up was, that the Treaty of Barcelona was founded on an *implied condition* that Charles had a good title to the crown of Naples; whereas they thought it quite clear that his title was good for nothing; and that the only true title was Ferdinand's. But all this seems to be French mystification. The King of Naples, so far from soliciting Ferdinand to help him, dreaded nothing more than his kinsman's affectionate aid, well knowing that he looked with great dissatisfaction at the transfer of Naples, to a by-branch of his family, when, by regular course of lineal descent, it should have remained appurtenant to the crown of Aragon. And so far from justifying his voluntary interference on a pretext so forced, as the supposed implied condition, Ferdinand calmly reposes on the *express language* of the treaty, and his *paramount obligations* to the Vicar of Christ.

The progress of the affair brings to light another curious scene, when Ferdinand, unwilling to come to open rupture with France superfluously, although he had quietly made all needful preparation, sends a special embassy to meet Charles, after he had actually entered the Italian territory, to remonstrate with him on the shocking impropriety of his conduct, and make him sensible of the imperious necessity which would compel Spain, if he persisted, to interfere in favor of the Head of the Church, *agreeably to the terms of the Treaty of Barcelona;* and to prevent so disagreeable an alternative, Ferdinand concludes, by modestly proposing, that the question of the titles to the Crown of Naples should be submitted to the Pope himself! — the common father of Christendom,— who could have no possible interest in the matter, but to see justice done among all his equally dear children. Charles of course declines the proposed arbitration pretty peremptorily. But then, says the Spanish ambassador, you will break the treaty of Barcelona. — Whew! says Charles, — the treaty of Barcelona, forsooth! — has not your master broken that already? Did he not cajole me into that treaty by his promise of universal alliance? And has he not cheated me by it, out of

Roussillon and Cerdagne? — Thereupon the Spanish ambassador, regardless of all the dignitaries present, falls into a tremendous passion, — pulls the Treaty of Barcelona from his pocket, — declares that it has been wilfully violated by France, that his master has been shamefully ill used, and he no longer cares who knows it, — tears the parchment into pieces, before the whole assembly, — denounces war, — and exit in a rage. So far the scene is depicted in glowing colors by all the historians, who cannot dissemble their astonishment that Ferdinand should have trusted such weighty affairs to so indiscreet an ambassador. But the curious part of it is, that this outbreak of uncontrollable passion was all carefully invented beforehand; and instead of being the great act of a real tragedy, the whole scene was in truth a high farce, got up in the Spanish court, and duly rehearsed; to be enacted before Charles and his military court at Veletri. The Spanish ambassador, it seems, left Madrid, fully instructed to provoke Charles into terms of reproach, and thereupon to suffer himself to be transported into the tearing of his passion into tatters, and the treaty of Barcelona to boot. This is put beyond question by an original letter of Peter Martyr to a confidential court friend, *dated before the event*, in which he informs him of the great tearing there *is to be*. But the Spanish ambassador performed his rage so to the life, that no historian, before our author, has ever suspected him.

Such is a sample of the novelty and interest of the present work, where it travels parallel to the old beaten track of French and Italian wars and politics, — subjects which have been *historiographed* over and over again, for three centuries, by authors who never cared to penetrate the Spanish secrets, nor much regarded their overt acts.

The only other topics not wholly new, or nearly so, to the English reader, are those which our countryman Irving has handled with his accustomed dexterity, and grace, — the wars of Granada, and adventures of Columbus; and those which Hallam has treated with his usual learning and perspicuity, — the constitutional histories of Castile and Aragon.

Our author appears to feel a little chagrin, naturally enough, that so many flowers should have been hastily gathered before him, by one so competent as Irving to their tasteful selection and arrangement, while he was laboriously digging in more sterile soil, calculating upon a little refresh-

ment for his friends at the sight of the beautiful bouquet from Granada, to be exhibited in due season. But in truth the two authors come very little in each other's way, their ends being wholly different, and their modes of treating the subject equally original and very unlike. Irving's is a fanciful, though well-founded and authentic chronicle of the most stirring incidents appertaining to the fall of Granada; and he presents a romantic but faithful picture of the Moor, dressed out with a little oriental magnificence indeed, and telling his story with all that grace of action and melodious eloquence, which Irving, of all men, can throw, with such curious felicity, into such a portrait. Prescott's is a philosophical history, depicting in strong outline and sober colors, the prominent features of the war, throwing aside a thousand little embellishments, entertaining enough in themselves, but unimportant to a general view, enlivening his narration indeed, occasionally with a striking adventure, or an apt anecdote, or a brilliant description, but not diverted by these from his main pursuit, which penetrates to causes and effects and grand results. He views the battle-ground from Madrid; while Irving looks out from the towers of the Alhambra. The object of Irving is rather to amuse; Prescott's is rather to instruct,— though each is a writer *qui miscuit utile dulci*, into a very exquisite compound; and their several works respectively contain much of high interest wholly inappropriate for each other, — much which in truth the other writer could not have used without spoiling his book. In short, one is a history, and the other is a *true* fairy tale. To illustrate this in our own rude way, Muley Abul Hacen, the king of Granada, once made a smart speech, — but our author tells the whole story in six lines, as follows;

"When, in 1476, the Spanish sovereigns required as the condition of a renewal of the truce, which he solicited, the payment of the annual tribute imposed on his predecessors, he proudly replied, that "the mints of Granada coined no longer gold, but steel." His subsequent conduct did not belie the spirit of this Spartan answer." — Vol. I. p. 317.

Now Irving has expanded this little anecdote into a chapter, — one of the most entertaining in his book. He tells us who the Spaniard was that bore the embassy. He shows him to us mounting his high horse; we see him gal-

loping with his little train to the court of Granada; we are told how the Moors turned out to look at him, as he rode through the renowned gate of Elvira; how he was received in a magnificent divan by the grim monarch; how he delivered his message, with what dignified grace; how the Moor answered about iron and gold, and how terribly he looked when he answered him; how the Castilian retired with stately and ceremonious gravity; how in the court-yard he fell into a discussion with certain Moorish doctors, touching the mysteries of the Christian faith; how he got dreadfully provoked, and at last told the old infidel he lied, &c. &c. &c., making quite a scene, highly *arabesqued*, and full of enchantment, but which does very little towards the great Spanish war, — no more in fact than will exactly justify six lines of a regular history. So that in this way there are, lying between the prominent events of the capture of Abdallah and the siege of Malaga as recorded by our author with suitable circumstance, some four and twenty chapters in Irving of the pleasantest possible summer reading, about matters of which not one word is to be found in this History.

Let us now turn the tables upon our friend Irving, and show something of what the present History has, which his Chronicle has not. After recounting in two volumes all the particular exploits and stirring incidents of the great war of Granada, he winds up as follows;

"Thus terminated the war of Granada, after ten years of incessant fighting; equalling (says Fray Antonio Agapida,) the far-famed siege of Troy in duration; and ending, like that, in the capture of the city. Thus ended also the dominion of the Moors in Spain, having endured seven hundred and seventy-eight years from the memorable defeat of Roderick, the last of the Goths, on the banks of the Guadalete."

This and an introductory sentence or two at the beginning of the Chronicle, and two or three more perhaps scattered here and there through the body of the work, contain the whole account we get from him of the principles on which the war was conducted, or the history and condition of the people against whom it was waged; except as the one and the other may be gathered from incidents, when they occur, and from gorgeous description of cities, palaces, and mosques, sprinkled *passim*. Any thing deeper or more retrospective than this would have been foreign to the writer's purpose,

and indeed quite out of place. Now our author's eighth chapter, one of the most interesting, by the way, in his book, devotes some forty or fifty pages to telling us who these Moors, or Spanish Arabs were, how they came to be what they were, and what was their actual state and condition upon their entrance into this war. And his eleventh chapter dedicates at least half as many pages to a view of the general policy and conduct of the war on the part of Spain, showing the important changes then first introduced into the martial system of modern Europe; the prodigious and well appointed armies that were raised and organized; the earliest modern winter campaigns; the earliest building of mere military roads; the establishment of camp hospitals; the creation of a well-regulated commissariat; the first instance of mining with gunpowder, and the first introduction of artillery in Europe to any useful extent; all which may be said to be inventions of the war of Granada, among the foundations of that military renown which Spain subsequently acquired, and prominent causes of a general revolution in the tactics and material of European warfare. Here are seventy or eighty pages then of highly interesting and instructive matter, connected with the war of Granada, and well grouped for effect, of which not one word, unless in the way of an incidental notice, too transient for historic impression, can be found in Irving; nor indeed do we know where else to look for it in a form at once popular and condensed. Besides this, in the second part of the work, long after the fall of Granada, we find two more chapters on the Moors, — passages in their history of rare interest, — growing out of the attempt to convert them, — their insurrections, — a brief but active subsequent war, — and an edict of banishment against all who refused to become Christians, — topics not touched upon by Irving, and indeed quite out of the pale of his chronology, which ends with the capture of the city. Perhaps as a specimen of the author's mode of relieving his more general narrative, when occasion offers, with a spirited sketch, we may here as well as anywhere, introduce him in a single combat. The reader may thus compare for himself with Irving in his own line; for although the scene does not fall within the compass of his Chronicle, he thought this too good a thing of itself to be thrown away, and has therefore appended it under the title of "The Legend of the Death of Don Alonso de Aguilar."

An expedition had been led into the Alpuxarras, to quell an insurrection of the Moors, by Don Alonso de Aguilar, the elder brother of the Great Captain, and one of the principal nobles of Spain, who had served more than forty years against the infidel, and was the fifth lord of his warlike and pious house, who fell fighting in that holy cause. The Moors had retreated into the recesses of the mountains, whither the Spaniards had followed them, to a level spot surrounded by craggy barriers; there seeing no enemy at hand, they began to disperse for plunder of the rich booty which their wily foe had collected and deposited in this fastness as a lure to greedy invaders. In this straggling condition darkness overtook them.

"It was in vain, that Alonso de Aguilar reminded them, that their wily enemy was still unconquered; or that he endeavoured to force them into the ranks again, and restore order. No one heeded his call, or thought of any thing beyond the present moment, and of securing as much booty to himself as he could carry.

"The Moors, in the mean while, finding themselves no longer pursued, were aware of the occupation of the Christians, whom they not improbably had purposely decoyed into the snare. They resolved to return to the scene of action, and surprise their incautious enemy. Stealthily advancing, therefore, under the shadows of night, now falling thick around, they poured through the rocky defiles of the inclosure upon the astonished Spaniards. An unlucky explosion, at this crisis, of a cask of powder, into which a spark had accidentally fallen, threw a broad glare over the scene, and revealed for a moment the situation of the hostile parties; — the Spaniards in the utmost disorder, many of them without arms, and staggering under the weight of their fatal booty; while their enemies were seen gliding like so many demons of darkness through every crevice and avenue of the inclosure, in the act of springing on their devoted victims. This appalling spectacle, vanishing almost as soon as seen, and followed by the hideous yells and war-cries of the assailants, struck a panic into the hearts of the soldiers, who fled, scarcely offering any resistance. The darkness of the night was as favorable to the Moors, familiar with all the intricacies of the ground, as it was fatal to the Christians, who, bewildered in the mazes of the sierra, and losing their footing at every step, fell under the swords of their pursuers, or went down the dark gulfs and precipices which yawned all around.

"Amidst this dreadful confusion, the count of Ureña succeeded in gaining a lower level of the sierra, where he halted and

endeavoured to rally his panic-struck followers. His noble comrade, Alonso de Aguilar, still maintained his position on the heights above, refusing all entreaties of his followers to attempt a retreat. 'When,' said he proudly, 'was the banner of Aguilar ever known to fly from the field?' His eldest son, the heir of his house and honors, Don Pedro de Cordova, a youth of great promise, fought at his side. He had received a severe wound on the head from a stone, and a javelin had pierced quite through his leg. With one knee resting on the ground, however, he still made a brave defence with his sword. The sight was too much for the father, and he implored him to suffer himself to be removed from the field. 'Let not the hopes of our house be crushed at a single blow,' said he; 'go, my son, live as becomes a Christian knight, — live, and cherish your desolate mother.' All his entreaties were fruitless, however; and the gallant boy refused to leave his father's side, till he was forcibly borne away by the attendants, who fortunately succeeded in bringing him in safety to the station occupied by the count of Ureña.

"Meantime the brave little band of cavaliers, who remained true to Aguilar, had fallen one after another; and the chief, left almost alone, retreated to a huge rock which rose in the middle of the plain, and placing his back against it, still made fight, though weakened by loss of blood, like a lion at bay, against his enemies. In this situation he was pressed so hard by a Moor, of uncommon size and strength, that he was compelled to turn and close with him in single combat. The strife was long and desperate, till Don Alonso, whose corslet had become unlaced in the previous struggle, having received a severe wound in the breast, followed by another on the head, grappled closely with his adversary, and they came rolling on the ground together. The Moor remained uppermost; but the spirit of the Spanish cavalier had not sunk with his strength, and he proudly exclaimed, as if to intimidate his enemy, 'I am Don Alonso de Aguilar;' to which the other rejoined, 'And I am the Feri de Ben Estepar,' a well-known name of terror to the Christians. The sound of this detested name roused all the vengeance of the dying hero; and, grasping his foe in mortal agony, he rallied his strength for a final blow; but it was too late, — his hand failed, and he was soon despatched by the dagger of his more vigorous rival." — Vol. II. pp. 435 – 438.

One or two interesting reminiscences of this scene are afterwards given, which seem to have escaped the attention of Irving, and are worth quoting.

"But, although every spark of insurrection was thus effectual-

ly extinguished, it was long, very long, before the Spanish nation could recover from the blow, or forget the sad story of its disaster in the Red Sierra. It became the theme, not only of chronicle, but of song; the note of sorrow was prolonged in many a plaintive *romance*, and the names of Aguilar and his unfortunate companions were embalmed in that beautiful minstrelsy, scarcely less imperishable, and far more touching, than the stately and elaborate records of history. The popular feeling was displayed after another fashion in regard to the count of Ureña and his followers, who were accused of deserting their posts in the hour of peril; and more than one ballad of the time reproachfully demanded an account from him of the brave companions in arms whom he had left in the Sierra.

"It was about seventy years after this event, in 1570, that the duke of Arcos, descended from the great marquis of Cadiz, and from this same count of Ureña, led an expedition into the Sierra Vermeja, in order to suppress a similar insurrection of the Moriscoes. Among the party were many of the descendants and kinsmen of those who had fought under Aguilar. It was the first time since, that these rude passes had been trodden by Christian feet; but the traditions of early childhood had made every inch of ground familiar to the soldiers. Some way up the eminence, they recognised the point at which the count of Ureña had made his stand; and further still, the fatal plain, belted round with its dark rampart of rocks, where the strife had been hottest. Scattered fragments of arms and harness still lay rusting on the ground, which was covered with the bones of the warriors, that had lain for more than a half a century unburied and bleaching in the sun. Here was the spot on which the brave son of Aguilar had fought so sturdily by his father's side; and there the huge rock, at whose foot the chieftain had fallen, throwing its dark shadow over the remains of the noble dead, who lay sleeping around. The strongly marked features of the ground called up all the circumstances, which the soldiers had gathered from tradition; their hearts beat high, as they recapitulated them one to another; and the tears, says the eloquent historian who tells the story, fell fast down their iron cheeks, as they gazed on the sad relics, and offered up a soldier's prayer for the heroic souls which once animated them." — Vol. II. pp. 442 – 445.

This reference to the *romance* of the time, in the foregoing extract, reminds us to remark upon that humble source of remote history so rarely explored, and so profitable when judiciously used. As authorities for an important fact, popular ballads may be somewhat treacherous and untrustworthy,

unless supported by more direct and credible testimony. Yet in a land and age of minstrelsy, the contemporary sing-song of the day always has in it much of intrinsic truth, and preserves little touches of the times, with many a trifling illustration, which no chronicler would ever think of recording. Such memorials are invaluable therefore to the historian of an after-age, who knows how to squeeze into an essence, with skill and discretion, the treasures they contain.

> "You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
> But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

Apt — not rare! — but the reader may have Greek, if he likes, to the same effect, —

> Ἁ σταφυλὶς σταφὶς ἐστι, καὶ οὐ ῥόδον αὖον ὀλεῖται.

Thierry makes bold use of old English and Norman ballads for his "History of the Norman Conquest." Our author does the like with the ancient Castilian *romance* and Moorish ballad, which he seems to have at his fingers' ends. They often impart rich coloring to his page, or at least give it fragrance, while he is careful not to rest important consequences on such data.

As to Columbus, and the discovery of America, and its consequences, the two writers whom we are comparing cross each other's track even less than in the wars of Granada, for reasons which must be quite obvious to the reader. They take very different departures, and have different voyages in view. Irving's admirable work is, as it professes to be, a history of the life and personal adventures of his hero. He takes him up in boyhood, as soon as he can find him, (which is not easy,) sails with him to the uttermost parts of the earth, watches with him at sea, messes with him on shore, sticks to him through all his crosses and losses, perplexities and achievements, great and small, stands by him to the dying gasp, witnesses his last will and testament, and attends to all the ceremonies of his funeral like an affectionate brother. Prescott's no less admirable work is also what it purports to be, a history of higher character, not of Columbus, but of Spain, embracing, as it happens, the period of the discovery and colonization of America. The Genoese mariner was indeed too prominent an actor of the age, and exercised too high an influence over the destinies of the Spanish nation, not to make his life and character objects of drawing for the national historian, but only in a brief and general way compared with personal biography. Beyond this general introduction of the

man, and a notice of his discoveries in a manner suited to their vast importance, he has nothing to do with Columbus out of Spain. His business is with the Spanish court, its policy, its measures, with so much of personal history and authentic anecdote, as tend to their illustration. It is only in the relations of Columbus with the different members of the Spanish government at different periods, that the two authors compete; and here, without differing in any very material fact, they will yet be found to differ much in their manner of putting facts together, and to diverge considerably in their general views. A new and original coloring at least is given in this History to a narrative often told, and once surpassingly well. Irving, full of sympathy for his hero, dwells with something too much of asperity, perhaps, on the coldness and tardiness of court patronage at the outset, the harsh usage and cruel indignities heaped afterwards on the discoverer of a new world, and the chilling ingratitude of the great which threw a gloom over his dying hour. He rather leaves an impression, that Ferdinand was not only a cold ungenerous patron, from which degree of inculpation he can scarce be rescued, but that he was actuated by feelings of secret enmity, and almost of malicious hatred towards an adopted subject, whose services were too great for requital; nay, even Isabella does not escape without terms of gentler reprobation for her doubts, misgivings, and distrust, both of the enterprise in the outset, and of the character of Columbus in his after government, and still more for her prompt concurrence in acts of flagrant outrage against a meritorious servant.* Prescott on the other hand calls our attention to the many unavoidable causes which long postponed the suit of Columbus, at the only court in Europe which would give ear to it at all; to the patience with which Isabella listened to arguments and counsel, both for and against it; to the noble generosity with which she yielded at a personal interview to the enthusiasm of the man, and undertook his enterprise for her own Castile, offering, when the state of the treasury was objected, to pawn her jewels, if need were, to raise the requisite funds; to the strong language of Columbus himself in a private letter, for, "In the midst of the general in-

* See Life of Columbus, ed. London, 1828, Vol. I. pp. 126, 434. — Vol. II. pp. 236, 288. — Vol. III. pp. 89, 123, 135, 150. — Vol. IV. p. 47.

credulity," says he, "the Almighty infused into the Queen, my lady, the spirit of intelligence and energy; and whilst every one else, in his ignorance, was expatiating only on the inconvenience and cost, her Highness approved it on the contrary, and gave it all the support in her power;" to the reluctance with which both Ferdinand and Isabella at first hearkened to charges against Columbus in his government; to their tenderness in selecting for inquiry an agent, whom, from the Admiral's own recommendation, they supposed to be his personal friend; to the constancy with which Isabella protected his fame and honor, when rumors and complaints thickened against him; to the reluctance with which she finally consented, not to supersede him in the government, but to send an agent with full power to act as the exigency of the case might require; to the necessity of granting such powers, shamefully abused though they were; to the indignation of both the sovereigns at the outrage committed on his person by that insolent officer, who sent him home in irons like a common malefactor; to their kind endeavours to soothe his justly offended pride; to the admission of the Admiral's own son that he could charge nothing against them, but the unfitness of the agent who was unluckily selected for this delicate trust; with a thousand and one other circumstances of palliation, extenuation, and justification, which it is quite impossible to insert at the tail of the longest sentence (if indeed it be a sentence) in this, or any other article.* The most characteristic distinction perhaps, after all, lies in the views taken of the intellectual character of Columbus himself, to whom, with ample commendation of all his great and noble qualities, the Spanish historian, though warmly sympathizing in the misfortunes of the veteran Admiral, attributes a certain visionary wildness, and exaltation of mind, very like a bee in the bonnet, without which, perhaps, he would never have conceived in that age, nor, conceiving, would ever have accomplished, against so many obstacles, his wonderful project; but which made him, nevertheless, utterly unfit for the arduous, methodical, and steady duties of a colonial governor.

Our author thinks Mr. Irving is betrayed into a slight

* See "Ferdinand and Isabella," Vol. II. pp. 110, 460, and Vol. III. p. 235.

"chronological inaccuracy in speaking of a seven years' residence at the court in 1491, which he had previously noticed as having begun in 1486;"* and there are some little discrepances about dates in the early history of Columbus, as might be expected where they are so great among the earliest authorities, "as to render hopeless," according to Mr. Prescott, "any attempt to settle with precision the chronology of Columbus's movements previous to his first voyage." We shall take our author at his word, and leave these old dates to settle themselves as they may; remarking only, that as we read Irving, the anachronism does not extend to more than twelve or fifteen months at farthest, since he dates the arrival of Columbus at court in the *early part* of 1486, and the personal interview with the sovereigns a few weeks only before the surrender of Granada, — which was early, very early we admit, (being the second day of January,) in 1492. It is a high compliment at any rate to the accuracy of Irving, that an author so diligent as the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella, in ascertaining his facts from the best original sources, and so independent in his pursuit of truth, following Irving's track in this portion of the work, should have detected no error of mere fact more material than this. It is more difficult to understand why two such acute antiquarians should be unable to read alike an inscription of two lines on a public monument. We refer to the simple memorial on the tomb of the Admiral.

"*Por* Castilla y *por* Leon
Nuevo mundo *halló* Colon."

So reads Irving.†

"*A* Castilla y *a* Leon
Nuevo mundo *dió* Colon."

So reads Prescott.‡

Now though this is the difference "'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee," we yet burn with an unconquerable desire to penetrate the truth. Prescott cites an authority, and it would seem to be a pretty good one, — the Admiral's own son. Irving cites none. Still we have no explanation of the remarkable discrepancy from our author, nor the slightest allusion to it. We are obliged to him, however, for telling us where the monument is, because we can now go and see for

* Vol. II. p. 123, note. † Vol. IV. p. 47. ‡ Vol. III. p. 241.

ourselves. This Irving does not, although he has buried his hero three times over, once at Valladolid, again at Seville, and a third time in the City of St. Domingo, where his remains still rested at the last account. We have had the curiosity to hunt up the Historia del Almirante, cited by Prescott, and find the inscription there as he gives it.* Where to look for Irving's inscription we know not.

We ought not to part from this portion of the book without calling the reader's attention to an able chapter on the Spanish colonial policy of this reign, containing comprehensive views on that subject, which of course do not fall within the province of the biographer of Columbus. Nor would the reader easily forgive us, if we were to omit the remarkable evidence of a popular belief, or at least a floating notion, of lands beyond the Atlantic, which began to prevail some time before the actual discovery, contained in a poem, by Pulci, of Florence, first published at Venice in 1488, a date by the way for which we are not indebted to our author, who has left this point singularly loose, *for him*. He cites the passage without its date, and, as if to prove that this popular belief "had become matter of common speculation *towards the close* of the fifteenth century," — *before* which close, long enough, the discovery had been effected, and rung throughout Europe. It pleases us particularly to be able to detect this writer in a little slip of this nature, — since he is a terrible fellow for facts, and as accurate as an astronomical almanac. The existence of such a belief, at least in some minds other than the admiral's, has been often suggested with some partial proofs, but this conclusive piece of testimony seems to have eluded the search of every other writer, on the grand discovery, numerous as they are, and much controverted as the merits of Columbus have been. Mr. Prescott, by the way, does not consider them impaired in the least degree by this curious fact. We give his own translation of the passage.

> "Know that this theory is false; his bark
> The daring mariner shall urge far o'er
> The western wave, a smooth and level plain,
> Albeit the earth is fashioned like a wheel.
> Man was in ancient days of grosser mould,
> And Hercules might blush to learn how far
> Beyond the limits he had vainly set,
> The dullest sea-boat soon shall wing her way.

* See Barcia, Hist. Prim. . Mad. 1749. Hist. del Alm., cap. 108.

> Men shall descry another hemisphere,
> Since to one common centre all things tend;
> So earth, by curious mystery divine
> Well balanced, hangs amid the starry spheres.
> At our Antipodes are cities, states,
> And thronged empires, ne'er divined of yore.
> But see, the Sun speeds on his western path
> To glad the nations with expected light."
>
> — Vol. II. pp. 117, 118.

But it is high time to part from the shores of America, and wing our way back to the ancient Pyrenees, whence we desire to look a little at the constitutional history and national, or rather provincial, characteristics of Castile and Aragon,— out of which the Spanish nation was formed. Of these great topics we have now for the first time a comprehensive, complete, luminous, and philosophical account. The modern revolutions of Spain have at last opened the door for these inquiries, and such writers as Capmany, Marina, and Sempere, adhering to different political principles, and stimulated by the magnitude of the interests at stake, have ransacked the records of their country from the earliest times, to bring forward every thing of constitutional history, which would support the views of their respective parties. But their works, little known out of Spain, are rather for the study of her historian and the Spanish statesman, than for the illumination of the general foreign reader, who desires compendious but accurate results, — not voluminous transcripts of dull records, nor abstracts of antique codes. No continental writer, beyond the Peninsula, has written any thing worth reading, on the subject. And the only English writers upon it, of any eminence, are Dr. Geddes, Dr. Robertson, Mr. Hallam, and Dr. Dunham. Dr. Geddes indeed would deserve no notice in this connexion, but as an early pioneer into this Iberian wilderness. Ten years resident in Lisbon, as chaplain to the English Factory, he was led to turn his attention somewhat to Peninsular history, and composed two or three historical tracts respecting it. The principal of these is, "A History of the Wars of the Commons of Castile, in the Beginning of the Reign of Charles the Fifth;" — to which is appended "A View of two Castilian Cortes,"— being in fact little more than a publication in English of two writs for the assembly of a Cortes in 1390, and 1406, with a list of the deputies who met, and a few brief explanatory notes. Indeed he complains, with reason, of the impossibility at that day, (about

1700,) of making, as he desired, a history of the ancient Castilian Cortes, — "of whose great name," says he, "the modern Spanish Cortes is a shadow only." This *stat nominis umbra* long continued, if it be not still equally applicable. But the learned Doctor adds, he has "never seen, nor heard of, any book upon that subject; which is very strange, considering that no nation in the world is so *unmercifully oppressed* as Spain, with voluminous histories, of particular, and many times very little, persons and places." No nation, consequently, can furnish such abundant materials for a general history, to a writer who will take the pains to collect and study, as our author has, these insignificant annals.

Constitutional matters, however, in Castile, continued a profound mystery even among the natives to the time of Robertson, who says, in 1769,—"I have searched in vain, among the historians of Castile, for such information as might enable me to trace the progress of laws and government in Castile, or to explain the nature of the constitution, with the same degree of accuracy, wherewith I have described the political state of Aragon."*

If he had found information enabling him to explain Castile, with no greater degree of accuracy and comprehensiveness than that "wherewith he has described the political state of Aragon," we can only say, his Castilian constitution would have been after all a pretty lean performance. Without the aid of modern lights, indeed, it is not wonderful, that he and his reader should have been left equally in the dark as to Castile; nor that he should sometimes have stumbled into egregious error. Under such circumstances, error is at least venial, and does not detract greatly perhaps from his general merits. This applies, however, only to Castile, or at least but little to Aragon; where he flatters himself he has done the thing to a nicety, and where we flatter ourselves we could show up for him, were there time for it, a very superficial and bungling piece of work. As it is, we may notice, as we pass, one or two of his omissions and commissions. The truth is, we have the less patience with him on this point, because we have not found in his general narrative, where there was less excuse for error, that degree of accuracy which we had been taught to expect from so eminent a historian. Having had occasion to follow him somewhat through his

* See "Charles V." Vol. I. Note 33.

"Charles the Fifth," and also somewhat through his "History of America," we have come to the conclusion, that the history of Spanish America, in the English language at least, remains to be written; and that if the reign of Charles the Fifth does not, Robertson has long enough enjoyed, for what he has done towards it, quite as much of popularity as he deserves. The diligent Von Raumer has exposed, in his recent "Introduction to the History of Europe in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," the existence of a large quantity of documents in the archives of France, illustrating the reigns of Charles the Fifth, Philip the Second, and his successors; highly important materials, never consulted either by Robertson, Watson, or Thompson, though sufficiently open to them; and it may be added, that he refers to no document of the age of Ferdinand and Isabella, which our author has not used.

Of Hallam, however, we should speak in a very different tone. No writer has yet given us such profound and philosophical views of the progress of society during the Middle Ages, with so much accuracy of detail, as he. But the character of his work is too well established to require our commendation; and it is needless to dilate, where we fully accord with the universal judgment of its merits. It cannot escape our observation, however, that his work is professedly a view of Europe, and that Spain was but a small part of the ground over which his learned researches compelled him to travel. Nor does he assign the same degree of historical importance to the constitutional history of Spain, (why, it is not easy to see,) as to that of other European countries; consequently she occupies but a small fraction of his work. Ninety pages are her portion, out of three stout octavos; while France enjoys upwards of three hundred, (including a general view of the feudal system,) and Italy nearly as many. This author had the partial benefit indeed of some of that modern derivative light which has been shed by Spanish scholars over the history of their country, but which was wholly denied to Robertson, and has been excluded from the whole world, until within a very recent period. As late as 1809, Capmany complains, "no author has appeared, down to the present day, to instruct us in regard to the origin, constitution, and celebration of the Castilian Cortes; on all which topics, there remains the most profound ignorance." But Capmany then appeared, and was followed at no long

interval by that enthusiastic lover of liberty, Marina, whose collection of disjointed documentary precedents, highly valuable for reference, is little calculated to impart his enthusiasm to the reader. Of these authors Hallam has fully availed himself, condensing and philosophizing with his usual ability. But Sempere, the conservative, so important to correct the too ardent Marina, either had not appeared, or was from some other cause unknown to him. Dr. Dunham is the only English writer on this subject, preceding our author in date of publication, though not probably of composition on this preliminary topic, who has enjoyed the benefit of being able to concentrate all these rays of Spanish light into his own dark lantern. The author of the History now under review, prompt always to render "*suum cuique*," and well able to afford praise to his predecessors, says of the learned doctor, that he "has given a more exact and extended view of early Castilian legislation, than is to be found even in any Spanish writer." If by extended is meant comprehensive, for which our good-natured author would be willing perhaps to let it pass, we pity the poor Spaniards. We do not mean to treat the learned doctor with undue disrespect, though he certainly exhibits himself as little respect for the labors of others, as if he were a reviewer; — see his notes upon Robertson, Hallam, Bouterwek, Watson, Mills, &c. *passim*. But he has devoted one volume of his five duodecimos, to what he esteems, no doubt, a profound general view of the "political, civil, and religious state of the Peninsula during the domination of the Mohammedans," and also of Christian Spain and Portugal. We defy anybody to read it who has not been long accustomed to regale himself on such entertainment as Coke-Littleton, and the Year Books. He dedicates about a hundred and thirty pages of this volume to the government and laws of Castile. Twenty of these are a mere abstract of the "*Fuero Juzgo*," or old Wisigothic Code; twenty more, an abstract of several provincial *fueros;* and thirty more an abstract of the "*Siete Partidas*" of Alfonso the Eleventh. Unconscionable! — In short, his work would be just such pleasant reading as the Index to the Revised Statutes of Massachusetts, — provided it were blessed with an equally luminous method. We confess we are driven to take an early and decided stand against this learned Wisigoth, chiefly from pure alarm, — since he threatens to deluge us with just

such lucid abstractions for all the states of Europe, — and we begin to fear for America, — having already, since the publication of his "Spain and Portugal," in 1832, produced, with a similar show of unfathomable learning, a volume on Poland, three on the German Empire, and four on the Middle Ages. We have not read them, to be sure, but we have the "Spain"; and we enjoy great confidence that the residue of the infliction is reserved for some other martyr, — holding, with Hallam, on the subject of Gothic monarchs, "the annals of barbarians so unworthy of remembrance, that we would not detain the reader by naming one sovereign of that obscure race," — except where our magisterial duty as reviewers demands it.

Mr. Prescott's History has, prefixed, a formal Introduction, in two parts, being views, the one of Castile, the other of Aragon, prior to the period at which his narrative commences. They are designed to place the intelligent reader in Spain about the middle of the fifteenth century; and to inform him of those relations which are essential to a full comprehension of the subsequent national growth, and the progress both of civil affairs, and intellectual culture. It lucidly unfolds the causes of that distinguishing religious fervor, fanaticism, bigotry, and superstition, which so deeply and at last so painfully impressed the character of Spain; and of that strong nationality, in spite of sectional divisions, that chivalric honor, and that refinement beyond the age, (at least out of Italy,) which were the deep-seated springs of her youthful glory. The chapter on Castile exposes, in a bird's-eye view, the whole interior of her ancient constitutional system; exhibiting, contrary to Dr. Robertson, earlier glimpses there of political freedom, than in any other part of Europe. Municipal privileges are traced to a date preceding those in Italy; and popular representation is followed back as far as the Cortes of Burgos in 1169. Dr. Dunham, although the age might then be thought nearly dark enough for him, did not get back of a Cortes in Leon, A. D. 1188; — indeed, he could not have been greatly interested in the search, since he had already arrived at the conclusion, — he probably set out with it, — that this popular representation in Castile "was but a farce," and that its glory "was of no more than thirty years' duration."* Prescott's view is, like Hallam's, that the com-

* See his Spain, &c. Vol. IV. pp. 171, 173.

mons of Castile exercised a controlling power in the Cortes, before the fifteenth century, and he adds, held out against the crown and the aristocracy, longer than in most states of Europe. The *Hermandad*, little explained by Hallam, and rather treated by him, erroneously, as a confederacy of the nobles,* is shown to be a branch of popular organization, put in exercise against the nobles, quite as often as against the crown. New and important views are given as to the wealth and exclusive privileges of the cities, and the state of commerce and manufactures. The great orders of society, and their mutual relations, rights, privileges, and claims, are made known to us. We learn who the *ricos hombres*, the *hidalgos*, and the *caballeros*,— the three great orders of Castilian nobility, — were, and are made sensible of their great wealth and power, their martial and haughty spirit, their independence and turbulence, their extraordinary privileges of office, private war, and even rebellion. The position of the priesthood, warriors as well as monks, their great influence, enormous wealth, and profligacy of manners, are laid before us, in connexion with the slender authority, which the Pope was suffered to exercise in Spain, at this early period, compared with that which was tolerated from him in any other part of Christian Europe. The feeble powers of the crown, almost without revenue, dependent on the recognition of the Cortes for its being, controlled by a privy council of the nobles in executive action, and yet with the extraordinary prerogative, frequently exercised, of wholly omitting, at will, either the aristocratic, or the popular branch, in the summons of a Cortes, are clearly set forth. We thus get a distinct general idea of the political state of Castile, to start with; which we cannot get at all from Robertson, but imperfectly from Hallam, and little enough surely from Dunham, — notwithstanding he has expanded the subject into a hundred and thirty pages of minute and tedious detail.

A view of Aragon, from the greater complication and perfection of its political machinery, as well as because it had been already taken with more show of information than that of Castile by other writers, (Dunham excepted) demanded greater ability to add new interest to the subject; and the demand has been fully answered. Dr. Dunham, with his usual disproportionate expansion and contraction, after having

* See "Middle Ages," Vol. II. p. 55.

treated of Castile with most wearisome prolixity, huddles together Aragon, Catalonia, and Valencia, in ten hasty pages. Robertson and Hallam have given Aragon, as compared with their accounts of Castile, sufficiently fair play; for the early Aragonese historians, whom they cite, are full upon her constitutional history, and Hallam, at least, is a diligent as well as acute inquirer. But Prescott cites half a dozen writers, on her parliamentary history, who seem to have been wholly unknown even to Hallam, — works ancient, but rare and difficult to procure. Consequently he draws from a wider circle of authentic sources. His Introduction sets forth, in the first place, the gradual extension of this government in its territorial limits at home, both by conquest and marriage, and abroad, by conquest over Sicily, Sardinia, and the Balearic Isles, effected through that Catalan navy, which then rivalled in adventure the fleets of Genoa and Venice. We next learn, that a well-defined and tolerably regulated freedom existed there to a greater extent than in England at the same period, and that there was even a very early *written* constitution. The *ricos hombres* and the inferior nobility, equally powerful and equally turbulent with those of Castile, enjoyed in ancient times the anomalous privilege, as a constitutional right, of renouncing, for good cause, of which they themselves were the judges, their allegiance to the crown; until the "Privileges of the Union," the Magna Charta of Aragon, was literally cut to pieces (who can wonder at it?) by Peter the Fourth, before his assembled nobles, — a scene which has been described by other writers, but not better certainly than here. The constitution, which grew up after that violence, has been nowhere so completely unfolded as in this chapter; and a most remarkable constitution it was certainly for the age, securing, in fact as well as theory, according to our author's view, widely different from that of Robertson or Dunham, and by no means coinciding with Hallam's, the general enjoyment of civil liberty, notwithstanding occasional outbreaks of violence, with a degree of tranquillity unknown in that day elsewhere. The Cortes, which regularly assembled at stated periods, consisted, as all the writers tell us, of four arms, branches, or estates; namely, the *ricos hombres*, the lesser nobility, the clergy, and the commons, — the representation of the latter having commenced as early as 1163. Other writers do not however describe its mode of action; our au-

thor does. The session was opened by personal address from the throne, though Hallam erroneously supposed it opened by the Justiza, a magistrate peculiar to Aragon, and of extraordinary jurisdiction. The Cortes then separated to their four chambers. All subjects of legislative action were referred to a joint committee of each branch, who reported to their several houses, where they were debated between the same parties essentially which now divide all the legislative bodies of Christendom, the conservatives and the popular reformers, — a curious fact not noticed even by Hallam. Dr. Robertson supposes, that the sessions of the Cortes were limited to a duration of forty days; and asserts, without qualification, that "no law could pass in this assembly, without the assent of every single member who had a right to vote." These are both errors. The sessions were of indefinite duration, often several months. The actual assent of every member who had a right to vote, viewed as a previous condition to the validity of a law, would be a strange solecism indeed in parliamentary proceedings. It would necessarily destroy all power of legislation. A law was created there, as in other deliberative assemblies, by the concurrent vote of a majority in each of the several houses; but there existed a singular anomaly in their constitution, the total misconception of which led Dr. Robertson into this strange error. Any member of either house might, by recording his positive and personal *veto*, prevent the passage of a law, the majority notwithstanding, — a power dangerous enough in the highest officers of government, but which in this, as it must be in other cases, was practically controlled by the *ultima ratio* of popular opinion. And, indeed, in that age, another sort of an *ultima ratio* was likely enough to have been ready for refractory members. The Cortes also exercised, as one branch of the British Parliament does, certain judicial functions, which have not been detected by any former writer, and hence obtained the name of "the General Court," — the same which so long distinguished the legislature of Massachusetts; and in the causes of which the Cortes took cognizance, if not in other courts, the state was bound to provide counsel for the poor. But the most remarkable feature in the Aragonese constitution was its Justiza, a supreme judicial officer, whose avowed duty was, many times exercised, according to our author, with astonishing independence, — (Dr.

Dunham to the contrary notwithstanding,) — to stand between the people and the crown, and see that right and prerogative were preserved in their due constitutional relations. This high functionary, himself the supreme judicial court of the land, was empowered even to pronounce against the constitutionality of a law, — a feature of judicial action in our own constitution, which excites so much admiration in its ablest foreign expositor, the candid and acute De Tocqueville. The Justiza had also power, by process analogous to the long-boasted *habeas corpus* of England, which this Spanish provision preceded by more than two centuries, to inquire into all causes of imprisonment, and discharge persons unjustly detained, by whatever authority; and the further power to evoke causes from the inferior courts, or compel performance of their duties by a species of *mandamus*. He was also *ex officio* a counsellor of the king, and administered the coronation oath.

These analogies, several of which are striking, led Mr. Hallam to say, that he "did not perceive that the functions of the Justiza of Aragon were, in any essential respect, different from those of the Chief Justice of England, divided, from the time of Edward the First, among the judges of the King's Bench;" — but our author's view of the nature and extent of his authority, supported by ample references to authentic sources of information, would make the Justiza a far more efficient barrier against encroachments of royal prerogative than ever the Chief Justice of England was, according to her history. To this office, neither a noble of the higher class, nor a commoner, could be raised; he was required to be selected from the intermediate order of knights, a grade answering relatively very nearly to the untitled gentleman of England, and he was selected with due regard to his learned qualifications. His appointment was by the crown, — a fact of too much importance, by the way, to have been tucked, as it is, into the obscure corner of a note, especially when Robertson had complained that he was unable to find any thing on that subject. But that appointment was for life; and he was removable only by the King and Cortes united; and for his conduct in office he was amenable, not at all to the crown, but merely and directly to the Cortes, who appointed a standing commission of seventeen members, which sat throughout the year, to inquire into and report upon all charges which might be preferred against him. But the

whole body of the Cortes alone could finally pronounce against him; and the sole penalty for abuse of his high powers, or gross neglect of his important duties, was death. All this is information wholly new, of great value, and apparently vouched by ample authorities, most critically examined and referred to, step by step. The power of the crown, controlling very little revenue, and restrained by turbulent nobles on the one side, and by an independent Justiza, representing chiefly the popular interest, on the other, was, of course, even more limited than in Castile.

This meagre outline, which we have given in a style almost as dry as Dr. Dunham's, is well filled out by our author, and relieved with many illustrative anecdotes; making it in his book a readable, as well as a comprehensible chapter, even for those who do not propose to study constitutional law. We have thought it meet, however, to set down, in a condensed form, thus much of the constitution of Aragon, — a most extraordinary constitution surely, for the very dawning of the light ages, — very far ahead of the English at that day, — both because of the new and original views of it presented by this writer in so perspicuous, and yet so popular a form, after the subject had been fully treated, as was thought, by such able hands as Robertson and Hallam; and also out of our tender regard for the gentlemen of the long robe, who ought to be indulged occasionally with this moderate degree of innocent recreation. For keener delights, we recommend them to the *Fuero Juzgo* of Dr. Dunham. As to our other readers, what they do not like, we have a prescience they will take the liberty to skip. The merchants, perhaps, will be more entertained with a view of Barcelona, soon after the year 1000; and be pleased to learn, that *there* was the first navigation act, the first code of maritime law, and the first bank of exchange and deposit in Europe. If so, see Prescott for further particulars.

We ought to add, on this matter of the constitution, that Hallam's view comes down to later times than are included in our author's preliminary chapters; and consequently embraces a period when they had undergone some slight modifications in Castile. These are carefully brought to light by our historian, from time to time, as they occur in the progress of the narrative. His successful endeavour seems to have been, to embrace in his view all the prominent causes which elevated

Spain, under the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, to be the leader of the front rank in Europe; as well as the latent causes, originating in that reign, which conduced to her subsequent decay. Of course, constitutional history is never for a moment lost sight of. We ought also to state, by way of excluding an erroneous impression, which might be derived from our description of the Aragonese constitution, highly complicated and nicely balanced, that our author does not consider, (neither did Hallam,) that this complex machine wrought practically, in that remote and turbulent age, with all the uniform regularity of movement which the theory intended. On the contrary, he points out much of that abuse and violence which might have been reasonably looked for. Having wider sources of information, he estimates its practical operation rather more highly perhaps than Hallam. Both differ essentially from Robertson, — *toto cœlo* from Dunham.

The subject of early Castilian literature, to which two entire chapters are devoted in this work, with a portion of a third, and many incidental notices of authors and their works, has not been much studied even by Spanish scholars. The recent German "History of Spanish and Portuguese Literature," by Bouterwek, poorly enough done into English, by a lady, who wears the euphonious name of Thomasina Ross, is a work of very high estimation among the learned. Sismondi's "Literature of the South," well translated by Roscoe, also enjoys high reputation, though in this particular department, Spanish literature, he is merely a passive follower of Bouterwek, scarcely adding a fact or a thought, and often adopting from him whole pages. Bouterwek, therefore, is the only writer worthy of note, with whom our author can here be compared; for although Dr. Dunham has devoted some pages to the "literature, science, and arts of Mohammedan and Christian Spain," his exhibition of learning, for any age subsequent to the domination of the Goths, bears no comparison with Bouterwek's, to say nothing of its being arranged in much of the same captivating manner, which adds grace to his legal and constitutional attainments. So far, however, was Bouterwek from possessing a complete view of the *early* literature, that he even errs more than a quarter of a century in the time when the first printing of Spanish books began. This important era in literature, he refers to the beginning of the sixteenth century.*

* Bouterwek, Ross's Tr. Vol. I. p. 103.

But, in truth, printing came to be introduced into the kingdom of Castile in the very first year of Isabella's reign (A. D. 1474), under the fostering patronage of that wise and excellent queen, who did much to encourage the setting up of the first printing presses, and caused several to be put into immediate requisition.

It is apparent from our author's pages, that he has, with great diligence and penetration, traced the first visible streams of Spanish literature back to their remote sources; and while he gives a clear history of its course, thence to the termination of the period he embraces, involving notices of a great many antique writers and works little known, this is done with no unnecessary mere parade of "barbaric pearls and gold"; but in a manner indicating at once critical acumen, and a sensibility to true poetic merit, even in its humblest form. There are no Spanish guides, to this perplexed and intricate inquiry, of the least value; unless, indeed, we except the relics of Moratin, on the particular topic of the drama alone; so that a knowledge of the subject was only to be gleaned from the study of the originals themselves. The author of "Ferdinand and Isabella" possessed great advantages for such research, it is true, not only by his skill in the language, which is sufficiently apparent, but by free access to a library before mentioned, for this particular purpose probably unrivalled anywhere out of Spain. But he has availed himself of these advantages with singular ability and independence. Consequently, it will be found, by any scholar who shall take the trouble to compare the two writers, that our author, pursuing his own inquiries in his own way, and throwing out his own original views, instead of slavishly following Bouterwek, as Sismondi has done, gives a far more complete and satisfactory account of Spanish literature, during the period he undertakes for, than Bouterwek does, notwithstanding the latter writer devotes his whole work exclusively to the history of Peninsular letters. This superiority, true generally, is especially striking on the subject of the drama. There, indeed, Bouterwek had not the advantage of Moratin's learned labors, to which Mr. Prescott frequently refers with grateful acknowledgments. But there, and elsewhere, he has enabled himself even to correct Bouterwek, and the Spanish scholars themselves, on several points of criticism and literary history; as will be seen by reference to his notes, which, by the way, contain a vast body of this species

of information, and an infinite fund of amusing anecdote; enough to furnish D'Israeli with a whole volume of curiosities of literature.

Are our readers aware, in this stage of our analysis, that we have thus far only spoken of those parts of the work which in subject are *not new*, although treated with entire originality; and that they form but a small portion of the whole? Such is the fact. The residue, and greater bulk, is on ground literally untrodden by any English writer, or translator, known to us, unless it be in some very general summary, or brief incidental notices and allusions. Generally speaking, it is equally untrodden by any modern popular writer, in any other language; and most of the matter can be found only by laborious researches among antiquated annalists, foreign works of reference, and unpublished manuscripts. Bidding adieu, therefore, to the whole literary world, and glad to eschew, hereafter, these odious comparisons of which we are heartily tired, unless it be in an incidental way, we propose to run rapidly with our author over a free and open field, where we find novelty and interest at every step.

After the general introduction already noticed, which has placed the reader in Spain shortly before the rising of the curtain, the work opens with the reign of John the Second, the father of Isabella, in the then separate kingdom of Castile, and affords an interesting picture of a feeble politician, the tool of his own favorites, the victim of an unruly nobility and a boisterous commons, who was yet a man of taste and letters, and did much to cultivate refinement in his court. Here we are made acquainted with several distinguished literati who adorned the scene, and did much for the infant poetry of the nation; and we are interested by the shifting fortunes of Alvaro de Luna, the ruling favorite, who long governed the kingdom as High Constable, in his master's name, and at last, like Cardinal Wolsey, whom he much resembles, both in character and fate, perished on the scaffold. Here, too, we are introduced to the infant Isabella, the heroine of the history, sure to win our affections as soon as she is known.

We next move to the then separate, but adjoining kingdom of Aragon; where the father of Ferdinand, (another John the Second, by the way, as if on purpose to perplex the reader and the historian,) occupies a yet more unquiet throne than his Castilian brother. Here appears the infant Ferdinand, the

future hero, but not then heir apparent of the crown. Between him and it stands an elder brother, a character of uncommon interest; but who, by his pretensions to Navarre, becomes embroiled with his own father; which draws after it a long train of disastrous consequences, civil war, murder, and rebellion, shaking old John upon his throne. The son's banishment, imprisonment, release, and death, as well as the tragical fate of his sister Blanche, the general revolt in Catalonia, and the siege of Barcelona, are events interesting in themselves, and important as clearing a way for Ferdinand's succession, and otherwise connecting with the future developements. Navarre, especially, a separate kingdom, but destined to be otherwise in the sequel, begins to be an object of attention. Such are the scenes in which Ferdinand's infancy was matured.

We return to Castile. A change has occurred. The father of Isabella is dead, but she is far from being apparent heiress of the crown. Two brothers intervene; of whom Henry, surnamed at first "the Liberal," and afterwards "the Impotent,"—sad prognostics of his reign,—is on the throne; and his queen has a spurious daughter, on whom he proposes to bestow that rich inheritance. The former reign of letters in the Castilian court is followed by riot and debauchery, and every species of profligate corruption; accompanied by favoritism, oppression, disaffection, and revolt. There are wars and rumors of wars. Factions are formed among the nobles; and many strongly-marked characters successively enter, destined to be important actors of future scenes. Here appears the extraordinary pageant of Avila, described by Robertson and Hallam, in connexion with constitutional history; but now exhibited, in the course of the general narrative, at the date of its occurrence, with some traits of novelty and original views. The disaffected nobles dethrone their monarch in effigy, and plant Alfonso, the younger brother, in his place, hailing him king. A civil war ensues, terminated by the death of Alfonso. The infant character of Isabella begins to unfold itself, with all the bright promise of its future excellence. She shrinks from the profligacy of the court, and is educated by her mother in humble retirement. She becomes the subject of manifold persecutions. She resists all solicitations of the factious, backed even by her ghostly counsellors, to suffer herself to be set up in opposition to her brother, who occu-

pies the throne by rightful inheritance; but she agrees to, and receives, the constitutional recognition of a Cortes for her succession at his decease. She becomes the object of speculation and intrigue. Her brother resolves to sacrifice her to an unworthy marriage with the master of Calatrava, from which she is happily relieved by his timely death. Numerous suitors appear, and her brother, anxious to remove her from the sight of the Castilians, to smooth the way for the succession of his own asserted daughter, persists in making odious contracts for her marriage. One of these unwelcome solicitations she quietly turned aside, with characteristic discretion, at the early age of thirteen years, by this well-founded and mature remark; "The infantas of Castile cannot be disposed of in marriage, without the consent of the nobles of the realm." She resolves, at length, to choose for herself; and selects, from among many, after careful inquiry, the young, spirited, handsome, and sagacious Ferdinand, heir to the crown of Aragon, adjoining her own Castile. Her brother thwarts this auspicious connexion, and would still force her inclinations in another direction. She escapes from his personal control, and plants herself under the protection of powerful and devoted friends; and then ensues her first personal interview with Ferdinand, soon followed by a marriage under circumstances of real romance, such as rarely fall to the lot of candidates for a crown. Mr. Cushing, in his "Reminiscences of Spain," has arranged it into a little fancy piece with considerable effect, and no more embellishment than is quite allowable for that species of legendary composition. In truth, however, it scarce needs any, as may be seen by comparing the plain history with the historical romance. Thus the principal personages, objects of future interest, the acknowledged heir of Aragon, the acknowledged heiress of Castile, are brought into union, with the reader's full knowledge of the relations to all around them.

Among the characters brought to notice in this portion of the History, is the noble and spirited lady Beatrice de Bobadilla, the companion of Isabella in infancy, her intimate friend through life, (she never forsook a friend,) the soother of her bed of death. We may, perhaps, give some idea of the life of the narrative, by inserting here a few lines, containing an authentic anecdote, showing the manner in which this character, who makes her exits and her entrances from time to time, first appears. It was during the period of Isabella's persecutions on

the subject of marriage, when one of her brother's forced matches, long evaded, seemed at last beyond escape.

"With this person, then, so inferior to her in birth, and so much more unworthy of her in every other point of view, Isabella was now to be united. On receiving the intelligence, she confined herself to her apartment, abstaining from all nourishment and sleep for a day and night, says a contemporary writer, and imploring Heaven, in the most piteous manner, to save her from this dishonor, by her own death or that of her enemy. As she was bewailing her hard fate to her faithful friend, Beatrice de Bobadilla, 'God will not permit it,' exclaimed the high-spirited lady, 'neither will I;' then drawing forth a dagger from her bosom, which she kept there for the purpose, she solemnly vowed to plunge it in the heart of the master of Calatrava, as soon as he appeared." — Vol. I. pp. 84, 85.

To this is added, in a note, the account of the lady Beatrice, by the old gossip in manuscript, Oviedo, who knew her well, and describes her as "illustrating her generous lineage by her conduct, which was wise, virtuous, and *valiant!*" Aye, and the appellation was not unmerited; for this was an age in which heroism was by no means confined to the rougher sex. And in truth, *this* Beatrice seems to have been as ready as Shakspeare's to "eat a heart in the market-place" for the cause of a friend.

"Good Beatrice, by this hand I love thee."

The happy pair being united, the tide of affairs rolls on with augmented interest. Henry and his party, including all the powerful adherents of a royal court, (for Alfonso's death had dismembered the old opposition,) and supported by France, which had political interests at stake, declare his suspected daughter, Joanna, heiress of the crown, in spite of Isabella's recognition by the Cortes, and in spite of his own solemn engagement under oath, conceded to his principal nobles at the reconciliation. The people are indignant; but the nobles are jealous of Ferdinand as a foreigner; still more as an Aragonese. The most frightful anarchy prevails throughout Castile. Meantime war rages in Aragon, and Ferdinand is hastily summoned, in the midst of the honey-moon, to relieve the old hero, his father, who lies besieged in Perpignan by the French. We thus become involved in wars respecting those same mortgaged provinces of Roussillon and Cerdagne, which were

the subject afterwards of political negotiation as formerly noticed. In the midst of all this tumult the profligate Henry dies, declaring Joanna, as some affirm, but not our author, his daughter and heir. It was believed, at any rate, by nobody but himself, and not the more for his dying assurances. The way is thus constitutionally opened for Isabella's accession to the crown of a kingdom reduced to the lowest degree of abasement by preceding reigns, and now to be built up anew out of the most turbulent and discordant materials. Here we are induced to refer to a note of our author's,* because it happily illustrates what we have commended, his usual candor in inquiring for historic truth. He states, in the text, that Henry "expired without a will, or even, as generally asserted, the designation of a successor." But he appends in the note a statement of all the original authorities on this question opposed to his opinion, as well as the leading proofs in its favor, showing at least that the subject is involved in considerable obscurity, and that there is room for doubt. In this way he always opens to the reader an opportunity of estimating his inferences upon any important controverted point, and of detecting his errors if there be any. The Abbé Mignot, *tout au contraire*, says there was a will, and he knows besides what the very words were which Henry uttered *in extremis*. "His confessor," says he, "demanded of him publicly, to whom he would assign the crown; he replied in a *very clear voice*, and *repeated several times*, — Joanna, my only daughter, is also my only heir."† He cites no authority at all! — The German, Becker, says, "He left a will, in which he appointed his daughter Joan the exclusive heiress of the kingdom," &c. "This last will was probably *suppressed*, and a verbal declaration of the king appealed to, according to which he left the fate of Joan unsettled."‡ He cites two authors only. One, Antonio de Lebrija, (Nebrissensis,) a contemporary, often cited by our author, (though not in this connexion,) makes directly against him. The other is Garibay, a general historian, who wrote a century or two after that time, and is of course no authority at all. So much for the value of these historians. Garibay says, the will actually came to light in 1504, a fact which, if true, must have been too notorious to have left the controversy

* Vol. I. p. 135.
† Hist. de Ferd. &c., Tom. I. p. 130.
‡ Geschichte der Reg. Ferd. &c., Vol. I. p. 96.

open. The question is of some importance as regards the lawfulness of Isabella's title, testamentary dispositions of the crown being, according to some authors, valid and binding by the laws and constitution of Castile. Mr. Prescott's view is, that, though respected, they were not of binding force against the will of the Cortes. And he cites no less than three cases, in the history of Castile, where the last testament of a sovereign was thus overruled. These seem to be in point, as the lawyers say. And in the present instance it will be recollected, that, prior to the supposed testament, the Cortes had actually recognised and declared Isabella's succession.

Immediately upon the death of Henry, King Ferdinand and his consort Isabella, "Queen proprietor of the realm," were proclaimed at Segovia; and the example was generally followed in the other cities. Their coronation and their recognition by the Cortes succeed. But a powerful faction among the nobles set up and proclaim her niece Joanna, whose person and cause are espoused by Portugal, and a five years' war for the succession ensues, terminated by the defeat of the Portuguese at the famous pitched battle of the Toro. In the mean time, John the Second, of Aragon, dies, and that crown also devolving upon Ferdinand, Castile and Aragon thus become united, and Ferdinand and Isabella are firmly seated on their respective thrones. Then comes in a generalizing chapter, — a luminous exposition of the glorious career of internal reform, commenced with no delay, and prosecuted with wonderful vigor and prudence, until all the disorderly elements of society were reduced into a constitutional subjection. The *Hermandad*, before a mere voluntary association, little better than a *Lynch* tribunal, was at once adopted by the government and converted into a systematized police. The tribunals of justice were reorganised, the King and Queen often presiding personally over them, until it was seen and felt by all classes that exemption from the laws could be obtained neither by fear nor affection. The whole system of jurisprudence was reformed, and a complete codification effected out of that same old *Fuero Juzgo* and those provincial *fueros*, and those *Siete Partidas*, which Dr. Dunham so delights to revel in, together with the Royal Ordinances and customs of the realm, all reduced into one uniform system, the basis of the *Nueva Recopilacion* of Philip the Second, and of all subsequent re-

visions of the statute law of Spain. The independence of the nobility was curbed by salutary enactments, through the constitutional medium of the Cortes. Official preferment was made to depend on personal merit and not on rank. The domains and revenues which had been filched from the crown to its utter impoverishment, by arrogant usurpers, were restored; and the numerous improvident grants of feeble and timid sovereigns, founded on no adequate consideration, were resumed; but not without an admirable measure of just indemnity to those who had paid any valuable price, either in service, or otherwise. Private war was restrained; the strong-holds of the most turbulent nobles demolished; civil insurrections everywhere promptly quelled, by military energy and personal appeals. The church was equally subjected to wholesome discipline; and the encroachments of the Pope successfully resisted. The grand-masterships especially of the three great military orders of Spain, nominally elective from the societies, but in fact filled by the usurped appointments of the Pope, were permanently annexed to the crown; and thus these dangerous bodies, whose rise and history are unfolded, become no longer formidable, but subservient and useful to the general government. Commerce and manufactures were revived and promoted; the currency restored; and the dignified supremacy of the crown over all orders and classes successfully asserted, but with due regard to their constitutional rights and privileges. Thus the state being restored to vigorous and healthy action, a way was opened by the sovereigns, as it is by their historian in this chapter, for the destined glorious career of discovery and conquest which immediately commenced. The sources whence all this new and curious information is drawn are very various, and quite remote from the ordinary reader.

It is naturally followed by an account, in a separate chapter of some forty pages, of that singularly unfortunate institution of the same period, the greatest, almost the only blemish on Isabella's reign, — the Modern Inquisition. Its origin and history are now fully developed for the first time, it may be said, to the English reader. The ground could not have been occupied in Spain at all, far less penetrated by any historian, foreign or native, before the recent disclosures of Llorente, the late learned and independent Secretary of that dread tribunal. His work, in French, and voluminous, contains the only

authentic material, that has ever been made accessible on this interesting subject. It is not, however, itself a readable book for general purposes, being documentary and ill arranged; nor is the little translated abridgment of it, which has appeared, much more so. But its whole pith and substance, are found in this chapter, condensed, and, at the same time, attractive. The subject involves, besides, a highly interesting retrospective view of the Jews in Spain, the first victims of inquisitorial fanaticism. This was the country of their adoption, in which that unfortunate people had been permitted to attain a consequence in wealth, learning, and even political power, unknown in any other part of Europe. Their subsequent fate, the subject of another chapter, which follows in its chronological place after the fall of Granada, but which we glance at here, is full of the most heart-touching interest. To see a whole people (for their numbers had become very great), a people of learning and refinement, subjected, for no other crime than their religious faith, to an edict of sudden banishment from that happy home in which they had dwelt for centuries, driven out they knew not whither, impoverished, despised, excluded like an infection from all civilized states, and miserably perishing, by myriads, on the sands of Africa, is appalling indeed! The causes and consequences of this famous expulsion of the Jews, a harsh and cruel sacrifice to bigotry and superstition, severely as it bears upon the character of the interesting Isabella, are laid open by the historian with acuteness, fidelity, and candor, accompanied with many original reflections, which do equal honor to his understanding and his heart. Indeed, throughout the work will be seen a liberality of sentiment on all questions connected with civil and religious liberty, which might perhaps be expected, but not always found, from a native and educated republican; nor, if found, would it commonly be chastened, as in this author it is, by the true spirit of rational conservatism applied to the preservation of free institutions. There is nothing elsewhere accessible to the English reader on this exciting topic, the history of the Spanish Jew, worthy of his attention, unless in Milman's general history of that devoted race, where it is too compendiously treated for a comparison.

This same connexion with the Holy Inquisition leads us

here also to draw the attention of the reader more particularly to a chapter of five and forty pages, used by the author as introductory to the wars of Granada, which we have barely referred to before as containing matter not treated of by Irving. It is in truth a complete retrospective view, drawn from the most authentic sources, of that remarkable and highly interesting race, the Spanish Arabs, once sovereigns of all Spain, still firmly seated in the empire of Granada, and who had there risen to a power and splendor of refinement and civilization eclipsing their far-famed eastern dynasty of Bagdat. Yet were they destined, like the Jews, to be at last utterly extirpated from the soil on which they had flourished, with such magnificent luxuriance, for eight centuries, imparting their own civility and learning to ruder enemies, who finally decreed their downfall.

Much, it is true, has been written, chiefly by continental writers, relating to the Spanish Arabs. It has not been founded, however, on information derived from their own voluminous writings, the only authentic basis, of course, for their own internal history, but drawn wholly, or nearly so, from hostile Spanish authorities. Casiri, Andres, and Masdeu made extensive researches into their literary history alone. Their political and social condition, their civil and military affairs, continued unknown to Europe, except as described by their enemies, until the appearance at Madrid, in 1820, of the first volume (the only one which the author lived to publish) of Conde's "Historia de la Dominacion de los Arabes en Espana,"—a compilation from genuine Arabian manuscripts, translated by that distinguished orientalist with such scrupulous fidelity that, according to his own assurance, and the judgment of others, the European reader may feel secure that he is perusing an Arabian author. Two other volumes appeared after his decease. These solitary but considerable quartos contain the entire history of this people, antecedent to the fatal wars of Granada. Upon all that relates to the golden age and palmy state of Arabian Spain, they are full even to redundancy,—and the account is wholly from the Arabs themselves. They therefore supersede and render valueless as authority, every preceding work on the subject, except for the purpose of collating and comparing their own accounts with those of their enemies; a labor more usefully bestowed on the battles and the sieges, than on their internal condition. And since the

Moor (who had hitherto fared worse than the Carthaginian) is at last permitted through Conde to tell his own story intelligibly to Europe, no work on their internal history published for general reading, in any European language, before these rich materials were laid open, remains worth looking at. Yet Conde is untranslated. He has only been miserably paraphrased, by Marles, with an admixture of the Spanish authorities, into a French amalgamation, which exactly destroys the whole merit of the work, since it is impossible to distinguish what is Spanish, and what is Arab. In truth, it is not much of either, but essential French. In English scarce any thing has appeared worth speaking of in this relation, though there are several works highly respectable in bodily dimensions. A quarto "History of the Moors in Spain," was published by Thomas Bourke, Esq., in 1811, — a mere plagiarism, from the French novel of "Gonsalve de Cordove," by Florian, — whose purely imaginative fiction of the Moor, is impudently transferred into an English history, as well as the author's ignorance of the French language would permit. Next appeared, in 1815, in octavo, a "History of the Empire of the Mussulmans in Spain and Portugal, by George Power, Esq., Surgeon to his Majesty's Forces, [the whole of them?]" pilfered from Bourke, as well as this author's ignorance of the English language would permit. Lastly, in 1816, another quarto, entitled "History of the Mahometan Empire in Spain, &c. &c. designed as an Introduction to the Arabian Antiquities of Spain, by James C. Murphy, Esq., Architect." The main work is valuable for its rich and costly engravings; and the introductory history, — a laborious compilation from well esteemed writers, who discuss various topics connected with the general subject, with an aspect of learning, — might have been valuable too, but for the misfortune of its premature birth. It preceded Conde by four years.

Dr. Dunham! Dr. Dunham! — what shall we say of thee? The doctor was not brought into the world before his time. He had, or might have had the full benefit of Conde. Why he persisted therefore in using Marles' French paraphrase, we confess we are at a loss to imagine; unless for the mere pleasure of abusing it, which he does unmercifully, though not undeservedly, and of citing it, which he does not once, or twice, but constantly, as, "Conde, *spoiled* by Marles," — "Conde's history

Frenchified,"—&c. through his whole book. Well,— having this light, such as it was, what has he done? Why, here are forty odd pages (odd enough!) on the "government, religion, laws, literature, science, &c. of Mohammedan Spain." — Who shall credit it?— the most captivating, romantic, poetical theme that ever man wrote on,— and nearly half his forty pages, contain nothing in the world but an abstract of Sales's Koran, which is followed by eight pages of the various orthodox, and heterodox Mahometan sects; first the Sonnites, with four subdivisions of them, then the Motazalites, with twenty subdivisions, the Hodeilians, the Jobbaians, the Hashemites, &c. &c. &c. — all which is wound up with ten more pages of muster roll,— little more, — of the jaw-breaking names of Arabic authors, — which passes for an account of their literature!

Dr. Southey, as is known, is at work upon a history of the Spanish Arab, — promised these seven years, — from which, if it ever sees light and is not overlaid with learning, we may anticipate a rich Arabian repast. Meanwhile the reader will look in vain through his library for any such little luxury of Araby the Blest, combining an authentic basis, with a graceful and symmetrical structure of truth, as these pages afford. An account of it we cannot undertake. But as a mere specimen of the author's style we may present the reader with a few of his closing remarks on the literature of this people.

"It is unfortunate for the Arabians, that their literature should be locked up in a character and idiom so difficult of access to European scholars. Their wild, imaginative poetry, scarcely capable of transfusion into a foreign tongue, is made known to us only through the medium of bald prose translation; while their scientific treatises have been done into Latin with an inaccuracy, which, to make use of a pun of Casiri's, merits the name of perversions rather than versions of the originals. How obviously inadequate, then, are our means of forming any just estimate of their literary merits! It is unfortunate for them, moreover, that the Turks, the only nation, which, from an identity of religion and government with the Arabs, as well as from its political consequence, would seem to represent them on the theatre of modern Europe, should be a race so degraded; one which, during the five centuries, that it has been in possession of the finest climate and monuments of antiquity, has so seldom been quickened into a display of genius, or even condescended

to avail itself of the literary treasures descended from its ancient masters. Yet this people, so sensual and sluggish, we are apt to confound in imagination with the sprightly, intellectual Arab. Both indeed have been subjected to the influence of the same degrading political and religious institutions, which on the Turks have produced the results naturally to have been expected; while the Arabians, on the other hand, exhibit the extraordinary phenomenon of a nation, under all these embarrassments, rising to a high degree of elegance and intellectual culture.

"The empire, which once embraced more than half of the ancient world, has now shrunk within its original limits; and the Bedouin wanders over his native desert as free, and almost as uncivilized, as before the coming of his apostle. The language, which was once spoken along the southern shores of the Mediterranean, and the whole extent of the Indian ocean, is broken up into a variety of discordant dialects. Darkness has again settled over those regions of Africa, which were illumined by the light of learning. The elegant dialect of the Koran is studied as a dead language, even in the birth-place of the prophet. Not a printing-press at this day is to be found throughout the whole Arabian Peninsula. Even in Spain, in Christian Spain, alas! the contrast is scarcely less degrading. A death-like torpor has succeeded to her former intellectual activity. Her cities are emptied of the population with which they teemed in the days of the Saracens. Her climate is as fair, but her fields no longer bloom with the same rich and variegated husbandry. Her most interesting monuments are those constructed by the Arabs; and the traveller, as he wanders amid their desolate, but beautiful ruins, ponders on the destinies of a people, whose very existence seems now to have been almost as fanciful as the magical creations in one of their own fairy tales."—Vol. I. pp. 311–315.

After this introductory sketch of the people against whom hostilities are to be directed, the war of Granada opens, and proceeds at intervals along the work, interrupted occasionally by chapters of domestic interest, or of other foreign relations, until the fall of Granada, the subsequent insurrection, and the final submission to a formal Christianity of all who did not prefer to expatriate themselves under an edict of banishment. Among these interruptions to the mere military narrative, is the generalizing chapter before spoken of, on the conduct and policy of the war, and an interesting chapter on the introduction of the Holy Inquisition into Aragon and Catalonia, after long but unsuccessful resistance.

At the close of this war Columbus is taken up, and fitted out for his first American voyage. He of course reappears, from time to time, as the progress of the history brings him back from his several voyages, until he is finally dismissed, at the dying scene, with a well-drawn character.

Then follow the Jews and their expulsion, already noticed in another connexion, and the chapters on Castilian Literature, also noticed by comparison with Bouterwek, which close the First Part of the History, devoted chiefly to affairs of an internal character, preceding the foreign wars.

The Second Part, which chiefly embraces all the foreign relations of the government, opens with the Italian Wars, resumed at intervals, until their final conclusion, and agreeably broken meanwhile with chapters on the Moors, on Columbus's relations with the Court, on the Spanish Colonial Policy, the political negotiations with France, and a short war of invasion by that power, as these events successively occur. A chapter is devoted too to the alliances and deaths which occurred in the family of the Catholic sovereigns, near enough together to permit them to be thus grouped and disposed of in a single view, instead of constantly breaking in, abruptly, as in strict chronology they might, in the midst of other affairs. Two other chapters are devoted to that phenomenon, Ximenes, who suddenly comes out of monkish obscurity, a hermit, reluctantly dragged to light, to fill the posts, first of Queen's confessor, and next of Archbishop of Toledo and Grand Cardinal of the empire, successor to the great Mendoza, nicknamed "third King of Spain." He instantly sets about extensive schemes of monastic reform, with a zeal, energy, perseverance, and intellectual power, which nothing could resist. With the same irresistible devotion to his cause, he pours out his whole soul upon the conversion of the Moors; thence originate that insurrection which led to a short second war, and the edict of expulsion, pronounced at his instigation, against those who remained obstinate in their heresy. Thus prevailing by force, where persuasion was hopeless, he accomplishes his end; — Spain is wholly Christian; — and the reader is carried forward again into the regular stream of the narrative.

At the close of that third glorious Italian campaign, which ended in the complete triumph of the Great Captain in the war for the partition of Naples, when the kingdom had at-

tained its very height of prosperity and renown, our attention is drawn to a painful chapter indeed, the last illness and death of Isabella. Throughout the narrative, her personal history is constantly interwoven with the progress of affairs, by authenticated anecdotes of lively interest, so that she gains, by the beauty and purity of her character, and her admirable conduct in every relation, that sort of hold on our affections, which might rather be looked for in a mere biographical memoir. The moment of her death seems to be the destruction of all that has kept alive the intensity of historic interest, as if she were the main object of the work; and the death-scene, the will, — so characteristic of her, — and the funeral solemnity, are brought before us, as if the author too felt that he had lost the heroine of his tale. The chapter closes with a character so admirably drawn, that nothing but its length can excuse us from withholding it. The parallel with Elizabeth of England, which so naturally suggests itself, and redounds so infinitely to the honor and advantage of the Castilian Queen, is particularly striking.

After this irreparable calamity ten chapters yet remain; and the reader will be surprised to find, if he has never experienced it, how soon after the loss of the lady of his love, he can begin to resume an interest in the petty affairs of this transitory world. Respect for Isabella's dying injunctions, the desire to see her last will faithfully complied with, and the old regard we have acquired for Ferdinand, in spite of his repulsive qualities, as the husband of her own choice, and the constant object of her tender attachment, begin to stir up a little moderate desire to see him fairly settled and sustained in the Regency of Castile, "while opposition musters, and rebellion growls." Thus we become embarked anew on the sea of politics, our interest rallying chiefly for a while on this point, so immensely important to the prosperity of undivided Spain. Philip of Austria, his son-in-law, soon begins to set up pretensions of his own in right of his wife Joanna, the proclaimed heiress of the Castilian crown; and, notwithstanding his own and his wife's absence in Flanders, demands of Ferdinand to resign his regency into the hands of a Flemish favorite. Presently Ferdinand, to the unutterable dismay of the romantic, strengthens himself by a new alliance of marriage with a princess of France. Soon after Philip and Joanna, arriving from Flanders, take possession of their Castilian

kingdom; Ferdinand resigns the Regency; the short reign of Philip in Castile ensues; during which Ferdinand hides his diminished head in his Neapolitan dominions, appurtenant to the crown of Aragon, whither he goes to call our old friend the Great Captain to account for supposed delinquency in his civil reckonings. The sudden death of Philip, and the insanity of Joanna, recall the half-exiled Ferdinand to Castile, where he is received with renewed enthusiasm, and reinstated in his regency, by subjects long disgusted at the Flemish rule. Castile and Aragon once more move on in happy unison.

That extraordinary creature, Ximenes, now reappears, like a comet, and becomes a leading object of interest. Having swept off the last infidel in Spain by the alternative of baptism or banishment, he suddenly breaks out into a military career of uncommon splendor, and accomplishes prodigies in Africa, planting the cross and the banner of Castile on the towers of Oran; thence suddenly he returns to Spain, plunges at once with equal ardor into Herculean labors in the cause of literature, founding, building up, and regulating his celebrated University of Alcalá, and producing his yet more celebrated Complutensian Polyglot, — the work of an ordinary life.

The League of Cambray and the Holy League carry us once more into the wars and politics of Italy, and thence to France; whence we are brought into the little kingdom of Navarre. To her affairs our attention was early called, and has been from time to time directed, until we find ourselves at last engaged with France in actual battle for her crown, and accomplishing a conquest there, which completes the integrity of modern Spain. Meantime most of our old friends have gone to their last resting-place; we have buried Isabella; we have buried Columbus, and a host of lesser worthies; we are now called upon to part with the heroic and magnanimous Gonsalvo, soon followed by Ferdinand himself. Nothing is left but the indomitable Ximenes, who, at the age of eighty, starts up from the last leaf of his Polyglot, just finished, to seize, with all the vigor and enthusiasm of his youthful days, upon the helm of state, and guide it through a stormy season, (he is himself a hurricane,) during a short regency, preceding the arrival of Charles the Fifth, the young heir of this vast inheritance. The career of Ximenes in his regency, though brief, was brilliant. He is the same wonderful creature

still, startling us at every turn. He rules like a despot; he dies like a saint. This ends the narrative of affairs, and an able concluding chapter of review, collecting into one comprehensive grasp, the general results of the entire administration, at home and abroad, accomplishes the great end of history, in exhibiting to the reader, at a glance, the effects of wise measures upon national prosperity, and the character of the people; the causes which may conduct a nation, as Spain was conducted, in this brief period, to an unsurpassed summit of glory; and those latent seeds of ruin and corruption also, which may be sown, as in Spain they were, by error, in the midst of general wisdom, sure, at last, under feebler administrations, to conduct to national degradation and abasement.

"Into what pit thou seest
From what highth fallen!"

In the latter part of the narrative it will be perceived, that Mr. Prescott recrosses the track of Robertson, who treats of the reign of Philip the First, and the regency of Ximenes, somewhat more at large than the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.

The reader who shall be at the pains here to run a parallel between the two writers, and examine the authorities, which we have not room for, will be surprised to find how little dependence can be safely placed on one whom we have been accustomed to regard among the first of the standard English historians; nor even for attractiveness of style will he perceive that the new candidate has cause to shrink from the comparison. Robertson he will find throwing doubt on the genuineness of Isabella's will, and the legality of her title to the crown, and ascribing to Ferdinand the intention of opposing the landing of his own daughter and her husband by force, with many other crudities, which have passed for history, without the shadow of an authority. He will find him too attributing to the administration of Ximenes measures which long preceded his political birth, and conveying the idea that his vigorous government demanded nothing but praise. The same error has been fallen into by all the writers upon Ximenes, chiefly papists, and devoted servants of a crown, disposed to canonize their hero in politics as well as in religion; and such was the fame which they soon spread for him, that the philosopher Leibnitz, no slave either to papacy or despotism, was induced to say, that "if great men could be *bought*,

Spain would have cheaply purchased such a minister *by the sacrifice of one of her kingdoms!*" Such views have been held up to the world by Quintanilla, a Franciscan monk, personally employed at the papal court, in procuring the beatification of this political saint; by Fléchier, the eloquent Bishop of Nismes, and the most eminent of the panegyrical biographers of Ximenes; and by Marsollier, Archdeacon at Usez, another panegyrist, whose biography is now proved for the first time to be, as was once from internal evidence suspected, a fiction. Soon after the publication of his work in 1694, appeared a French tract entitled, "Marsollier discovered and confounded by his own contradictions in writing the history of Ximenes." Notwithstanding this early attack, he has continued to be regarded as a standard authority, and cited by every writer on the subject of Ximenes to the present day. As late as 1793, Meuselius, comparing him with Fléchier, whom he regards as a mere panegyrist, commends him for his *fidelity!** But "one may form some idea," says our author, in a note, "of this historian's accuracy from the fact, that he refers the commencement and conduct of the war of Granada chiefly to the counsels of Ximenes, who, as we have seen, was not even introduced at court till after the close of the war."† At the commencement of it he was in truth an Observantine recluse, buried alive in a convent at Toledo. The work is a mere literary imposture, eminently successful. And from such sources hitherto, have been derived all our notions of Ximenes. The present historian, however, uniformly going to original sources for his facts, and resorting to his own original reflections for conclusions, draws a very different picture from Robertson, and the other writers, of his political character, and of its lasting effects on the character and destinies of his country, which we cannot do better than to give in his own words.

"He carried the arbitrary ideas of his profession into political life. His regency was conducted on the principles of a military despotism. It was his maxim, that 'a prince must rely mainly on his army for securing the respect and obedience of his subjects.' It is true, he had to deal with a martial and factious nobility, and the end which he proposed was to curb their licentiousness, and enforce the equitable administration of justice;

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* Biblioth. Hist. Meuselii. Vol. VI. p. 351.

† See "Ferdinand and Isabella," Vol. II. p. 400.

but, in accomplishing this, he showed little regard to the constitution, or to private rights. His first act, the proclaiming of Charles king, was in open contempt of the usages and rights of the nation. He evaded the urgent demands of the Castilians for a convocation of Cortes; for it was his opinion, 'that freedom of speech, especially in regard to their own grievances, made the people insolent and irreverent to their rulers.' The people, of course, had no voice in the measures which involved their most important interests. His whole policy, indeed, was to exalt the royal prerogative, at the expense of the inferior orders of the state. And his regency, short as it was, and highly beneficial to the country in many respects, must be considered as opening the way to that career of despotism, which the Austrian family followed up with such hard-hearted constancy." — Vol. III. pp. 419, 420.

We may add, that no biography of Ximenes in English has ever come to our knowledge, except a little compendium of thirty or forty pages, in a collection of lives of eminent foreign statesmen, — one of the duodecimos of Lardner's Cyclopedia. The "Ximenes" is a work of no extraordinary merit, being little more than Fléchier, *razèed*, — with perhaps a slight sprinkling of Marsollier, by way of voucher! A very untrustworthy article.

We have now exhibited a brief outline, — it may be thought a lawyer's brief, — of a large and valuable historical work, such as rarely appears, being the fruit of long labor and learned research. In doing so, we have endeavoured both to point out what is wholly new, as most of it is, to the English, and we may add, the modern European reader, and also to compare the author in the respects of novelty, originality, and authenticity, with other well-known writers, of established reputation, where he happens to fall in with a beaten track. It remains only to offer some general criticism of a work so important and lasting in its character.

In the first place we would remark upon the singular boldness and originality of the plan, which combines with civil and political history, a complete account of the Spanish literature of that age, the personal biography of many distinguished individuals, and a vast fund of authentic anecdote, in a manner and to an extent, hitherto unattempted. Bold indeed it is; but in our judgment eminently successful. Roscoe executed the converse of this attempt, in his "Life and Pontificate of Leo the Tenth," engrafting much of political and literary history on personal biography. He did it, ad-

mitting the doubts entertained of its propriety by persons eminent in literature; and he did it with considerable, but far from perfect success. There is throughout the "Leo the Tenth" a want of sufficient unity of design, and a want also, particularly striking in the early part, of that unity of interest, which is the great charm of personal history, more easily imparted to it too, than to a narrative of the more complex relations and infinite details which make up national individuality. Yet we see at once that this combination, if it can be accomplished in a national history, must give to it a zest, denied to the drier narrative of mere political intrigue and military operations. "In perusing the pages of Livy or of Tacitus, of Hume or of Gibbon," — (it is the just remark of Roscoe,) — "we find no parts which interest us more than the private and personal memorials of those great and illustrious men who have acted a conspicuous part in the public events of the age." He might have added, — and no parts equally instructive, for the common business of life.

Some of the most celebrated historians have endeavoured to relieve the tediousness of long-continued narrative, by putting into the mouths and breasts of their heroes fictitious harangues and imaginary arguments, inferences only of the writer, probable perhaps, but not proved by historic testimony to have been real grounds either of reasoning or action. This, which is intolerable, (although commended by so acute a critic as Mably,) confounding all boundaries of knowledge and destroying all confidence in historic truth, our author does never, — or at least, so very rarely, that after careful search we are unable to note more than one exceptionable deviation from his general rule. We shall presently point it out. But while he carefully avoids drawing on such fictitious sources of interest, he constantly illustrates by authentic anecdotes, and intersperses well attested sayings of the actors on the scene, with ample biographical notices of leading characters. This we hold to be not only allowable, but commendable, if it be so done as not to break in violently on the unity and continuity of the main action; and the extent to which it has been successfully done in this work, the author may well claim as a new and useful improvement in historic composition.

So of his chapters on Castilian literature. How strange! — that in the history of an age and empire, amidst wars, and politics, and legislation, the admitted province of the

historian, it should be deemed incompatible with the historic theory, to incorporate with these, adequate views of the national advancement or degeneracy in moral and intellectual culture! How incomplete an idea can we form of the state of a people, and the causes of their prosperity or decline, without such information! Yet most historians, glad to escape the labor of such difficult and often obscure researches, are commonly content to shelter themselves under the example of the ancients, — whom they rarely rival in any other point, — as if historical composition were a thing incapable of improvement, and never to be accommodated to increasing wants and enlarged capacities. Meagre notices of such topics are sometimes put into notes, or thrust into an obscure appendix, as if they were worthy indeed to be sought out by some diligent scholar, who might arrange and digest them for himself, but quite unimportant for the information of less learned readers, whom the theory supposes incapable of relishing any thing but a ring fight, or the high words of some political wrangle. The historian of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella has done otherwise; he has infused this intellectual knowledge into his text; he has enlarged his horizon, taking a wider and juster view of his duties and our demands. At the outset he surveys the whole circle from a distant central elevation; he collects into one grand *coup d'œil* all those characteristic qualities, moral, intellectual, and physical, which constitute the national being; he traces thence the increase of this political creature from year to year in territory, strength, internal resources, intellectual capacity, and moral developement; he unfolds the causes of a gigantic growth in every department unparalleled for rapidity; he displays the whole political machinery which gives life and activity to its huge bulk; he bares to the eye the secret springs of all its action; and he lays his finger at last on that diseased spot, which, in the midst of all this wonderful vigor, indicates mortality and decay. It is a history of the whole glorious soul of Spain, while it yet animates a living mass. It exhibits this at the height of her national renown, and then prepares us for the final dissolution. This surely is the true philosophical theory of general history, involving, κατ' ἐξοχήν, the literature of the age, — not in its petty details indeed, but in broad and general views.

A philosophical account of a nation at a remote period is valuable to man precisely according to the fulness with

which it unfolds the essential elements of its social and international condition, in the following order of relative importance, reversed from that which is very commonly pursued ; first, the constitution of the state, secondly, the moral and intellectual condition of the people, thirdly, the foreign political relations, fourthly, the military achievements and exterior operations. Constitutional, intellectual, political, and military history, collectively, are the people, and the age. It is entertaining, just so far as it enlivens these abstractions with those personal individualities, with which only the human heart can deeply sympathize. And upon the due admixture of these various ingredients, so happily blended here, depend the general merit and interest of the work. Possibly it may be thought, that the last of the chapters on literature errs a shade too much on the side of detail for the precise purpose of general history ; but, if so, it may well be forgiven for that fund of valuable information it contains, and will convey even to Castilian scholars, which we shall seek in vain for, in any other work published or unpublished.

The next point to which we would draw the reader's attention, is the admirable order, and due proportion, which this writer has preserved, exhibiting, to our judgment, deep study of his subject, and of its mode of treatment as a work of art. The Abbé Mably, an author too servilely attached, perhaps, to the antique model, but full of judicious reflection, in his dialogue on the method of writing history, thus pertinently instructs his scholar ; " Bear in mind, I pray you, that in all states, all enterprises, all human affairs, there are one or two principal prominent points, decisive of the event, and which draw after them, like a torrent, the particular accidents. In the government or administration of a society, it is the knowledge of these decisive points which marks the great statesman, and it is only by never losing sight of these, that he can assure himself of success. It is the same thing with the historian ; and these are the objects on which he is to fix *his* attention and *mine.*" This is remarkably the habit of the writer before us, as exemplified in his present work. In each considerable train of events, forming a constituent part of the great whole, he uniformly selects some one living object of interest, about whom every thing in that connexion is rallied, or some prominent action towards which every thing gravitates. Thus, for instance, in the Italian wars, an exterior operation, every

thing relates to Gonsalvo, and is viewed in connexion with him, who moves throughout Italy as the representative of his country. In American affairs, Columbus is, of course, the ruling star. In the monastic reforms, the Moorish conversion, the African conquests, and the political storms which follow the death of Ferdinand, Ximenes rides predominant. All these great personages are so many centres of attraction; with reference to them, in the first place, the train of events is considered; yet they themselves are but satellites, meanwhile, revolving with all their trains, about Ferdinand and Isabella, towards whom, in the mind of the historian and the reader, these movements are constantly referred, imparting to the whole picture a biographical life; while Ferdinand and Isabella, united centres of a whole system, are subjected in their turn, with admirable skill, to the great historic action, the building up to its summit of glory, from scattered and disorderly materials, a nation, born to decay. This is the grand final point, the moral and political truth, which controls the whole movement. With reference to that, each greater actor, and the train of events which he directs or influences, are brought forward in due relief, according to their relative importance; and this gives to the work a philosophical character of a high order. In the trains of events themselves, the leading ones, those which, according to Mably, "draw after them, like a torrent, the particular accidents," are made prominent to the reader, as they were in their results to Spain, and the "particular accidents" are either thrown aside, or condensed into general views, save an occasional selection for illustration, appropriate ornament, and relief. We may refer to the war of Granada for an example, where the siege of Malaga, the siege of Baza, and the siege of Granada, the great turning points of a ten years' contest, are graphically described, while a crowd of inferior matters, insignificant in their consequences, but which serve, as we formerly remarked, to fill many a page of Irving with the most agreeable of light reading, are quite unnoticed, and their place supplied with a general view of the mode of conducting these Moorish campaigns.

As a consequence, or part, of this system, disconnected events are not detailed in exact chronological order, which belongs to the mere annalist; but are somewhat grouped, with reference to their intrinsic connexion. Thus the measures of internal reform, the Inquisition and its persecutions, the several

wars and campaigns of Granada and Italy, the several voyages of Columbus, and the other leading topics of the history, are not indiscriminately intermingled with precise regard to what may be called the *confusion* of strict chronology; but are kept in distinct views, well calculated to impress the reader. The subjects, indeed, are taken up in the order of their occurrence; but when a subject occurs, the reader is carried forward in it until he arrives at some marked resting-place, the completion of some prominent action, bearing on the main, final result; and thence, by some easy transition, he passes naturally into some other series of actions.

> "Ordinis hæc virtus erit et venus, aut ego fallor,
> Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici
> Pleraque differat, et præsens in tempus omittat."

Equally applicable to history and poem,—judiciously borne in mind by this author, — not without the toil, it must be, of much mature reflection. These remarks apply to the arrangement, among themselves, both of the facts which compose the subordinate parts, and of these parts with reference to the whole.

Another, perhaps necessary, consequence of this lucid order and arrangement of the whole subject, is a marked unity of action and design, apparent throughout, imparting to it a sort of epic or dramatic interest, as may be partially seen by running over our analysis. A species of prologue gives us the scene, the country, the age, and so much of anterior times as have sensible influences on the events which follow. The action commences with a scene designed apparently to introduce the main personage, Isabella, with a more particular view of those circumstances under which she comes into being, as the future ruler of a great nation; and which exercise important influences on her and it. This involves the history of her father's reign. Another scene introduces Ferdinand in like manner, which involves the history of a separate kingdom, carried forward far enough to assure the reader that Ferdinand is destined to occupy its throne. A third removes some of the impediments which seemed to preclude Isabella from the Castilian crown, and unites her destiny with Ferdinand's; and thus we proceed, from step to step, with a continuous train of interest, until towards the end of the work, the final annexation of Navarre to the already-united kingdoms of Castile, Aragon, and Granada, seems to have completed the historic action, and it remains only to bury with decency the yet

surviving actors, and review the scene. The early perception, and sustained preservation, of this unity of which we speak, could not have been accomplished without much study of the best method of bringing forward events and personages, to produce their due impression on the reader. It must have been particularly difficult, in the outset of the work, to have disentangled, and arranged to this end, the complex relations of separate, adjoining kingdoms, embracing the same period of time, and frequently intermingling with each other in affairs, so as to present, without repetition, clear views of each, and render prominent that point of connexion which brings them into one history, and makes them pertinent parts of a great whole. The difficulty, and the execution, on these points, may not be appreciated by the mass ; but they cannot fail to elicit praise from discerning critics ; while the superficial reader will be charmed with the effect, as he is in dramatic action, without well knowing the real cause of his enjoyment.

The authenticity of the tale, meanwhile, is supported, at every step, by ample references to the best original sources, from which only the writer draws ; and when the reader casts his eye to the bottom of the page, merely to catch a reference, he will often be agreeably surprised and instructed by some little biographical or literary anecdote, or some apt and unfamiliar quotation illustrating the text. They are flowers by the wayside, which we may gather without fatigue, or material interruption to the main story ; and they add much to the literary value of the book. One class of notices, amounting in the whole to a great bulk, are a sort of postscript at the end of each chapter, or of most of the chapters ; which seems, by the way, to be the author's own invention, and a very good one ; at least we have not observed such an arrangement elsewhere. They contain a pretty full account of the authors of works relied upon as authorities in the chapters to which they are appended, and of the works themselves, and also of many spurious or rejected authorities ; enabling the reader to form some judgment for himself of the best sources to be drawn from, and conveying a vast deal of interesting information, critical, biographical, and bibliographical.

The general style of composition, in respect to the use and minor arrangement of material, is excellent ; highly entertaining, as well as instructive, from the personal interest created by the principal actors, and the frequent interspersion of strik-

ing scenes and incidents. No actor, of any note, appears without leaving a pretty strong impression of the man, derived from some authentic anecdote; and none of the very prominent persons, those who have been longest before us, and done most towards the action of the history, are finally dismissed without full exhibitions of their personal characters. Character drawing, a commonly-admitted grace of the historic page, is not easy. It is well done in the work before us, — with great fidelity, nice discrimination, and much also of that epigrammatic point, faulty in other composition, but here allowable; and, indeed, a necessary grace; the only means of giving life to a species of composition highly artificial, and wanting narrative animation. Isabella, Ferdinand, Columbus, Gonsalvo, Ximenes, and several less known to the reader, have all sat for their portraits. These differ in interest, of course, with the subjects; but in point of execution it would be difficult to say, which is absolutely best. Ferdinand's, perhaps, was the most difficult; for justice was to be done, both to him and to the reader, by nicer shades than most of the other characters required. As a mere specimen of art, therefore, we should select this from the constellation, and have only to regret that our limits will not permit us to extract it.

In respect to the course of reflection, often acute, generally comprehensive and philosophical, the composition equally deserves praise. It would be in vain to select an extract to convey the knowledge of this to the reader, because it cannot well be judged of without the train of events which leads to the reflection. Something, however, of the author's manner, in discharging this part of a historian's duty, may be guessed, from a few concluding sentences of his last chapter.

"The Spaniard was a knight-errant, in its literal sense, roving over seas on which no bark had ever ventured, among islands and continents where no civilized man had ever trodden, and which fancy peopled with all the marvels and drear enchantments of romance; courting danger in every form, combating everywhere, and everywhere victorious. The very odds presented by the defenceless natives among whom he was cast, 'a thousand of whom,' to quote the words of Columbus, 'were not equal to three Spaniards,' was in itself typical of his profession; and the brilliant destinies to which the meanest adventurer was often called, now carving out with his good sword some 'El Dorado' more splendid than fancy had dreamed of, and now

overturning some old barbaric dynasty, were full as extraordinary as the wildest chimeras which Ariosto ever sang, or Cervantes satirized.

"His countrymen who remained at home, feeding greedily on the reports of his adventures, lived almost equally in an atmosphere of romance. A spirit of chivalrous enthusiasm penetrated the very depths of the nation, swelling the humblest individual with lofty aspirations, and a proud consciousness of the dignity of his nature. 'The princely disposition of the Spaniards,' says a foreigner of the time, 'delighteth me much, as well as the gentle nurture and noble conversation, not merely of those of high degree, but of the citizen, peasant, and common laborer.' What wonder that such sentiments should be found incompatible with sober, methodical habits of business, or that the nation indulging them should be seduced from the humble paths of domestic industry to a brilliant and bolder career of adventure! Such consequences became too apparent in the following reign.

"In noticing the circumstances that conspired to form the national character, it would be unpardonable to omit the establishment of the Inquisition, which contributed so largely to counterbalance the benefits resulting from Isabella's government; an institution which has done more than any other to stay the proud march of human reason; which, by imposing uniformity of creed, has proved the fruitful parent of hypocrisy and superstition; which has soured the sweet charities of human life, and, settling like a foul mist on the goodly promise of the land, closed up the fair buds of science and civilization ere they were fully opened. Alas! that such a blight should have fallen on so gallant and generous a people! That it should have been brought on it too by one of such unblemished patriotism and purity of motive, as Isabella! How must her virtuous spirit, if it be permitted the departed good to look down on the scene of their earthly labors, mourn over the misery and moral degradation, entailed on her country by this one act! So true is it, that the measures of this great queen have had a permanent influence, whether for good or for evil, on the destinies of her country.

"The immediate injury inflicted on the nation by the spirit of bigotry in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, although greatly exaggerated, was doubtless serious enough. Under the otherwise beneficent operation of their government, however, the healthful and expansive energies of the state were sufficient to heal up these and deeper wounds, and still carry it onward in the career of prosperity. With this impulse, indeed, the nation continued to advance higher and higher, in spite of the system of almost unmingled evil pursued in the following reigns. The glo-

ries of this later period, of the age of Charles the Fifth, as it is called, must find their true source in the measures of his illustrious predecessors. It was in their court, that Boscan, Garcilasso, Mendoza, and the other master-spirits were trained, who moulded Castilian literature into the new and more classical forms of later times. It was under Gonsalvo de Cordova, that Leyva, Pescara, and the other great captains with their invincible legions were formed, who enabled Charles the Fifth to dictate laws to Europe for half a century. And it was Columbus, who not only led the way, but animated the Spanish navigator with the spirit of discovery. Scarcely was Ferdinand's reign brought to a close, before Magellan completed, what that monarch had projected, the circumnavigation of the southern continent; the victorious banners of Cortes had already penetrated into the golden realms of Montezuma; and Pizarro, a very few years later, following up the lead of Balboa, embarked on the enterprise which ended in the downfall of the splendid dynasty of the Incas.

"Thus it is, that the seed sown under a good system continues to yield fruit in a bad one. The season of the most brilliant results, however, is not always that of the greatest national prosperity. The splendors of foreign conquest in the boasted reign of Charles the Fifth were dearly purchased by the decline of industry at home, and the loss of liberty. The patriot will see little to cheer him in this 'golden age' of the national history, whose outward show of glory will seem to his penetrating eye only the hectic brilliancy of decay. He will turn to an earlier period, when the nation, emerging from the sloth and license of a barbarous age, seemed to renew its ancient energies, and to prepare like a giant to run its course; and glancing over the long interval since elapsed, during the first half of which the nation wasted itself on schemes of mad ambition, and in the latter has sunk into a state of paralytic torpor, he will fix his eye on the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, as the most glorious epoch in the annals of his country." — Vol. III. pp. 490 – 496.

The mere literary style, so far as it depends on choice and collocation of language, as may be seen from our extracts, is both perspicuous and attractive; the particular narrative fluent and spirited; the argument consecutive and forcible; and the generalizing portions adequately adjusted to the elevation of the subject, often rising with it to a high degree of grace and elegance. We may refer to the foregoing extract from the chapter on the Arabs for an example. Upon the whole, it preserves very nearly the just historic medium, neither redundant in ornament, nor yet reduced to the extreme dryness

of Dunham. It may not have the uniform accuracy and beauty of Robertson, — more generally accurate in his style than in his facts, — but it avoids the slight classical primness also of that writer, which is a defect, and wholly eschews the gorgeous stateliness of Gibbon. The precise degree of elevation proper for the historian, in his mere narrative, is difficult to hit; and it is a subject upon which tastes would very widely differ. For ourselves, we pitch at the first degree above the conversational and epistolary styles, too low for the dignity of history, and, among our old standard historians, adhere to the graceful negligence of Hume. And although we see some trifling inaccuracies in our author to correct, (as where shall we not?) our fastidiousness may upon the whole be well enough content with a writer who makes himself both intelligible and agreeable, with language copious and expressive, arrangement generally correct and grammatical, while the march of his sentence is neither buskined nor slipshod. And the rather may we be content, since we have chosen to try him by the highest standards, both in matter and manner.

But since we have praised him highly, as he deserves, we must also instruct him to respect our authority and discernment; and flatter him with the assurance that we are not wholly undiscriminating in this matter, nor at all disposed to let him off for his literary sins, merely because, being one of us, he has dared to produce a work for the world. Let us see, then, what we may fairly quarrel with? Why, like true-blooded reviewers, we should begin with the title-page. We complain of that, as not accurately descriptive of the book. "History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic," — a very well-sounding title; but, in truth, the book comprises the reigns of John the Second of Aragon, John the Second, and Henry the Fourth of Castile, Ferdinand and Isabella jointly, Philip and Joanna, in her right, and the regencies both of Ferdinand and Ximenes. How all this may best be compressed into one brief title, we shall leave to the author for his second edition. The reign of the two Johns and of Henry perhaps need not be indicated, because they are merely introductory. It is less easy to see why the reign of Philip the First, short though it were, or the remarkable regency of Ximenes should be excluded. It can only be by viewing them as mere appendages to the principal reign; and yet that reign was closed, before the regency of Ximenes commenced. However, it is not every author, who

performs more than he promises ; and we confess that we cannot suddenly devise a better general title, or one nearer to the truth, since it must necessarily be brief, as well as comprehensive and expressive.

There is however a deeper stain on the title-page than this, in the quotation from Horace.

> Crevere vires, famaque, et imperî
> Porrecta majestas *ab Euro*
> *Solis ad Occiduum cubile.*

Apt certainly, and excellent, but not Horace. There would seem to be a peculiar pertinency in applying here, what Bentley said of Pope's Homer. "The verses are good verses; but the work is not Homer; it is Spondanus." For Homer read Horace, and for Spondanus, Bentley himself. It is nothing but Bentley at best, — "slashing Bentley," — who *amended* Horace in upwards of *eight hundred* places, *partly by conjecture* and partly by the help of MSS. says Dibdin; "ingeniose quidem, nec raro tamen *audaciùs*," says Harles. Nor is it even certainly Bentley, — at any rate not his approved judgment, for it does not appear in his own deliberate edition, nor any other edition of *Horace*, that we have been able to examine. Our author, who is not apt to err in accuracy, doubtless has something to show for it; but the only authority in the world, if it be one, that we have been able to mouse out for this new reading, is a *posthumous* Bentley, in certain notes, not on Horace, but on *Lucan*, published in an unfinished state by his grandson Cumberland, in the famous Strawberry Hill edition, commonly called Bentley's Lucan. In a note on the word *projecta*, (Lib. VIII. 442,) Bentley says, "repone *porrecta*," in support of which he cites Horace, as commonly read; —

> "et imperî
> Porrecta majestas *ad ortum*
> *Solis, ab Hesperio cubili*,"

under which he adds, without comment, and for what reason is difficult to conjecture, a new reading corresponding to that which our author has chosen. We can perceive no better reason for his choice, than that Columbus, by chart and compass, sailed *westward* towards the discovery of America, and thus extended the Spanish empire, geographically, in a direction reversing that eastern extension of the Roman empire, to which Horace alludes. This seems to be sacrificing purity

of text and exactness of quotation, (on the authority to be sure of an eminent, but most inventive critic,) to a mere quibble of precise geographical application; and the accuracy of that turns wholly on the point of view; for whether one might say, with that absolute veracity which our author seems to require, (for he carries his history into his allusions,) that the Spanish empire stretched from West to East, or from East to West, must depend altogether upon which end of the empire you choose to stand at. For ourselves, we choose to stand on American soil, and stick by unadulterated Horace.

This detection of our author's Horace, leads us also to suspect a little that his "gorgeous east,

> 'whose caverns teem
> With diamonds flaming, and with seeds of gold,'"
> (Vol. II. p. 178.)

though it may sound a little Miltonic, rests on no better authority, after all, than Old Play, — an author fitter to illustrate an historical novel, than a novel history. Yet, there is no saying what the author of Ferdinand and Isabella may not have met with in the course of his curious antiquarian travels, and the only charge we can bring against him here, with absolute safety, is, that he does not cite authority for his ornaments, as he does for his facts.

We have commended his general methodical arrangement. To this, however, we have one or two exceptions for record. The most striking is that eighth chapter, already mentioned, which we esteem one of the most interesting and beautiful in the book, on the Spanish Arabs. This clearly stands on the same footing with the introductory chapters on Castile and Aragon. Its design is to make us acquainted with a people destined to become a constituent part of the Spanish empire. It gives the same sort of information relative to the kingdom of Granada, which the general *prolegomena* gave of the kingdoms of Castile and Aragon, and should therefore, according to the "lucidus ordo" of history, in general so admirably preserved in this work, have occupied a similar place. It has nothing to do with continuity of the action then in progress; it aids it not at all; on the contrary it is a break, an interruption, too long for an incidental introduction, in the course of the narrative, to a new train of events; nor can we conceive any reason why it should stand where it does, except that it

was esteemed too good, as indeed it is, to be put where it might be overlooked. But they must be superficial readers indeed, who overlook the introduction to Aragon and Castile.

Another sin is one of omission, in not giving us some introductory account of Navarre. We are told, that this is one of four kingdoms destined to form the modern Spain. Concerning two of them we are fully instructed, where we ought to be, at the beginning of all things, so that we can readily perceive their relations in the progress of the narrative. Of the two other kingdoms, Navarre and Granada, Prologue tells nothing ;— but in lieu of it, so far as Granada is concerned, in the very midst of the drama, and while we are intent upon interesting action, suddenly down comes the drop-curtain, and lo ! enter manager, with a large troop of Moriscoes, to apologize for the sudden, but unavoidable, suspension of the piece, assuring us that we shall be equally entertained, meanwhile, with a Moorish Saraband, got up at great expense, together with a little Arabian music, by the best performers, highly graceful and captivating, which will also be attended with the farther advantage of making us thoroughly acquainted with the people who are about to be conquered in the next act. As to the Navarrese, we confess we have never got thoroughly acquainted with them to this day, and all for the want of a little necessary information, as it would seem, in the outset. Consequently, whenever they appear at all in the course of affairs, which is not very often, we are rather in the dark about them and their politics, until the fourth chapter from the end of the book happily relieves us from all farther disquietude on their account, by a little intelligible force of arms, through which they become adopted into the new kingdom, as was promised in the outset. It may be, to be sure, that there was nothing else worth telling about them, and that their space is no bigger in history than it is upon the map. In fact, we have a vague impression that the author hints as much in some out of the way note. But we still insist, that whatever of an introductory nature was meet for us to know, concerning these little Navarrese, in their Lilliputian kingdom, ought to have been told by Prologue.

The formal division of the work into two Parts nearly equal, considering the first as exclusively appropriated to internal affairs, and the second to foreign relations, is an item of arrangement which strikes us as superfluously methodical ; — espe-

cially as in point of fact the domestic and the external affairs are, after all, necessarily, in each Part, somewhat interlaced and commingled ; — although it is also true that the chronological course of the story approaches, more nearly than could have been expected, to a division so extremely arbitrary and artificial. In the main, it is a true division ; and perhaps is convenient enough to the reader, as marking a great resting place, and an era in the real course of events.

We stated above that we had noted one exception to our author's rule of never drawing upon supposititious sources of interest. It is fair to point it out. We allude to the lament of the people of Malaga, beginning

"'Oh Malaga, renowned and beautiful city, how are thy sons about to forsake thee!'" — Vol. II. p. 39.

A very exquisite and poetic lament, to be sure, and not the invention of our author, but brought in under color of an old chronicle, where doubtless it may be found. But this would have done better in a note, as a mere side ornament, than in the text as an historic fact, it being perfectly certain, in spite of the old chronicler, whoever he may be, that neither the people of Malaga, nor any other *people*, ever lamented in such language. The thing will answer for Irving, who, in his "Chronicle of Granada," employs such embellishments constantly, — nor is it a blemish in a work on his plan. It does not comport with the plan of this history ; but we admit it to be a solitary example.

Our general commendation of the style we desire to qualify also with one exception. We object to the frequent use of foreign parts of speech, such as *vega*, *sierra*, *adalid*, and many others we might name, used by our author as familiarly as household words, often not even marked as importations, but adopted as our own, and taken bodily into the language, which was already furnished with excellent old fashioned, old English words, of precisely the same import. These novelties will be chiefly found in the chapters on Granada, too frequent to make references needful. Other popular moderns, we are aware, have set this infectious example ; but we hoped not to see it followed in a work, intended to be, as it deserves, a standard history. It is highly inconvenient to mere English readers, who must read, dictionary in hand, until the adopted word has become of common use ; and then it will have done

as much as one word can, towards destroying the purity of the English tongue, (difficult enough to preserve from our own daily inventions,) without having added any thing to its force. It is true that to a work on Spain it seems to give a sort of Spanish air, and may spread over the page, in the minds of some readers, a vague and mysterious charm, — chiefly because they do not understand it.

Now all this we set down for a species of literary *exquisitism*, — commonly practised, by writers too of the highest reputation, but unworthy the true scholar. We can see no good reason why one may not discourse upon the affairs of a foreign country, without speaking broken English; nor perceive what bounds shall be set, while this practice is tolerated and sanctioned by such writers, to the numberless barbarisms, which under the same pretence may be imported from all the regions and languages of the earth, until our good old forefathers' English shall have become a base Mediterranean mizmaze, worthy only of the darkest of the dark ages, and man be no longer able to communicate with man in any known mother tongue. We have noted too the rarer use of unnecessary French, such as *melée*, *cortége*, *en masse*, &c., words which have not the Spanish excuse, and are therefore somewhat less tolerable. Perhaps the author will retort upon us, that we ourselves have once or twice tipped our pen with a Gallicism. Well, possibly, when we were really put to it for appropriate English, and a French nicety offered, we may have been slightly seduced from our ordinary good habits, by this author's pernicious example and the ill fashion of the times, — not, however, without having earmarked the culprit, in type, as a foreigner; — and even so, the custom does not greatly commend itself to our more deliberate judgment. Besides which, are we not reviewers? And, author, thou art he that is reviewed. Ah! we have not vouchsafed thee a history.

One other remark on style, and we have done. We note that this writer, sometimes, not frequently, nor arrogantly, but simply because it has happened to be the readier form of expression, uses the direct personal address, with the pronoun "I"; — which we take to be contrary to the genius of history, and not sanctioned by the usage of the best English historians; for Hallam, who does use that form of address, is rather a writer of disquisitions upon constitutional topics, than a historian. Indeed he calls his own work "a series of histor-

ical dissertations." It is contrary to the theory of historic composition, and destroys the illusion of the action. The reader desires to be borne along by the current of events and to see only the actors on the scene. The manager should never appear, unless it be as prompter in a note, or as prologue in a preface. But when our author presumes farther, as in one instance, at least, he does, to say "we," (Vol. I. p. 11,) he is guilty both of historical impropriety, and an unpardonable breach of good manners, since he not only introduces himself unnecessarily upon the stage, but even usurps that dignity which the sense of mankind has long since appropriated exclusively to crowned heads, editors of newspapers, and reviewers.

Such are the weightiest of the trifling peccadilloes in a large work, which we can point out for the author's correcting, if he shall be pleased to adopt our judgment, in some future edition. And perhaps, after such an exhibition of copious merit on the one side, and petty faults on the other, faithfully laid open according to our ability, the reader may be ready to join us in saying, — on such works we are content to rest the literary reputation of the country. — We ought not, however, to dismiss this book without also recording a passing tribute of gratitude to those learned labors of Mr. Charles Folsom, printer of Harvard University, which are so apt to be unappreciated by any but scholars, and which have added so much to the value of the work, by the general accuracy of its typographical execution; — by no means easy of attainment, amidst a cloud of references, well systematized here, and copious citations in the notes, from half a dozen foreign languages; for this, as all publishers of learned works, at least, cannot fail to understand, implies a degree of nice scholarship in the printer, which we shall look for in vain, probably, among the craft, elsewhere in America. Nor should the publishers be passed by without high commendation for having brought out this work in a style of extraordinary beauty, which we doubt not will be found to bear advantageous comparison with the London edition.

Art. XI. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *The History and Present Condition of St. Domingo.* By J. Brown, M. D. In Two Volumes. Philadelphia; William Marshall & Co. 1837. 12mo. pp. 307, 289.

This work, though by a resident of New England, has, on account of its place of publication and the business connexions of the publishers, gained a much wider circulation in the Middle and Southern States, than in our own neighbourhood. Its intrinsic merit, and the profound interest attached to many of its details, have secured for it a favorable reception and a diligent perusal, wherever it has become known. We hope, by the present brief notice, to introduce it to the acquaintance of those of our readers, in whose way it may not have fallen, while we shall but echo the approving verdict of those who are not strangers to it.

Dr. Brown conceived the plan of this work during a professional residence in St. Domingo in the years 1833 and 1834; and accordingly gathered all the materials for it, which local tradition and conversation with surviving eye and ear witnesses could furnish. The public archives of the nation contain few documents worthy of the name; but the most eventful scenes in the island's history are of so recent date, as yet to leave many living chroniclers, as well as numerous vouchers in existing circumstances, institutions, and prejudices. For these reasons we should distrust the historian, who had not collected testimony on the spot; and the graphic vividness, with which our author has portrayed the merits and alternating fortunes of the numerous parties in the long and bloody struggle for supremacy, shows that he has not interrogated his witnesses in vain. For earlier portions of his history, he professes to have followed with but little deviation the best authorities previously extant, carefully collating them on every point of doubt or difficulty. In his sketch of the later times and most momentous epochs of Hayti, he found himself compelled, for the most part, to mark out his own path.

The work is written with singular clearness and precision. Places, dates, and minute incidents, are marked with punctilious exactness, yet not so as to give the narrative a jejune or unedifying aspect. On the other hand, the style is bold, fresh, and racy, as of a man, who conceives vividly whatever he writes,

and who regards language as but the transparent vehicle of thought. There is no affectation of fine rhetoric, no dressing up of pictures either to delight or to shock the imagination; but scenes and characters are painted to the life, and then left to interpret themselves, to forge their own rhetoric and to impress their own moral. Our author writes not as a partisan. He has no political or ethical theory to build up, — no ulterior end to subserve. He separates the facts of his narrative, alike from the local conflicts, in which they originated, and from more recent and less sanguinary controversies, in which they might be eagerly adduced. He confines himself to the proper province of an impartial historian, claiming only the privilege of praising or censuring, where natural justice must needs give a spontaneous verdict.

St. Domingo, discovered by Columbus during his first voyage, and the seat of the first settlement made by civilized man in the new world, has certainly a strong claim upon the curiosity of every American. Its fortunes acquire a painful interest, when we reflect that it has been from the very first the football of contending nations, yearly drenched both with native and with foreign blood, wrestled for, whole scores of years together, at an expense of treasure, which, were its soil all silver and its sands all gold, its possession could hardly replace. Its ill-starred inhabitants have always been, in life and fortune, victims to conflicts not their own. Either the torch of European war has set fire to their plantations and warehouses; or, when the fire and sword of civil discord have been let loose among themselves, the apples of strife have in every instance been cast into their midst by trans-atlantic powers. The torrents of guilt and misery that have deluged this unhappy island have all flowed from European mismanagement and profligacy; and the student of political economy may here find luculent commentaries on the colonial system in general, and on every form of unsuccessful and malignant colonial legislation and government. We have here too, for a little while, upon the canvass, a brilliant picture of colonial magnificence and luxury; for, during the most prosperous period of the French *régime*, the elegances of Parisian life and the splendor of Versailles might have found their most genuine reflection from the western shore of St. Domingo. We have also in this island the novel phenomenon of an independent government established and administered by a race of men, who have there first, at least for many centuries, found space and opportunity to test, on an ample scale, their own political capacities and tendencies. Add to these considerations the size of the island (nearly as large as all New England exclusive of

Maine,) the beauty of its scenery, its vast agricultural capabilities, its commercial advantages, its vicinity to our own shores, and the extensive mercantile connexions already established in its principal ports by our own citizens; and we surely have the strongest inducements to make ourselves acquainted with its past fortunes and its present condition.

The work before us has been stereotyped; and, as the first impression is in the process of rapid sale, the plates will doubtless be again put in requisition in the course of a few months. We would suggest to the author the expediency of prefixing to the next edition a full and accurate map of St. Domingo and the neighbouring islands. The lack of such a map is the only deficiency which we have detected. It is a deficiency, which few of Dr. Brown's readers may be able to supply for themselves, and which he only makes more constantly felt by the accuracy of his topographical indications and sketches. We close our notice by commending the work to the favoring suffrages of the public, and by extracting from it a curious and graphic picture of the manners and mode of life of the outlaws, who constituted the germ of the French colony of St. Domingo.

"Just off the northwestern coast of St. Domingo there lies a little wooded island called Tortugas. It is low and fertile, and stretches itself across the entrance of a fine harbour on the neighbouring coast of the main island, called by the French name of Port de Paix; hid by bold headlands and overhung by bald or wood-crowned mountain peaks. That the celebrated freebooters of this century (the seventeenth) selected this convenient spot as their refuge from danger, and retreat from toil, but proves the deep forethought of this enterprising race of adventurers. The sea-rovers had now increased in numbers far beyond the supply of booty to be taken, and their profession was overdone to an extent that rendered success in its pursuit too much a problem of chance to satisfy for a long time the activity of their impatient natures; and many of them abandoned their old employments for new modes of life.

"Become attached to the mild regions of the tropics, and incapacitated, by a long life of wild adventure, for the restraints of civilized society, some went to the bay of Campeachy and became cutters of logwood, while most of them remained at their old retreat, Tortugas, and employed themselves in hunting wild cattle on the coast of St. Domingo. This coast was a wilderness, and the business of hunting the wild cattle, that roamed in herds through its solitudes, became profitable from the sale of the hides and tallow to the ships visiting the West Indies for purposes of traffic. The flesh was converted into sustenance by smoking it on hurdles, or, as they were termed, *boucans*, a word used by the Carib Indians to express that apparatus for curing their meat. From this term, and the business they followed, these hunters were called "Buccaneers." They called themselves "Brethren of the Coast;" — an appropriate term when their mode of

living is considered. As they were without wives and children, it was a custom with them to live together, in couples, that the various duties of a family establishment might be performed with more completeness and order. While one was engaged in hunting, the other commonly remained at home, engaged in curing the beef of yesterday's hunt, or in cooking their meals against the return of his fellow lodger. All property was held in common between the two, and it descended, in case of death, to the surviving partner. Theft was unknown, though locks were never used for security. What one did not find at home he proceeded immediately and without ceremony to take from the cabin of his nearest neighbour, without other word than to apprize the owner of it if he was at home, or, in case he was absent, to inform him on his return. Disputes were unfrequent, and when they did occur were easily accommodated. If the cause was grave, or the parties not to be reconciled, instead of a lawyer and jury, they employed the musket to bring about a decision of the question. The ground was chosen, and the whole fraternity were made spectators of the mortal arbitrament. The word was given to fire, and if the ball took either party in the back or side, it was adjudged to be unfair dealing, and the head of the murderer was cleft in two on the spot. The laws of their native country went for nothing among the brotherhood. They pretended that they had been emancipated from all allegiance to them by the baptism of the sea, which they had each undergone in passing the tropics. Even their family name they abandoned, and *noms de guerre*, chosen to suit each one's whim or fancy, were the appellations by which they were known, and which in after times descended to their posterity.

"Their usual dress was a hunting shirt dipped in the blood of the animals they had slain in the chase; coarse drawers, yet more foul; for a girdle, a strip of raw hide, in which were stuck a small sword and several knives; a cap with a small portion of brim in front for convenience in removing it; and shoes without stockings.

"Thus dressed and equipped, this hybrid race, the product of civilization and the wilderness, limited all their ambition to having a gun that would carry an ounce ball, and a pack of twenty-five or thirty hounds. They had no other occupation than hunting in the woods of St. Domingo, which since its abandonment by the Spaniards had become filled with immense herds of wild cattle. They proceeded immediately to skin their game when they had killed it, and then hurried forwards to bring down others, till they were possessed of the requisite number for the day. When fatigued and hungry, they proceeded to cook a portion of the meat they had stripped from the wild carcase, and, with the pepper and orange juice they found plentifully around them, made a meal to satisfy all the wants of their appetite. They had no bread, and drank nothing but water. The description of one day's mode of living is that of every day, till they were in possession of the number of hides they had contracted to deliver to the vessels of different nations which visited their settlement. They then proceeded with the trophies of their success to the harbour or inlet where the ship was waiting her homeward cargo, and received in exchange such commodities as their wants and situa-

tion required. The employment soon became comparatively profitable, and above all had infinite charms to those wild spirits who alone at that time ventured into the seas of the West Indies." — Vol. I. pp. 48 - 50.

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2. — 1. *The Law of Patents for Inventions; including the Remedies and Legal Proceedings in Relation to Patent Rights.* By Willard Phillips. Boston. American Stationers' Company. 1837. 8vo. pp. 528.

2. *The Inventor's Guide; comprising the Rules, Forms, and Proceedings for securing Patent Rights.* By Willard Phillips. Boston. S. Colman. 1837. 12mo. pp. 368.

Mr. Phillips has given us two works on the same subject; — one for the professional, and the other for the non-professional reader. The first and larger work presents a full and systematic view of all the principles which regulate the law of Patents, illustrated by the various cases on this subject which have been adjudicated in the English and American courts. It is at once a philosophical and lawyer-like production. Reasons are presented, as well as precedents. The subject is handled with vigor, freedom, and learning. The French jurisprudence, which on this subject bears a strong resemblance to that of England and the United States, *qualem decet esse sororum*, is freely resorted to. A work like the present, where learning and philosophy, which so seldom meet in law-books, are joined, has been much needed by the profession for some time. Mr. Fessenden's "Essay on the Law of Patents," which is the only other American treatise on this subject, was a useful publication in its day, being well calculated to facilitate the labors of the practiser at the bar; but the lapse of time since its appearance has rendered another work highly necessary, which shall include the important alterations in the law, the many decisions of the courts, and the expansion of the principles bearing on patent rights, which have taken place. Besides, Fessenden's Essay was little more than a compilation, stuffed with the *ipsissima verba* of the courts, and containing very scanty discussions or statements of principles, other than as these occurred in the opinions of the court, from which are made such extended extracts.

The English treatises on the law of Patents are numerous, amounting to some half dozen, or more. Several of these have considerable merit; but all are deficient in a philosophical and logical way of showing the subject. In them the legal decisions are almost uniformly collected with fidelity, and arranged

with some degree of method; but the golden cord of connexion, which is wrought from the author's brain, and by which all the parts are bound to each other as by a natural attraction, seems to be wanting. With the best of these Mr. Phillips's work will bear a comparison. Indeed, if we did not feel disposed to moderate the expression of our opinion, lest we fall under the suspicion of being swayed by a national partiality, we should place his work before them all, both in practical utility and in appropriate treatment of the subject.

In the smaller work, which is called "The Inventor's Guide," the author has prepared an abstract or abridgment of the other, calculated chiefly for artists, inventors, mechanics, and, in short, for all who are not enrolled under the standard of black-letter. Those portions of the larger treatise, which are technical, or which relate to remedies and legal proceedings on the infringement of patents, are properly omitted. This little book contains a neat and succinct view of the whole subject, so far as it is interesting to other than professional readers. We venture to anticipate from its circulation not a little practical good. The rights of inventors will be more generally understood; and will, therefore, be more promptly secured and more universally respected. This, indeed, is one of the many facilities, peculiar to our age, for bringing home to the common mind a knowledge of some of those principles of law, in which all have such a deep stake, and which, by a presumption of law sufficiently paradoxical, all are supposed to know. In the short interval since its publication we have already met more than one practical mechanic, who has most carefully thumbed "The Inventor's Guide"; and we do not doubt that it will be extensively used throughout the country.

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3. — *A Plea for the Education of the People of Kentucky. An Address, delivered before the Mayor and Common Council of Lexington, on the 29th of July*, 1837; *the Anniversary of the Public School of that City.* By Robert Wickliffe, Jr. Lexington, (Ky.); Hinnell & Zimmerman. 1837. 8vo. pp. 17.

This production bears the marks of a young, but able writer. It is full of an undisciplined vigor, which is often at once the sign of youth and of a hopeful manhood. It has a copiousness of language and illustration, which clearly shows that the author draws from a full fountain; and that his care, in future, must

be rather how much, than whence, to draw. He must learn that most difficult of all lessons for writers, to prune and cut away words, phrases, perhaps whole passages, which his first judgment approves. The topics are well chosen for the occasion; and the cause of education is advocated with a zeal which, with less knowledge than is here displayed, would of itself be productive of great good. "Kentucky," Mr. Wickliffe says, "proud as is her fame for chivalry and for arms, can never pluck the laurel of unmingled honor and renown, so long as there is one single freeman on her soil that cannot read the constitution of his country, and write his protest against oppression and misrule."

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4. — *A New Translation of the Hebrew Prophets, arranged in Chronological Order.* By George R. Noyes. In Three Volumes. Boston. Vol. I. Charles Bowen. 1833. Vols. II. and III. James Munroe & Company. 1837. 12mo. pp. xii., 288; vi. 293; 295.

We avail ourselves of the earliest opportunity, to congratulate our readers on the completion of this work, — constituting, together with the version of Job and of the Psalms by the same author, the most perfect and valuable series of biblical translations extant in our language. Mr. Noyes has brought to his task a vigorous, candid, and independent mind, enriched by the fruits of long and patient scholarship. His work is not merely a correction of King James's translation, but a new and distinct version. He disclaims the time-hallowed phraseology of the former, except where it best expresses the idea of the original. He says, that he has never retained it, because he found it there; and, if so, the frequency with which he has seen fit to retain it, bears the most flattering testimony to its general pertinency and beauty. Indeed, the warmest admirers of the present version may be half inclined to pardon Mr. Noyes for the hard things which he says of it in his Preface, on account of the following confession in its favor.

"Those portions of the common version, which remain unaltered in mine, have, in proportion to their difficulty, been the subject of as extensive and laborious investigation, as those which have been altered. This fact deserves the attention of those, who object to new translations. The increased confidence, which they may place in those parts of the common version, which pass through the furnace of modern investigation unchanged, should compensate them for any supposed evils connected with the alteration of other parts of it."

In the volumes before us, the Prophets are arranged in chronological order. The distinction between poetry and prose is preserved throughout, the poetical portions being broken into verses corresponding to those in the original. Each book is divided into sections and paragraphs according to the sense, our arbitrary division of chapters and verses being denoted in the margin. Each section is headed by a brief and comprehensive *program* or argument. A few pages of notes are also appended to every volume. In these we have a short account of the author, date, design, and scope of each book, and an elucidation of the more doubtful and difficult passages. The style of the translation is throughout pure, chaste, majestic, and rhythmical. We detect no words or phrases of new or doubtful origin, none of those cockneyisms or of that affected quaintness, by which some, on this same career, have sought to supplant the "English undefiled" of King James's version. The dignity of prophecy and the harmony of poetry are everywhere sustained, while the distinctive peculiarities of the several writers are faithfully exhibited.

Mr. Noyes has omitted all commentary of a doctrinal character. He labors to uphold no favorite theory of inspiration or of prophecy. He has dealt with the prophets, as he would have done with any other ancient authors. His only aim has been to introduce the prophets to his readers, and to leave them to speak for themselves on all points of controversy. We know of no reason, why his labors may not be equally welcome to the inquiring and truth-loving of all denominations. Indeed, he imparts to the sacred text a coherency and continuity of sense, the lack of which, in our common version, has stood sadly in the way of every class of religious theorists, while it has afforded ample ground for the gainsaying and cavilling of the skeptical. Whoever reveres the record of God's earlier revelations, whoever would see its pages no longer an open field for the blunders of ignorance, the baseless inferences of theological quackery, and the ridicule of the profane, must feel deeply indebted to him, who has so successfully disinterred the elements of a dead language, interpreted the monuments of long-past tribes and times, and made these writers hardly less intelligible than they were to their contemporaries.

The amount of critical labor bestowed on these very unostentatious volumes, those, to whom they will be of the most comfort and use, can hardly appreciate. The display of learning is carefully shunned; its front, bristling with unknown and tortuous characters, is sedulously concealed. The most ephemeral pamphlet could not have made its appearance in more modest

guise, or with less flourishing of trumpets. Yet we can assure our readers that such a work could not have been wrought for the cause of piety, without years of the most patient toil and abstruse research, without an intimate converse, not only with the Hebrew, but all its cognate dialects, a diligent study of Asiatic geography and archæology, the consultation of a vast range of authorities both ancient and modern, a close investigation of the genius and purpose of each of the several authors, and a careful comparison of text with text, and author with author, to clear up doubtful etymologies and constructions. Nor is this all. These critical labors would have been clothed by a merely Oriental scholar in a crude, inelegant and unattractive form. In this case, however, the English style evinces singular purity, dignity, and beauty, and indicates the most careful elaboration, by a mind no less conversant with the treasures and capabilities of its native language, than familiar with the mysteries of ancient philology.

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5. — *Political Hermeneutics, or an Essay on Political Interpretation and Construction, and also on Precedents.* By Francis Lieber, Professor of History in South Carolina College. Boston. Charles C. Little & James Brown. 1837. 8vo.

This little treatise, we understand, forms a portion of a forthcoming work by Dr. Lieber on Political Ethics. It was originally published in the pages of the "American Jurist," and has since made its appearance in the present shape. We salute it as the *avant-courier* of that important work to which Dr. Lieber has devoted so much time, and which, if we may rely upon the favorable report of those who have been permitted to peruse some of its pages, is calculated to reflect honor upon the country, and to advance greatly the science of politics. The editors of the "American Jurist," in the short preface with which they have introduced the Essay on Hermeneutics, take the opportunity of presenting a bird's-eye view of the large work, of which this forms a part. It appears that Political Ethics, in the view of the author, comprehends the subject of morality, and of the rights and duties of citizens, with regard to the various institutions, which enter into the great element, the State; in brief, it comprehends that vast body of political relations, which cannot be determined by strict law, and which have never before been classified and considered as a whole. Questions, like the following, are proposed and attempted to be determined; what is

a party; can a free nation exist without parties; has a free country ever existed without parties; if not, what should be the objects of a party; how far shall the citizen act with a party; when must he leave it; when does a party become a faction? Or, should a citizen always vote; when shall he not; how shall he vote when subjects are pending which he cannot understand?

It became necessary for the author, in order to proceed with perfect clearness in the body of the work, to settle the true meaning of "the State," and all that is connected with this absorbing subject, as sovereignty, government, public power, people, majority, minority, and the much vexed topic of the origin of the State. This portion of his inquiries is represented as highly interesting, and as reflecting new light on a dark subject. Upon the whole work, our contemporaries of the "American Jurist" have remarked, that it is at once original in design, and profound in execution, with apt political reflections and a fertility of illustration from every source of learning.

The present Essay will have a particular value for the lawyer, but will also be interesting to the general reader. It constitutes the most comprehensive collection of the rules and principles which govern interpretation and construction, with which we are acquainted. These rules and principles are skilfully arranged, and illustrated by a great variety of examples from history, law, and the affairs of life. The examples and illustrations are printed in a small type, and form a sort of subordinate text. This is a common way of printing manuals in Germany; the change of type being thought to afford facilities for study, as it brings out, by a sort of *relief*, the principal text.

6.—*An Oration pronounced before the Society of Phi Beta Kappa, at New Haven, August 15th*, 1837. By Horace Bushnell. New Haven, Herrick & Noyes. 8vo. pp. 27.

Mr. Bushnell's discourse is full of noble thought, happily expressed. His subject is, the principles of national greatness. In discussing them, he takes occasion to point out the defects in the prevailing systems of political economy, and to show that the accumulation of wealth ought not to be the principal object in national legislation. He attempts to sketch the outlines of a science more adequate to the whole subject, than the science of political economy, and to point out what further sources of greatness ought to be embraced within it. To the questions, What does it belong to the civil State to pursue?

Wherein consists the true wealth or well-being of a State? he replies, "In the total value of the persons of the people." The principal part of the oration is taken up with the illustration of this answer. It contains many thoughts of singular beauty, and drawn from the pure depths of philosophical speculation. Many of the doctrines, which are true in the abstract, are not, however, susceptible of a ready application to practice. Mr. Bushnell ranks the influence of positive enactments in raising the moral character of communities too high, and speaks in terms of too strong approbation, of the minute regulations of the Spartan republic, and of the moral and theological legislation of our puritanical ancestors. One of the great lessons of modern experience is, that meddlesome legislation is vexatious and pernicious. The interference of Roman censors, or puritan clergymen, in the private conduct of individuals, probably had little influence, except in making hypocrites. At any rate, the descendants of the Pilgrims made all convenient haste to shake off an authority which they found irksome and useless. As to Sparta, what monument remains of her austere greatness? The truth seems to be, that laws express the already existing sentiments of the people; and they will continue so long as they represent these sentiments, and no longer. They have some influence in their time, no doubt, upon the popular convictions, and make changes of opinion more slow and difficult. But still, they must essentially harmonize with the age, or they must fall. A forced system of legislation, a scheme of legal supervision, such as Mr. Bushnell seems to recommend, would be resisted anywhere; but if attempted to be enforced over our gigantic country, where is the long and strong arm to carry it into execution? General Jackson could do almost any thing; but if he had undertaken the task of a moral reformer on so stupendous a scale, he would have been resisted by monsters more unmanageable than that which has appropriated the name. In fact, personal freedom is the first condition which men regard, in our age. Whatever interferes with that, however good it may be in design, and however noble-minded its purposes, people will unite in repelling. The moral and intellectual characters of a nation are its most priceless treasures; but how can the action of a parliament, or a congress, touch them, or affect them, except by indirect and secondary influences?

While, therefore, every right-thinking American must sympathize cordially in the noble and patriotic sentiments of Mr. Bushnell's oration, it must also be conceded that they are tinged with a somewhat visionary hue, which reminds us of the great political romances of antiquity, — of the dreams of Plato and Cicero.

7. — *Reports and other Documents relating to the State Lunatic Hospital, at Worcester, Mass.* Printed by Order of the Senate. Boston. 1837. pp. 200.

The noble institution, of which these documents give the history and results for the first four years of its existence, is the first of a series of public charities, designed for the relief of that hitherto neglected class in this country, the pauper and other lunatics of the poorer classes, under legislative provision. Following the generous example of the State of Massachusetts in founding this institution, many other communities have commenced the good work of providing for their insane, and at the present time no less than seven or eight hospitals are in actual progress towards completion; and from the impulse which the subject has received in most of the States of the confederacy, it is almost certain that in a few years asylums will be opened in every direction.

In the New England States, and New York, there is statistical evidence sufficient to show that there is one person actually insane to every six or seven hundred inhabitants; and to the larger proportion of these, the only hope of restoration, and the greatest measure of comfort and safety to themselves and to society, can only be afforded through the aids of asylums designed for the purpose.

While so much interest is everywhere felt in this subject, this little volume, principally composed of the Annual Reports to the government, which were out of print, affords the means of forming an accurate judgment in relation to most of those points, on which legislators contemplating the foundation of similar institutions would seek information. And it may be regarded as a fortunate circumstance for the cause of the deranged elsewhere, that this first experiment of a State taking charge of the insane of the pauper, and other comparatively little wealthy classes, has from its commencement been conducted with so much judgment and evinced results so successful; — that its popularity at home should have afforded so encouraging an example abroad.

Other public institutions for the insane, many years previous to the foundation of the State Lunatic Hospital, have been carried on with a degree of success probably not surpassed by any in the world; but these have been designed for those classes of society which could return an equivalent for their support, the pauper resting on the public, and the poorer citizen having hitherto remained unprovided for.

From the general recapitulation of the first four years' experience of this hospital, ending in November, 1836, it appears that 510 patients have received its advantages, 198 of whom have been restored, and 28 have died.

With respect to the success of one insane hospital as contrasted with another, any comparison, bearing even an approximation to the truth, is scarcely practicable. We have not a doubt but that the greatest practicable amount of good has been here accomplished; and how the results compare with other institutions, it is hardly worth while to inquire, as such results are materially influenced by many contingencies. The system of receiving, or declining patients according to the character and degree of their insanity, the prospect of their recovery, their age, and general health, all affect the conclusions of any comparative statistics, to an extent beyond what is generally understood. In glancing at the hospitals of Great Britain, for example, some, as Bethlem and St. Luke's, reject all cases of long standing, all in feeble health, all epileptics, and in fact all except those in whom a fair prospect of recovery exists. Other hospitals, as that at Hanwell, under the distinguished superintendence of Sir W. Ellis, receive the rejected of these institutions, (for none are usually allowed to remain in them over a year), and cases of such a hopeless description, that the report of 1836 gives only 33 discharges out of over 700 cases, and it is not specified even if these were recovered. It is evident that no just comparison could be made of these classes of institutions, as far as cures are considered.

At the Massachusetts State Lunatic Hospital, the terms of the law prescribe the subjects for its aids, limiting them to those "so furiously mad" as to be dangerous to go at large. While this gives to its care most of the cases (within those circles of society, which take advantage of its benefits,) where disease is in its high and active state of excitement, (in which, when recent, the hope of cure is greatest,) it also places under its custody all those cases of this description, whether homicidal or otherwise, which, from their long standing, are beyond the hope of recovery. As a balance to this latter unwelcome class, at least so far as recovery is concerned, under the terms of the law, limiting admissions to those dangerous to go at large, the wards of the hospital ought to be saved from those inanimate and often little more than vegetative forms of the imbecile and utterly demented, whose presence year after year reduces the proportionate number of recoveries in most other institutions.

There are still several other circumstances, some of which are inseparable from the nature of the subject, which add to the

indefiniteness and uncertainty of any comparison of different institutions, and render it worthy of very little regard; such as the widely different limit employed at different hospitals to separate the *chronic* and *recent cases*, making an entirely different aspect to the same facts; the impossibility of ascertaining the standing of most cases precisely, the results appearing widely diverse if an individual be counted insane from the first diseased eccentricities and peculiarities presented, or from the outrageous explosion of madness only; the mode of calculating the percentages of cures, before or after deducting the deaths, both of which modes have been adopted; and lastly, the legal right in an institution to retain its subjects until all the means and appliances of moral and medical treatment can be employed, or its necessity of abandoning them prematurely, as is the case in all those institutions in which a current stipend is demanded, to impatient and penurious friends.

With respect to the ratio of mortality, in this hospital at least, no uncertainty can obtain, although in some institutions even this part of statistics cannot always be depended upon, as patients in failing health are not unfrequently returned by the solicitation of friends to die at home. It deserves to be remarked that the ratio of deaths, only 28 in 510, speaks volumes in favor of the general medical skill of the director, the salubrity of the establishment, and the entire safety of the decided and peculiar modes of medication understood to be pursued at this and the other large insane institutions of New England.

As an appendix, a few interesting pages are devoted to a form of alienated mind, which has recently been accurately described in the work of Dr. Prichard, although his views are by no means novel or original. It is that species of mental disease which is evinced in the conduct, and not in conversation; in unimpaired intellect, but perverted moral sense. Abundant specimens of this form of insanity may be seen in any lunatic asylum, or in society at large, and it is frequently presented in civil and criminal trials, where its elucidation forms the stumblingblock of courts and juries. These few pages, which we cannot but regret were not more extended, form no inconsiderable addition to the medical jurisprudence of insanity.

These Reports combine much valuable information in regard to the general construction and management of lunatic asylums. This is also the case in the annual reports of several other institutions, the whole presenting, although in a desultory and impracticable form, a mass of information in regard to the treatment of alienated mind, interesting and valuable in itself, and as peculiar to the American establishments, not to be found in

any written works on the subject. In some future number of this work the attempt may be made to concentrate and combine the important points deduced from the experience of our hospitals, in an article on the Construction and Management of Institutions for the Insane.

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8. — *A Discourse on the Life and Character of the Hon. George Mathews, late Presiding Judge of the Supreme Court of the State of Louisiana.* By the Hon. Charles Watts, at the Request of the Members of the Bar of New Orleans. New Orleans. Benjamin Levy. 1837. 12mo. pp. 15.

This is a plain biographical sketch, very little in the style of panegyric. The facts of a life, not eventful, are detailed with modesty and distinctness, if not in a way calculated to produce a strong impression. The subject of the Discourse was a highly respectable judge of Louisiana, who died November 10th, 1836, in the sixty-third year of his age. In 1805, without any solicitation on his part, he was appointed by President Jefferson, judge of the territory of Mississippi, whence he was transferred to the territory of Orleans, in 1806. On the erection of Louisiana into a State, in 1812, he was appointed by Governor Clairborne judge of the Supreme Court of the State of Louisiana, and shortly afterwards, by the resignation of an associate on the bench, took the place of presiding judge. This honorable station he occupied till his death.

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9. — *The Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles, with Notes and a Critique on the Subject of the Play.* By J. W. Stuart, Professor of Greek and Roman Literature in the College of South Carolina. New York; Gould & Newman. 1837. 12mo. pp. 222.

The Œdipus Tyrannus is universally acknowledged to be one of the greatest masterpieces of the Athenian stage. In the regularity and perfectness of its plot, the polish of its style, and the appalling developement of its catastrophe, it is eminently calculated to excite the most lively interest of the scholar and the man of taste. It has scenes of passion which Shakspeare has hardly surpassed; touches of pathos and tenderness, in which the deepest feelings of the human heart are most beautifully expressed;

and over all, the cloud of inexorable destiny is gathering, from the very beginning, darker and thicker, until it bursts and pours its desolating storm upon the devoted heads of the royal house. With such claims upon the mind and heart, it is not surprising that this tragedy has been selected as a text-book, wherever Greek literature is taught, both in Europe and America; and Mr. Stuart has rendered a valuable service to scholars and teachers, by publishing the excellent edition, whose title we have copied above. The text is accurately, and even beautifully printed. This is followed by a copious English commentary, explaining difficult constructions and grammatical peculiarities, and pointing out the structure of the plot. Allusions to customs and manners are illustrated at considerable length; and numerous references to parallel passages in other tragedies are given. The essay at the end of the volume contains a critique on the subject of Œdipus, as treated by other authors, particularly by Seneca, Corneille, and Voltaire. This Critique shows a just taste, and a wide range of reading in general literature. We believe the volume, on the whole, will be considered as indicating very fair scholarship, great industry, and highly respectable talents.

There are, however, a few points, which we shall not hesitate to censure. It seems to us, that the notes abound too much in learned technicals, for common use. These "lang-nebbed" polysyllables have an imposing air, and pass with many for profound learning. But the fashion is gone by, with powdered wigs and hooped petticoats; and the cumbrous array of scholastic lore, once so common, has justly fallen into general disrespect. In the next place, Mr. Stuart has adopted an unusual mode of spelling certain classical names, which looks affected. We hardly recognise our old friends, Œdipus, Æschylus, &c., in the disguise of *Edipus*, *Eschylus*; and no consistency is preserved, for Ælian is written as it should be, and Œdipus is himself again, at the head of the critical essay. To adopt such whimsical peculiarities, contrary to the general usage of our language, and unaccompanied by the slightest advantage, is, we must needs say it, literary foppery.

In reading the notes, a few things occurred to us, which, we think, will deserve Mr. Stuart's attention, in a second edition. The note on ἐξεστεμμένοι, line 3, is wrong, as well as the remark upon the dative κλάδοισιν. The participle evidently agrees with the pronoun understood, and the dative is constructed with it, *Decked with suppliant boughs.* In the note to line 91, Mr. Stuart says, "Creon is unwilling to explain πλησιαζόντων, in the presence of the multitude. He has learned from Apollo, that Œdipus himself is the murderer to be punished," &c. This is most clearly a

mistake. Creon has received an oracular response, but it was conveyed in dark and ambiguous terms, and said not a word about Œdipus. It merely intimated, that the crime of murder was upon the land; and the wrath of the Gods would be withdrawn, when that murder was expiated. Of course, had Creon been clearly informed that Œdipus was the murderer, the whole thing would have been settled at the outset. In line 148, the pronoun ὅδ' is referred, by Mr. Stuart, to Creon. The context shows, that Œdipus is the person intended; and the verb ἐξαγγέλλεται may be strictly rendered in the present tense, *For "he promises,"* i. e. Œdipus. The object of the assembly was to entreat the king, whom they regarded as the first of men, to interpose his wisdom for their deliverance. This he had solemnly promised to do; and their object being attained, they withdrew. Line 160, "*γαιάοχον, encircling this earth,* i. e. the Bœotian territory." The epithet seems to be a general one, and has no reference to any particular territory. In the long note to lines 227–9, an explanation of ὑπεξελών is given, from which we wholly dissent. In connexion with ἐπίκλημα, it is translated, *taking out an indictment.* It means, evidently, *suppressing an accusation,* or keeping back, or keeping secret, a charge against himself. Line 231, "*ἄλλον, a foreigner.*" It means simply *another.* Œdipus has solemnly adjured the perpetrator to come forward and confess. He next adjures him who knows, *ἄλλον, another* to be the murderer, to inform. Line 263, "*ἐκείνου κρᾶτα,* in reference to *γένος,* i. e. the child of Laius, &c." We think the translation censured by Mr. Stuart, the right one. The pronoun plainly refers to Laius. It is the same pronoun that occurs twice within two lines, where it *must* refer to him; and besides, Œdipus was as yet ignorant of the exposure of the child. The expression about the calamities of the king, in the preceding line, does not refer to a *child,* but to the *race* or *family, γένος,* of Laius. "*Ἐνῆλαθ' ἡ τύχη, ill-fortune has been driven in upon him.*" The verb is not from ἐνελάυνω, as this version seems to imply, but from *ἐνάλλομαι, to leap upon.* It is a most animated description of an unexpected or sudden attack of misfortune. Line 270, "*Τινὰ γῆς ἄροτον, any land capable of tillage;*" *ἄροτον* is not an adjective, but a noun meaning *fruit; any fruits of the earth,* is the proper translation. Line 306, "*πέμψασιν ἀντέπεμψεν,* a verb with its cognate noun in the accusative." *Πέμψασιν* is not a noun; there is no such noun in the Greek language; but a first aorist participle, in the dative plural, agreeing with ἡμῖν. Line 507, "*Ἐπὶ* with the dative, signifying *in the power of.*" It cannot mean that, here. The Sphinx was not in the power of Œdipus. The chorus are speaking of the event

as something that had happened *to* Œdipus, or *in respect to him* with which he had something to do. "*Βασάνῳ, pledge given.*" It means *test*, or *trial.* Line 525, "*πρὸς τοῦ* for *τίνος ἐφάνθη*, literally, by whom was it *accused*, which is the sense of *φαίνω*, in Hom. Od. xx. 309." The word has no such meaning, either here, or in the passage cited from Homer. In this line it means simply *appeared.* The line in the Odyssey occurs in a speech of Telemachus, after one of the suitors had thrown an ox-hoof at the unknown Ulysses, in which he tells the offender what he would have done to him, had the stranger been hit; therefore, he adds, by way of menace, *μήτις μοι ἀεικείας ἐνὶ οἴκῳ φαινέτω, let no one show his insolence*, or *insolent doings, in my house. Show* is the proper translation here, and it cannot possibly mean *accuse.* The connexion of the words plainly indicates this, for Telemachus goes on to say, that he is no longer a boy, as he once was, but a man, and they will find it out. Line 624, "*οἷόν ἐστι τὸ φθονεῖν, what is your grudge, or the cause of your grudge, against me?*" In this interpretation, Mr. Stuart follows Hermann and others. But in our judgment it is incorrect. Creon knew already the ground of the hatred of Œdipus; he was suspected of a conspiracy against him. It would have been idle for Creon then, to insist on the king's showing what was the cause of his grudge; that had already been shown. By translating the words literally, we have a meaning appropriate to the scene, and probable in itself. They may be rendered "what it is to hate." Lines 783–4, "*οἱ δὲ δυσφόρως τοὔνειδος ἦγον, they impatiently reproached.*" Here a very common idiom is misunderstood. Œdipus had been informing his supposed parents of an insult he had received at a feast. The words cited above describe the manner in which they received the tale, and mean, "they were indignant or impatient at the reproach," and not *they reproached impatiently.* Line 1428, "*ὄμβρος ἱερὸς*, in reference to the sprinkling by lustral water." The meaning is simply, "sacred shower." Creon is describing the horrible pollution of the crimes of Œdipus, which neither earth, nor sacred shower (or rain), nor light will admit, and urges the attendants to remove him from sight. The epithet *sacred* is applied by the poets to all the powers and appearances of nature, and to all natural objects, such as *mountains, rivers, lakes, the sea, light, heaven*, &c.

We have selected only a few of the passages which we had marked, in reading, as objectionable. We are aware, that it is easy to find fault with a work of this kind, by seizing upon small inaccuracies, and by representing mere differences of opinion as radical errors. In fact, a formidable list of real mistakes may be

made out by any one, who chooses to look with microscopic eye at any work of philological disquisition; and yet these mistakes may have a scarcely perceptible effect upon the substantial value of the book. But several of the errors of interpretation that we have pointed out, in the notes upon this tragedy, seem to us of a different description, and to merit consideration; though we repeat, that on the whole, we regard it as a valuable addition to our means of classical instruction.

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10. — *Speech in Behalf of the University of Nashville, delivered on the Day of the Anniversary Commencement, October 4th,* 1837. By Philip Lindsley.

This is one of the most truth-telling and amusing speeches we have ever had from the great West. It is an upright and downright defence of University systems in general, and the Nashville University in particular. Mr. Lindsley talks to the westerners in their own free and bold fashion, and we venture to say they like him all the better for it. He tells them, in a style bordering on conversational plainness, as many truths as they can digest before another commencement, on all the great topics of liberal education; and scatters, with the breath of a most searching ridicule, the prejudices and absurdities with which, it seems, Nashville, like some other cities, is overflowing, in relation to the University. There are those, we doubt not, who have been shy of the University, ever since the last anniversary. The benefits of scholarship, the advantages held out by Universities, the causes why so many young men fail to make the best use of them, and the remedies which ought to be applied to existing defects, are discussed with thorough knowledge, a fearless spirit, and uncompromising independence.

We notice, in passing, the following remarks. "Both Harvard and Yale usually employ six or eight tutors, according to the actual number of students, averaging commonly between two and three hundred. These perform all the drudgery of elementary drilling, and attend the daily routine of recitations in the class-room; *while the professors read lectures, and maintain the dignity of science and of the Senatus Academicus.*" Now the worthy President must have been dreaming of some University in the fabled Atlantis, in the isles of the Blest, or perchance in Nephelococcygia, when he uttered that last sentence. Such a professor would be worth travelling a hundred miles to see. Sure we are, that he cannot be found in New England. Our naturalists have

no such class, and would not know what to do with him, or where to arrange him. Such beings, we are told, have been, but they are no more. *Famam tantum accepimus.* They are the Ichthyosauri and Megatheria of our academical antiquities.

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11. — *The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the Year* 1838. Boston. Charles Bowen. pp. xii., 336.

This important annual has now reached its ninth volume; and every succeeding year has added to its value, and to its general credit and reputation. The astronomical department of the work, under the charge of Mr. Paine, is unsurpassed, either in scientific accuracy, or practical usefulness, by any of the European publications of the same nature; and the miscellaneous department, prepared by Mr. Worcester, contains a mass of statistical information, of indispensable daily use, which no other book affords, and much of which would otherwise be wholly inaccessible to the community at large. We trust the work will continue to receive the extended public patronage, which it so richly merits.

In addition to this brief notice of the Almanac itself, we wish to call the attention of our readers to a suggestion in the Preface, which we regard as an interesting one.

"In conducting this work," says the Editor, "we have frequently found it impossible to procure the information wanted. The statistics of the whole country can never be collected by one individual, nor by a society formed for the purpose. If the work is ever accomplished in a suitable manner, it must be done under the direction of the government of the United States. And, if the national government should connect this object with the taking of the next census, the design would certainly commend itself to every man of enlightened views; and it would redound to the lasting honor of the administration that should first introduce the system."

We heartily concur with the Editor in the opinion that a vast deal of statistical matter, highly interesting and useful to the whole country, might be well collected under the authority of the Federal Government, in association with the usual census of the United States; and we sincerely hope this object may, at the proper time, engage the attention of Congress.

An undertaking of this kind has, indeed, already been proposed to that body, as a distinct measure, on its own particular merits, by Professor Lieber, of South Carolina. His Memorial on the subject, presented to the Senate of the United States, at

the first session of the twenty-fourth Congress, and noticed by us in a late number,* proposes the preparation and publication of an extensive work, containing the entire statistics of the United States, in the broadest sense of the expression; so as to exhibit, that is, the actual state and condition of the United States, in respect of the surface, soil, and natural resources of the country; its productions; the industry and commerce of the inhabitants; their relations, social, religious, and political, and the relations of civilization and social improvement, so far as they can be indicated by specific facts; — all this information to be collected and published under the authority of the United States. Professor Lieber gives a sketch of the particular classes of facts which such a work should comprise; he shows the utility of it; the attention bestowed on the subject by other nations; the impossibility of the task being thoroughly and satisfactorily executed, except by the aid and through the agents of the government; and the consequent duty of the Federal Government to undertake it.

No decisive action upon the subject has yet been had in Congress; but, either in the comprehensive form proposed by Professor Lieber, or if otherwise, then in connexion with the taking of the census as suggested by the Editor of the Almanac, we think it is an object, the favorable consideration of which, by Congress, would receive the hearty sanction of the people of the United States.

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12. — *First Exhibition and Fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, at Faneuil and Quincy Halls, in the City of Boston, September 18th*, 1837. Boston; published by Dutton & Wentworth, for the Association. 1837.

We rejoice in the appearance of this pamphlet, for many reasons. In the first place, it gives us an opportunity to express, under the form which etiquette allows to such journals, our satisfaction at the exhibition it describes, and to offer our thanks to the Mechanic Association for the rich treat they afforded us at their Fair. We know not when we have attended a more interesting exhibition. There is a peculiar beauty in mechanical work of every kind, when well executed; no matter what is the object of the article, no matter how homely the purpose to which it is to be applied, how awkward the form, how ungainly the motion,

* North American Review, Vol. XLIII. p. 264.

still there is beauty in it if well finished. A simple knife, a door-latch, a bit-stock, a carpenter's rule, has its own beauty, unlike that of any thing else; and it is a kind of beauty which all people enjoy. The most uneducated and unrefined perceive and appreciate it, the most learned and polished are equally touched by it. We certainly never witnessed an exhibition, from which greater numbers could derive pleasure than from this. For ourselves, it seemed as if we could never be tired with looking and admiring, and we came away from the halls with a feeling of strong gratitude to those who had offered us such a beautiful entertainment.

Had we been asked to give an account of what we had seen, we fear we should have made but a lame story of it. In the immense number and variety of the objects, the eye was wearied with looking, and the brain with comprehending; so that if we had been urged to describe the fair, we should have been disposed to answer in schoolboy phrase, "I knew till you asked me." The pamphlet before us helps us out of this difficulty; it classifies the objects, and by its brief descriptions calls many to mind which we should have entirely forgotten, and presents vividly before us many that we remembered but indistinctly and confusedly.

To attempt to give an account of those articles which pleased us most by their elegant finish, their ingenious contrivances, or their useful purposes, would occupy far more space than the limits of this notice allow. We wandered through a labyrinth of beautiful objects in every department of the mechanic arts, constantly finding cause for new interest and delight to the last. To endeavour to comprehend or even to see all the works with which the fair abounded, would have been foolish. Those who have peculiar interest in any one of the mechanical arts, would undoubtedly have found room for the gratification of their tastes and the improvement of their knowledge in that branch. Those who have only a general interest in the advance of those arts, would derive great pleasure, though less improvement. It was much like going through a great library. We saw there the means of studying many, perhaps most of the branches of mechanical art; but to the casual observer this was all that the time allowed; and we passed on, looking at the various beautiful objects, with much the same feeling that we should experience in looking at the backs of books in a rare collection.

There were other effects of the exhibition on the minds of many, probably more important than these. The idea of the labor which produced all, was almost frightful. And yet it was

encouraging. It seemed as if the nerve and sinew of our community were laid open to us. In the midst of the excitement, civil, religious, and political, which prevails over the whole land, it was comforting to think that here were the results of the labor of a great number of people, who are constantly and steadily at work in some productive occupation; who have the firmness and stability of good men; who form one of the largest classes of our citizens; and who will perhaps be the very last to abandon the principles in which they have been educated as American citizens. They seem to partake of the solidity and strength of their own machines.

Besides this, we were much impressed with the high finish of every thing we saw. Many a man whose walks are in intellectual paths might learn a good lesson from this. How perfect were the machines! how beautiful the workmanship of everything! how admirable the finish! Here, indeed, we seemed to have found perfection. The trades are dissatisfied if their work is not completed thoroughly, and as well as it can be. And shall the scholar, the professional man, be willing that the finish of his own education, the tools he has to work with, the armor in which he is to fight, should be incomplete, slovenly, and clumsy?

We trust that the exhibition will be continued annually after this; and we will venture to promise the gentlemen who manage it, that a more popular haunt will never be found in Boston, than the halls they may fill with their beautiful productions.

NOTE.

The Editor of this journal finds it proper to give notice, that the transmission of books, by authors or booksellers, cannot be considered as imposing on him any obligation in respect to such works, beyond that of entering their titles in the List of New Publications. He is often made acquainted, in this manner, with works, which he is gratified in having opportunity to commend. But the question, whether books, coming in this way, shall be passed by, or noticed with praise or with censure, has been, and will continue to be, determined on the same principles as if they were obtained by purchase.

Several Critical Notices, which had been prepared for this number, some of them in type, are unavoidably omitted.

QUARTERLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ANNUALS.

The Token and Atlantic Souvenir. A Christmas and New Year's Present. Edited by S. G. Goodrich. Boston. American Stationers' Company. 8vo. pp. 312.

The Parlour Scrap Book. Comprising Fourteen Engravings, with Poetical Illustrations. Philadelphia, Carey, Lea & Blanchard. 4to. pp. 72.

The Literary Souvenir, for 1838. Edited by William E. Burton. Philadelphia. Carey & Hart. 8vo.

The Christian Keepsake, and Missionary Annual, for 1838. Edited by Rev. John A. Clark. Philadelphia. William Marshall & Co. 12mo. pp. 312.

The Youth's Keepsake. A Christmas and New Year's Gift for Young People. Boston. T. H. Carter. Philadelphia. Henry Perkins. 18mo. pp. 192.

The Lady's Annual Register and Housewife's Memorandum Book, for 1838. By Caroline Gilman. Boston. T. H. Carter. 8vo. pp. 140.

The Western Address Directory, with Historical, Topographical and Statistical Sketches, (for the Year 1837,) of the principal Cities and Towns in the Mississippi Valley. Intended as a Guide to Travellers. By W. G. Lyford. Baltimore. 1837. pp. 448.

The Annual Register of Indian Affairs, within the Indian, or Western Territory. No. 3. Shawanee, (Indian Territory.) Isaac M'Coy. pp. 82.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

The Lives of Jonathan Edwards and David Brainerd. Being Vol. VIII. of Sparks's American Biography. Boston. Hilliard, Gray & Co. 12mo. pp. 373.

Memoir of David Harris Clark. By E. B. Barrow, jr., Late Pastor of the First Free Presbyterian Church in New York. New York. John S. Taylor. 18mo. pp. 108.

Memoirs of Aaron Burr, with Miscellaneous Selections from his Correspondence. By Matthew L. Davis. Vol. II. New York. Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 449.

EDUCATION.

M. Tullii Ciceronis de Claris Oratoribus Liber qui dicitur Brutus. Edited by Charles Beck, Professor of Latin in Harvard University. Cambridge. John Owen. 18mo. pp. 145.

An Elementary Treatise on Algebra, to which are added Exponential Equations and Logarithms. By Benjamin Peirce, A. M. Boston. James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 276.

Elements of Moral Philosophy. By the Rev. Jasper Adams, D. D., President of the College of Charleston, South Carolina. Cambridge. Folsom, Wells, & Thurston. 1837 8vo. pp. 520.

A Complete Hebrew and English Critical and Pronouncing Dictionary, on a new and improved Plan. By W. Le Roy, Professor of the Oriental Languages in New York. New York. Collins, Keese, and Co. 8vo. pp. 740.

A Grammar of the Spanish Language, with Practical Exercises. In Two Parts. By M. Josse. Revised, amended, improved and enlarged. By F. Sales, A. M., Instructor of French and Spanish at Harvard University, Cambridge. Eighth Edition. Boston. Perkins & Marvin; Charles C. Little, & Co.; James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 468.

The United States Speaker. A Copious Selection of Exercises in Elocution. By John E. Lovell, formerly Instructor of Elocution in the Mount Pleasant Classical Institute, Amherst, Mass. Stereotype Edition, revised and improved. Charleston. S. Babcock & Co. 12mo. pp. 504.

Specimens of American Eloquence, consisting of choice Selections from the productions of the most distinguished American Orators. Middletown, (Ct.) E. Hunt & Co. 12mo. pp. 383.

Elements of Mental Philosophy; embracing the two Departments of the Intellect and Sensibilities. By Thomas C. Upham, Professor of Moral Philosophy in Bowdoin College. Second Edition. Portland. William Hyde. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 461 and 468.

Mythological Fables. Translated by Dryden, Pope, Congreve, Addison and others. Prepared expressly for the use of Youth New York. W. E. Dean. 12mo. pp. 266.

Latin Exercises, adapted to Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Grammar. By Prof. E. A. Andrews. Boston. Crocker & Brewster. 12mo. pp. 308.

A Critical Grammar of the Hebrew Language, by Isaac Nordheimer, Doctor of Philosophy in the University of Munich, Professor of Arabic, Syriac, and other Oriental Languages in the University of the City of New York. Vol. I. Part I. New Haven. B. L. Hamlen. 8vo. pp. 128.

A Comprehensive Grammar, presenting some New Views of the Structure of Language, designed to explain all the Relations of Words in English Syntax, and make the Study of Grammar and Composition the same process. By W. Felch. Boston. Otis, Broaders & Co. 1837. 12mo. pp. 122.

HISTORY.

History of Kennebunkport, from its first Discovery by Bartholomew Gosnold, May 14, 1602, to A. D. 1837. By Charles Bradbury. Kennebunk. James K. Remich. 12mo. pp. 301.

Outlines of a History of the Court of Rome, and of the Temporal Power of the Pope. Translated from the French. Philadelphia. Joseph Wetham. 12mo. pp. 328.

Historical Sketch of Amherst, in the County of Hillsborough, in N. H., from its first Settlement to the Year 1837. By John Farmer,

Corresponding Secretary of the New Hampshire Historical Society. Second Edition, enlarged. Concord. Asa McFarland. 12mo. pp. 52.

An Appeal from the Misrepresentations of James Hall, respecting the History of Kentucky and the West. By Mann Butler. To which is annexed, A Chronology of the principal Events as far as they could be ascertained, in the History of the Western Country of the United States, from the earliest Spanish and French Explorations to 1806. Frankfort, (Ky.) Albert G. Hodges. 8vo. pp. 32.

History of the Indian Tribes of North America. By T. L. Mc Kenny and James Hall. Philadelphia. Edward C. Biddle.

An Historical Sketch of the Baptist Missionary Convention of the State of New York; embracing a Narrative of the Origin and Progress of the Baptist Denomination in Central and Western New York, with, 1. History of the Hamilton Baptist Missionary Society. 2. Sketch of the Associations in the State. 3. Biographical Notices of the Founders of the Convention. By John Peck, and John Lawton. Utica. Bennett & Bright. 8vo. pp. 255.

History of the English Language and Literature. By Robert Chambers; to which is added a History of American Contributions to the English Language and Literature. By Rev. Royal Robbins. Hartford. Edward Hopkins. 12mo. pp. 328.

Conspiracy of the Spaniards against the Republic of Venice, in 1618. Translated from the Abbé St. Réne. Boston. Otis, Broaders & Co. 18mo.

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Goodwin's Town Officer. Fourth Edition. Adapted to the Revised Statutes. By Benjamin F. Thomas, Counsellor at Law. Worcester. Dorr, Howland & Co. 12mo.

Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Supreme Judicial Court of the State of Maine. By John Fairfield, Counsellor at Law. Vol. III. Hallowell. Glazier, Masters & Smith. 8vo.

Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. Vol. XVII. By Dudley Atkins Tyng, Esq. Counsellor at Law. With Notes and References to the English and American Cases, by Benjamin Rand, Esq., Counsellor at Law. Boston. Hilliard, Gray & Co. 8vo.

Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Supreme Court of Errors, of the State of Connecticut, prepared and published in pursuance of a Statute Law of the State. By Thomas Day. Vol. XI. Hartford. Packard & Brown. 8vo.

Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Supreme Court of Judicature, and in the Court for the Correction of Errors of the State of New York. By John L. Wendell, Counsellor at Law. Vol. XV. Albany. W. A. Gould & Co. 8vo.

Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Court of Chancery of the State of New York. By Alonzo C. Page, Counsellor at Law. Vol. VI. New York. Gould, Banks & Co. 8vo.

Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Circuit Court of the United States, for the First Circuit. By Charles Sumner, Reporter of the Court. Vol. II. Boston. C. C. Little & Co. 8vo.

MEDICINE, ANATOMY, AND SURGERY.

A Treatise on Digestion, and the Disorders incident to it, which are comprehended under the Term Dyspepsia, adapted for general Readers. By William Sweet, M. D., Author of a Treatise on Consumption, &c. Boston. T. H. Carter. 12mo. pp. 359.

The Medical Student, or Aids to the Study of Medicine. By Robley Dunglison, M. D., Professor of the Institutes of Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence in Jefferson Medical College, &c. &c. Philadelphia. Carey, Lea, & Blanchard. 8vo. pp. 323.

Scarlatina, in a Letter addressed to his Son; in which are contained, Cases of Angina sine Efflorescentia; Scarlatina Anginosa; Benigna; Maligna vel Angina Gangrenosa. Also, Observations on various Therapeutic Agents. By William Ingalls, M. D., M. M. S. Soc. &c. Boston. Otis, Broaders & Co. 8vo. pp. 39.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Brief Remarks on Dr. Channing's Letter to Hon. Henry Clay. By a Texian. Boston. Marden & Kimball. 12mo. pp. 21.

Confessions of a French Catholic Priest. To which are added, Warnings to the People of the United States, by the same Author. Edited by S. F. B. Morse, A. M., Professor, &c. in the University of the City of New York. New York. John S. Taylor. 12mo. pp. 255.

The Old Man and his Granddaughter at E——. By Rev. J. H. Evans, with an Introduction by Rev. Octavius Winslow. New York. John S. Taylor. 18mo.

Letter to Dr. A. Brigham, on Animal Magnetism. Being an Account of a Remarkable Interview between the Author and Miss Loraina Brackett, while in a state of Somnambulism. By William L. Stone. Second Edition, with Additions. New York. George Dearborn & Co. 8vo. pp. 75.

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The Young Wife, or Duties of Woman in the Marriage Relation. By William A. Alcott, Author of "The Young Mother"; "Young Man's Guide," &c. &c. Stereotype Edition. Boston. George W. Light. 12mo. pp. 376.

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Typographia, a brief Sketch of the Origin, Rise, and Progress of the Typographic Art, with precise Directions for conducting every Department in an Office. By Thomas F. Adams, Typographer. Philadelphia. Published by the Compiler. 12mo. pp. 372.

Wild Flowers, culled for early Youth. By a Lady. New York. John S. Taylor. 12mo. pp. 257.

Alnomuc; or the Golden Rule. Boston. Weeks, Jordan & Co. 18mo. pp. 144.

A Letter to Col. Wm. L. Stone, of New York, on the Facts related in his Letter to Dr. Brigham, and a plain Refutation of Durant's Exposition of Animal Magnetism, &c. By Charles Poyen. With Remarks on the Manner in which the Claims of Animal Magnetism should be met. By a Member of the Massachusetts Bench. Boston. Weeks, Jordan & Co. 8vo. pp. 72.

The Young Man's Evening Book. New York. Charles S. Francis. Boston. Joseph H. Francis. 18mo. pp. 335.

A Practical Summary of the Law and Usage of Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes. By B. F. Foster, Accountant, Author of "A Concise Treatise on Commercial Book-keeping," &c. &c. Boston. Perkins & Marvin. Philadelphia. H. Perkins. 8vo. pp. 128.

The Family Nurse, a Companion of The Frugal Housewife. By Mrs. Child, Author of The Frugal Housewife; The Mother's Book; Girl's Own Book, &c. &c. Revised by a Member of the Massachusetts Medical Society. Boston. Charles J. Hendee. 12mo. pp. 156.

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Sketches of a New England Village of the last Century. Boston. James Munroe & Co. 18mo.

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Systematic Catalogue of Books in the Collection of the Mercantile Library Association, Clinton Hall. New York. Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 312.

Animal Magnetism; Past Fictions—Present Science. By John Bell, M. D., Lecturer on the Institutes of Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence. (From the Select Medical Library, Vol. 2. No. 1. for November 1837.) Philadelphia. Haswell, Barrington & Haswell. 8vo. pp. 16.

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WITH

INTRODUCTION AND CRITICAL NOTICES BY THE EDITOR.

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APRIL, 1838.

ART. I. — *Raccolta di Romanzi Storici originali Italiani. Collection of Original Italian Historical Romances.* Florence. 1830.

IT has often been considered as a singular phenomenon in the literary history of Italy, that a people remarkable for lively and inventive genius should have accomplished so little in the department of Historical Romance. Nor has the surprise, generally felt upon this subject, been diminished by a more attentive examination of the history and literature of this nation; the one abounding with romantic incident and striking developments of wild passion and strongly marked character; the other, rich in accurate and powerful descriptions of real events, and still richer in fascinating pictures of the most enchanting creations of the imagination. Nature too would seem to have performed her part, in the character which she has imprinted upon the scenery of the country, and in the materials of romantic embellishment, which she has interwoven, which a lavish hand, in every line of its varied features. Plains, mountains, and quiet valleys; wild torrents, and broad, majestic streams; gigantic fragments, which carry the mind beyond the days of authentic history; and noble ruins, which attest the reality of that history which the long lapse of ages has made romance for us; an air, whose breath calls forth every latent seed of poetry, and gives a charm even to the monotony of daily life; these are

among the features of romance which nature has scattered over the external aspect of the country. And still deeper are the principles which she has implanted in the hearts of its inhabitants. How then has it come to pass, that they have accomplished so little, where every thing would seem to promise the highest success ?

The character, which the literature of every nation assumes, from the first moment of its formation, depends upon a variety of local and incidental causes. Its strongest traits, those which it preserves through every period of its revolutions, will necessarily be derived from the peculiarities of national character ; and the same causes, which contribute to the formation of the one, will act constantly and effectually upon the other. It is thus that climate and natural scenery acquire their influence, giving a distinctive tone to its poetry, and forming as it were the shade and coloring of its pictures. It is thus, also, that the political situation of every country, or, more properly speaking, its political character, takes a part in that of its literature, and is manifested with more or less fulness in all its literary productions. Language too comes in for its share in this general formation, and while it borrows many of its peculiarities from those of the minds that employ it, communicates to them, in turn, a portion of its own original spirit ; like the stream, which, in part, derives its beauty or its grandeur from that of the landscape through which it flows, and at the same time shares with that landscape its own distinctive features, softening its beauty, or adding new majesty to its grandeur.

The influence of these causes may be considered as general, and can easily be traced in the early history of every literature. Others, scarcely less important, were peculiar to the revival of letters in Italy. But none have so immediate a bearing upon our subject, as the direction which the three great men, by whom this revival was accomplished, gave to the studies of their contemporaries, and through them to those of the following century.

First among them was Dante, who came at once to guide and be guided by the passions which were in action around him. In him the romantic gallantry of the Troubadours was refined into the pure and devoted love that led to the deification of his Beatrice. The subtile metaphysics of the schoolmen were elevated to the profound and sublime, though often obscure and extravagant, theology of the "Paradiso" ; while the

virulence of party had no small share in the judgments which suggested the terrific descriptions of the "Inferno." Dante, in short, or rather the form which his genius assumed, was in a great measure the consequence of the character of his age, and of the general causes to which we have already alluded. But the inspiration, which he had derived from these, he in turn communicated to others. The "Divina Commedia" became the model of all those, who aimed at the higher flights of poetry; and, as is ever the case, the streams which were thus drawn forth, and taught to flow, by art, ran slow and silently by the side of those which had sprung from deep natural sources.

Similar in kind, though not in degree, was the influence of Petrarca. Never had romantic passion been sung so sweetly; never had gallantry and love been so blended; never had philosophy and nature been so lavish of their treasures, the one to describe passion, the other to illustrate and adorn it. A soft, bewitching charm floated around the "Canzoniere"; and as the contemporaries and successors of Petrarca listened to the melody, each, like the Passions at the cave of Music, seized the lyre and sought

"To prove his own expressive power."

It was not by verse that Boccaccio formed his school. But a prose whose full, harmonious flow approached the varied melody of Latin eloquence; a language which seemed to adapt itself to every subject, while, in truth, it raised the lowest subjects to its own standard, veiling the coarseness of vulgar details, and giving an irresistible attraction to the most harrowing descriptions, by the charm of words and idioms, grave or gay, thrillingly powerful, or gracefully expressive, and everywhere so appropriate, that five centuries of constant study have produced nothing more perfect; this was the art by which the father of Italian prose won so large a train of disciples into the path which he had opened. The school of Boccaccio, though not so large as that of Petrarca, was larger and more durable than that of Dante. The Tales, or "Novellette," which he carried to the highest point of perfection, still form an integral part of Italian literature; and there are few of its great prose writers who have not drawn from this fountain as from the purest source of eloquence.

Such was the direction first given to Italian literature. The three great men, by whom this impulse was communicated, laid at the same time the foundation of another school, whose

effects may be traced throughout every period from the days of Dante to our own times. We mean the *classic school.* The veneration, which they felt and invariably manifested for the ancient classics, fell little short of religious devotion. But the study of these pure models of taste and eloquence was pursued with a spirit, worthy both of the disciple and of the master. It was not a mere poetic fiction, which represented Virgil as the guide of Dante. Every step, which the Italian of the Middle Ages took in the three realms of the catholic creed, was directed by the spirit of his master. Who that studies the "Divina Commedia," even in those passages, where the poet, entangled in the web of his theology, strives to explain what cannot be explained, and almost succeeds, by the force of language, in giving form and reality to the subtile distinctions of his school of metaphysics, can deny that it was from the study of Virgil alone that he learned to give to words that magic and long-forgotten power? And although in reading the Latin works of Petrarca, we may often find it difficult to believe that Cicero and Virgil were the avowed models of his style, yet the grace, the harmony, and the polished correctness of his Italian verses, clearly show how much his taste had been elevated and refined by his familiarity with the Latin classics.

But with their followers this study was degraded into a servile imitation of manner, and a dry analysis of forms. They had no knowledge of that imitation, which refines the taste, without fettering the action of the mind, which shows where and how the forms of one work may be adapted to another, and transfuses, as it were, the spirit of ancient beauty into productions which bear all the characteristics of their own age. But although the scholars of this class accomplished but little in real literature, their labors were far from being destitute of utility. The sixteenth century showed, that, however dry the pursuits of the fifteenth, they had prepared the way for a great and direct advance. The men, who so successfully resumed the work, commenced by the three great writers of the fourteenth century, were like them endowed with that original genius, which, while it avails itself of all that has been accomplished by others, creates more than it borrows, and gives even to the ideas and inventions of other men an air of originality and a coloring of its own. They were deeply imbued with the classic spirit, which prevailed in all the studies of the age; but they partook of it as their masters had done.

Style, elegance of description, elevation of philosophy, polish of language, all were classic; but the subjects and tone of their works were modern and original. The metrical romances, which Ariosto carried to that pitch of perfection, which has justly made it doubtful to whom the laurel of Italian epic belongs, were more numerous than the imitations of Dante, or of Boccaccio, or in short of any class except the lyric poems of Petrarca. Thus divided between the schools of Visions, of Lyric Poetry, of Prose Tales, and of Metrical Romances, the genius of Italy found sufficient variety in forms of its own invention, to employ all its powers. When, finally, the example of Tasso had shown how well the ancient epic could be adapted to the spirit of modern poetry, and when the revival of comedy and tragedy had begun to excite the emulation of all classes of writers, nothing but a very peculiar combination of circumstances could have led to the invention of a new branch of literature.

Such a combination was far from taking place. Italy had long ceased to be a nation. The great interests, the strong feelings, the ardent aspirations after freedom, which had preceded the first revival of letters, had disappeared; or, where they still continued to exist, but added new force to that truth, already too evident, that individual virtues, when foreign to the age, serve but to call down contempt and misery upon those, who were formed to be under other circumstances the benefactors of mankind. The nation, which had hitherto been the guide of Europe, then became, in part, the humble follower of her own disciples. Translations, imitations, and servile copies, succeeded to original creations in almost every department; and the corruption, extending to the language, seemed to threaten her literature with total destruction. Yet this very period gave rise to some of her choicest works in history and in science; and some of the brightest names in the scientific history of Europe are to be found among the Italians of this degraded epoch. The musical drama also, as every reader of Metastasio knows, from a merely idle recreation, became a branch of permanent literature, no less fascinating from the charms of its verse, than instructive by its truth to nature. Tragedy, comedy, and satire in its more extended and artificial form, though each can boast but a single name, were carried to a very high point of perfection.

There has been no time, therefore, in which Italy has not

been distinguished by a certain degree of intellectual activity, and has not made some progress in creative literature. But, at the same time, there has been a constant tendency toward the formation of particular schools, and, except in the case of those great men, who, however they may be situated, strike out a path for themselves, a strong disposition to follow in the beaten track of some well-known guide. The true source of this must be sought rather in the political condition of the country, than in the natural character of the Italians. But it is in this tendency, that we must seek for one of the causes of the constant neglect of the fuller historical novel, which although contemporary with the "Divina Commedia," first appeared in so rough or rather uninviting a form, as to hold out no attractions for men capable of relishing the superior beauties of the different writers, whose names we have had occasion to repeat so often.

This applies only to those writers of the second class, by whom in every country this department is almost exclusively filled. The reasons, which have kept back the higher order of men from this attractive field, lie still deeper in the character and history of the people.

The first of these we shall merely allude to, without venturing to enlarge upon it. It is found, we are at a loss whether to say, in the peculiar cast, or in the absolute want of society. Here, as in some other cases, the general fact is apparent, but can only be illustrated by those who have made profound and extensive observations, with the advantages which no foreigner has, to our knowledge, ever obtained, of a free admission into Italian circles.

The second, and one which seems to us to have contributed more than any which we have hitherto mentioned, to retard, and perhaps render impossible, the success of the novelist in Italy, is the peculiarly romantic character of Italian history. Of the romantic cast of its scenery and of its people we have already spoken. The peculiar relations in which Italy has stood with regard to the rest of Europe, and to the different states of her own territory, during the most important periods of her history, have brought these materials into play, in a manner which has left nothing to be done by the warmest imagination. In the place of one people, united under the same government and impelled by the same motives, we find the whole population divided into rival states. Where the craggy

peaks and wild fastnesses of the mountains offered a shelter for crime, or a secure retreat for feudal pride, the bandit built his tower, or the noble his castle. Amid the fertile plains of Lombardy, along the banks of the streams which roll their waters to the Mediterranean or to the Adriatic, the combined exertions of a bold and hardy populace had erected the walls of their independent cities. In none of these situations did the current of life flow smoothly. The robber traced from his watch-tower the movements of the inhabitants of the plain or valley, and hastened to plant his ambuscade at the first turn of the path. The noble closed or opened, at pleasure, the passes which his castle commanded, or, when least expected, descended with a train of daring vassals to carry destruction to the fields and sometimes even to the gates of the wealthy cities, which he coveted and despised. In these, in place of the bustling, cheerful, regular movement of industrious citizens, the cares of business and the turmoils of faction were wildly blended. Each house was a fortress, each street the field of innumerable conflicts. Commerce itself was a constant warfare; and the fleet, that sailed for trade, went armed for resistance or for conquest. Thirst of wealth, ambition of power, party spirit excited to exasperation, and public jealousy ripened to the profoundest hatred, all that passion has of virulent and cruelty of terrific, were found in the events of those ages. The bloody contests, which prevailed in the free cities, and gave to the daily life of every citizen the fearful excitement and uncertainty of war, would almost sicken us at the terrors of an ill-regulated freedom; while the insatiable cruelty of an Ezzelino, or the inhuman ferocity which suggested the pastimes of a Visconti, present such pictures of the excesses of tyranny, as would dispose us to choose any state rather than be exposed to the capricious jealousy of individual power. But when the mind shrinks, loathing and horror-struck, from the contemplation of these scenes, and is ready to deny the value of descriptions which seem to present nothing but a repetition of unnatural crimes, interest of another kind, characters of a different cast, arrest its attention, and fix it upon these pages of blood. Amid the merciless contests of faction, and at the side of remorseless tyranny, patriotism assumes a form and a power, which circumstances less trying could never have developed. The wild energy of the poetry and sublime daring of the architecure we still admire, were caught from the events and neces-

sities of those times; and it was by that terrific conflict of barbarous passions, that human nature was redeemed from the debasement of the empire, and Europe put into that path of civilization, which has enabled us to judge with so rigid a justice the virtues and the vices of her infancy.

To whatever portion of Italian history we direct our attention, we shall find the same powerful and romantic developement. Ferrucci, the final hope of Florence in her last, long struggle for freedom, sinking beneath the sword of his assassin, and calmly replying to the blows with which a savage hatred vented its fury, "Thou but strikest a dead man!" would furnish a no less striking character for romance, than young Corradino renouncing the charms of power and ease, to reclaim at the point of the sword the heritage of his fathers, and paying upon the scaffold the penalty of his daring and of his virtues. What might not be made of the life of Filippo Strozzi, whose mind presented the two extremes of elevation and of debasement, as his history was marked by those of prosperous and of adverse fortune? Or where can we look for richer materials than we find in that of his sons Piero and Leone, where daring adventures, strong passions, and variety and grandeur of enterprise, combine to form a history that would task the ablest pen?

Were the composition of historical romance as easy as we are apt to suppose; were it so light a task, as at the first glance, it appears, to combine the truths of history with the creations of imagination, in such a manner as to reproduce and illustrate the events of distant and interesting periods, the circumstances which seem to render Italian history so favorable to fiction, would really prove what they seem. But it is in fact an undertaking, which requires the highest exertions of the most gifted minds. Its basis is truth; and history must be thoroughly and skilfully studied. Its illustrations are those general traits of character and those every-day occurrences of life, which, though so deeply rooted in our nature as to be renewed in every age, are yet so flexible and subtile in their details, that they adapt themselves to and mingle with the leading characteristics of each. Its embellishments are like those of poetry, and must be drawn from the carefully gathered stores of an observant and reflecting mind, and so disposed, as to act, at the will of the writer and with the full force of his art, upon the fancy, the judgment, or the heart.

When an Italian, possessed of power equal to such an undertaking, enters upon the study of his native history with a view to illustrate it, he cannot long hesitate concerning the course which he should choose. For him, more than for any other writer, is the composition of history a task of deep responsibility. He is responsible to the ages that are gone, for the manner in which he repeats their lessons of awful warning. He is responsible to posterity, for the weight which every word he writes, every character he paints, will throw into the scale of their happiness or of their misery; aiding to forge the fetters that are to bind, or to work out the freedom that is to gladden them. He is responsible to his contemporaries, and severe will be the account that he must render them; and well does he know, that as he suffers his mind to be swayed by the passions of his own times, he is preparing for himself the suspicions and the hatred either of his government, or of his countrymen at home; a garret in Paris, or a dungeon in Speilberg.

Taking up his pen with such feelings and with such prospects, it is hardly possible for an Italian of genius to fix upon romance rather than history, as the medium of communication with his contemporaries, and with that posterity, upon which, more than the writer of any other country, he is dependent for his reward. Every step he takes, in the course of his researches, confirms this decision. The chronicles and documents, which supply his materials, contain pictures and descriptions of so striking and dramatic a cast, that he feels as it were transported, by the simple and energetic language of the writer, to the very scene which he is describing. His own mind catches the glow; and, kindling into enthusiasm, he repeats the tale with that magic power of narrative and description, which raises Italian history, in this particular, above that of every other nation.

Another circumstance, wholly dependent upon the political situation of Italy, concurs with these in retarding the progress of the historical novel, if it should not rather be considered as opposing an insuperable obstacle to its success. We are fond of speaking of the ennobling and refining influence of literature, and of the glory of renouncing the coarser occupations of life for those elevated pursuits, which extend the sphere of our actions and of our influence to the remotest posterity. That these sentiments really do mingle with the varied motives

which guide the pens of a large proportion of writers, is a truth that we should be loth to deny. That one still purer, the love of literature for itself; the delight which every creative genius must experience in contemplating those forms of beauty, which arise under its own hand; the rapture which every elevated soul must feel in going onward from link to link in the great chain of moral and physical truth, which binds this vast system of the universe; that these motives still continue to act upon some minds, and will go on purifying the spirit of literature, is so fascinating, so winning a belief, that we should dread to find it untrue. But it cannot be denied that motives of a very different cast are at least as often listened to, as any of those, which have so long (and might we not say, so vainly?) formed the ideal perfection of literary character. The sacrifice of permanent glory to the thirst for immediate applause is not peculiar to our own, nor to any times. It has acted with more or less power in all ages, and often upon the highest, as well as upon the lowest order of minds. It has assumed different aspects, adapted to the nature and to the necessities of the moment. It has sacrificed poetry to the corruptions of a false taste, and history to the passions of the great. It has made eloquence the vehicle of corruption, and rendered satire subservient to the littleness of personal malice. The duties which literature imposes have been neglected; the deep responsibilities of genius have been forgotten; and here, as everywhere, where reputation becomes the sole end of our exertions, each aspirant has stripped himself for the contest without a thought beyond the prize at which he aims.

This passion no longer stands alone, if indeed it ever did. A more powerful stimulant, and more in unison with the spirit of our age, acts with it. The one is dependent upon the other; and the gratification of the former is invariably attended by the full success of the latter. One who should attempt to renew the once just complaints concerning the neglect of literary merit, would have to go back another century in search of his examples. Genius is not only esteemed, but rewarded; nor that with empty praise alone, but with a large share of that wealth and influence, which are supposed to constitute the happiness of life, and can really command its comforts. Nothing can be more just; nothing can contribute more powerfully towards placing intellectual superiority upon its proper basis. The man of letters, who derives all his power from

the resources of his own mind; who, with no other reliance than his pen, is enabled to compete with pride of birth and with hereditary wealth, and who, when assailed by misfortune, and entangled in perplexing and harassing embarrassments, can draw from the inexhaustible treasures of his own intellect, the means, not merely of resistance, but of triumph; such a man does more towards establishing the superiority of mental, over every other form of power, than volumes of rapturous panegyric, or of metaphysical analysis.

The lot of genius was certainly never cast in better days. How far literature itself has gained by the change, may fairly be considered as a subject open to dispute. It is a question, however, which can only be decided by those, who at the distance of another century shall trace the literary history of that which is now passing. For our parts, it is a question which we can never approach, without feeling ourselves involved in perplexing doubts. And if at times we share in the pleasure, with which every one must view this triumph of intellect, at others we can hardly repress the conviction, that the success of the individual is won with more than a partial sacrifice of the cause in which he is engaged.

But the point more closely connected with our present subject, is the influence of the pecuniary success of popular writers in directing their attention to particular branches of literature. Nor can it require illustration. Surrounded as we are with every form of proof, which can be required in order to show how close a connexion subsists between popular taste and the taste of popular writers, it is impossible to hesitate in our conclusions. Nor should we suffer ourselves to be deceived by a change of terms. Popular taste is but a synonyme for interest; and compliance with the former means nothing more than a discreet obedience to the dictates of the latter. Hence we find genius of a high order laboring in the composition of ephemeral productions, and pouring forth volume after volume of works, in which its own taste must find much to condemn and still more to amend. Hence we see the crowd of imitators, which, numerous as it always has been, exceeds any thing that the annals of literature have hitherto recorded, and which, watching every fluctuation in public taste, follows blindly wherever it turns.

These circumstances naturally suggest a form of literature, by which the writer can constantly hold such a place in the pub-

lic eye, as to secure the favor of a large class of readers ; the only sure path to the purse of his publishers. This cannot be done by history, for the composition of history requires long, and patient, and laborious research ; nor by poetry, unless the bard be gifted with the fertile genius of a Byron ; nor by philosophy, nor by any branch of science, for however extensive and durable the fame, which success in these departments may secure, it can seldom be attended by popular favor, or extensive gain. Prose fiction, whether in the form of novels or of tales, whether grounded upon facts, or derived from the imagination of the writer, is the only branch of literature, which can gratify at once the passion for immediate reputation and pecuniary profit. This enables him to keep constantly before the public ; to prevent his readers, by the regularity of his appearance, from losing sight of him amid the crowd that never fails to flock into every successful path ; and when he has once secured attention by writing well, to command it at will by the mere authority of his name.

We have dwelt upon this point longer than we had intended, from an anxiety to induce our readers to examine and weigh carefully the correctness of our views, before we proceeded to uncover the other side of the picture. The inducements, which we have represented as contributing so much towards the cultivation of romance by men of great intellectual power, exist not in Italy. The division of the territory into petty states, and under the dominion of different families, renders the privilege of copy-right, even where it can be obtained, of little or no advantage. No sooner is a work announced in one part of the country, than the publishers of other states, and often those of different cities within the same states, prepare themselves for its appearance. If it proves successful, it is immediately reprinted wherever there is a chance of finding purchasers. If it be a failure, the first publisher feels the loss and nobody ever hears of it again. But as far as the pecuniary interest of the author is concerned, both cases, success and failure, are nearly alike in their consequences. He gains nothing, or at best but a trifle. Were this all, there would still be a certain appearance of justice in his lot. But he has often to lose in his own person, and, while struggling with poverty, to view, without the power of reclamation, the profits which others derive from the productions of his genius. An example which we have from the lips of the individual himself,

will place this melancholy truth in a stronger light, than any observations of ours can possibly do. Botta's History of the American Revolution is well known in this country; and the translation of it has passed through two editions under the sanction of American copy-right. The French translator, also, was liberally rewarded for his labors by the publishers of Paris. In Italy, the editions of the original text have been multiplied in every part of the country; and have proved in every form, a fruitful source of gain to the editors. What in the mean while was the reward of the author? He had drawn upon his scanty patrimony in order to defray the expenses of the original publication; for no bookseller could be found in Paris willing to undertake it at his own risk. While the Italian reprints and the French translation were obtaining an unexampled circulation, the copies of the first edition were lying a dead weight upon the hands of the author; and he was at last constrained to sell six hundred of them, at the price of waste paper, for a few sous a pound, in order to purchase for his wife the privilege of dying in her native land.

What then can induce the Italian to renounce the ease of a life of indolence, or the advantages of commerce, for the cares and anxieties, and in speaking of Italy we must add, the dangers, of literature? We know of but two causes at all adequate to such a result. The love of literature for itself; and the thirst for a durable reputation. To these should be added, but as acting with them, rather than as a separate cause, the hope of doing something towards the regeneration of his fellow citizens.

That the love of letters does exist in Italy, if not in perfect purity, at least free from the corruptions by which it is tarnished in other countries, would seem to be sufficiently evident from what has already been stated with regard to the situation of its votaries. And in fact, when, on the one hand, we consider the obstacles which obstruct the path of the man of letters, in this unhappy land; his sacrifice of peace and of domestic quiet; the alternative to which so many are reduced of choosing between a prison and an exile, and the meagre and uncertain rewards which attend the most successful exertions; and, upon the other, contemplate the ardor with which the best talent of the land consecrates itself to literature, and the unwavering devotion, with which it meets every sacrifice and hardship that its choice imposes; we are struck with an admi-

ration which we had never felt before, and are compelled to acknowledge that beautiful arrangement of Providence, which, when every ordinary motive would turn us back from the paths of intellectual culture, decks them with a winning, an irresistible loveliness, stronger than the suggestions of indolence, or the attractions of interest. Neither is the prospect of an ephemeral reputation, overshadowed as it is by cares and vexations, and deprived of all the advantages, which in other countries make it attractive, sufficient to account for the literary devotion of a modern Italian. He undoubtedly labors for applause; but the fame after which he endeavors is that tardy fame, which is sculptured upon the tomb, and which, by an unaccountable, though undeniable illusion, reconciles man to the trials which he actually endures, by the hope of those tributes of love and veneration which he can neither hear nor enjoy.

If the view which we have taken of the personal inducements to literary exertion in Italy be correct, it will necessarily follow that men of genius will choose that course, which promises to lead more directly and surely to the reward after which they aspire; or, in other words, they will naturally adopt that branch of literature, which gives the greatest security of durable fame. We can hardly be accused of rashness or of prejudice, when we assert, that of all the various forms of composition, although none may lead more promptly than romance to immediate applause, yet none is so insecure a guide to permanent reputation. It was one of the first inventions of modern literature. It was one of the earliest and most curious pictures of the Middle Ages. It has followed every turn of society, and everywhere adapted itself to the feelings and character of the age. But, as these give place to new feelings and to new character, the fictions which formed the delight of one century have been almost instantly forgotten, if not caricatured and despised, in the next. Nor has this proceeded more from those changes in our pursuits and in our mode of life, which call for a concurrent change in works of this kind, than from the nature of the writing itself, which, holding a middle station between poetry and history, and neither shackled by the difficulties of the one, nor requiring the laborious research of the other, presents temptations to the formation of habits of carelessness and haste, which few have the strength or the courage to resist. Our own age

has already witnessed the rise of three new forms. Two of them, though at first hardly less popular than the other, are nearly forgotten. The third, and most recent, still survives. Whether it be destined to share the fate of its predecessors, is a question which cannot yet be decided. Bound as westill are by the spell that it has thrown around us, we are unable to see beyond the magic circle, and tell how far the current that has swept away every other class will carry this. Then it is distinguished from all others by one great advantage. With the same privilege of taking its subjects from real life, and thus representing human nature as it is, it possesses the additional one of throwing light upon those parts of history, over which the pen of the historian passes with a faint and rapid stroke. But history has accused it of yielding too often to the temptation of misrepresenting and falsifying its pictures, and this even in the hands of the greatest of its masters. Here the advantages and disadvantages are peculiar to this class. In every other respect, and in the fatal facility with which it may be written, it is upon a level with all other prose fiction.

But these disadvantages, notwithstanding their tendency to repress that ardor, without which no writer can hope for success, might be overlooked by the Italian, were it possible for him to believe that this might be rendered more subservient to the cause of Italy, than any other kind of composition, and that, whatever his fate as a writer, he would have secured the gratification of contributing something towards the future prosperity of his country. But he cannot fail to perceive, how inadequate and ill-calculated such an instrument is to the accomplishment of what every enlightened Italian aspires after. Were Italy really oppressed with that torpor which many suppose, scarce any thing could be better adapted to rouse her, than that exciting mixture of historic truth and high colored fiction, which acts so powerfully upon the warm blood of the south. But the tragedies of Alfieri have done more towards forming the Italians to that stern and elevated patriotism which is essential to a successful effort for freedom, than romance ever has or ever could have done; and the events of the last forty years have scattered those seeds, which, even though they fall upon stony ground or by the way-side, never fall in vain. Italy now requires the slow but certain guidance of sober history. At the side of those passions which should

work out her freedom, are those wild and fanciful hopes, which, if left to their free play, would poison all its sources. It is only by chastening these in the school of real life, that so fatal a catastrophe can be prevented. Excitement and passion have done their part. If reason, speaking with the voice of experience, be listened to, they will not have done it in vain. Whatever has a tendency to work upon the imagination, and carry excitement beyond the point which it has already reached, although it may hasten the moment of action, and produce by a convulsive effort that which the natural course of events is inevitably bringing about, will retard, for at least another century, the true progress of Italy and of Europe.

Thus the only causes, which seem to us capable of moving the minds of Italians of the highest order, tend to confirm that neglect of historical romance, which has prevailed at every period of their literary history. As long as these remain in force, so long will the success of this school be doubtful. Literature has always been the child of circumstances; and they alone of her followers have been successful, who have known when to yield to their impulse, and when to temper it. For the last twelve years, there has been a struggle in Italy, between the state of things which we have hastily sketched in the present paper, and the enthusiasm kindled by the romances of Scott. Had the writer, who is acknowledged to be at the head of this party, been endowed with a fertility of invention proportioned to his accuracy of observation, and a force corresponding to the delicacy of his genius, it would be difficult to conjecture how far he might have succeeded in triumphing over the obstacles, which have proved fatal to the cause when intrusted to the hands of his partisans. As it is, his beautiful production stands almost alone. We may endeavour, in another paper, by a full examination of the work of Manzoni, and a sketch of the works of his disciples, to enable our readers to decide for themselves, how far we are right in the opinions which we have ventured to express in this.

ART. II. — *The Tatler.* Four Volumes. 8vo. London.

OF late years, we have seen much attention directed towards the obscurer portions of English literature, for the purpose of bringing whatever was valuable into notice again; and in addition to this, the lives of many celebrated writers have been diligently investigated to recover the smallest relic, or to find grounds for some new argument or construction, that might render our idea of the men more precise and just. This zeal is for the most part to be taken as a sign of literary activity and love of truth; though at times it may betray an unreasonable distrust of old reports and opinions, and an officious readiness to disturb long-received impressions. The effect has certainly been, that writers, whose fixture in the world's memory seemed immovable, have been brought before us for judgment as if they were but of yesterday, and have occupied a place in journals and in conversation, which seems most proper for those of our own time, and whose pretensions are not yet determined. And if we look to the result of these and similar inquiries into the characters of distinguished men, we shall probably find that the unfavorable judgments of them, which we had inherited from their contemporaries, have gradually been mitigated; while those who have been remembered chiefly for their good or great qualities stand just where they did in common opinion, notwithstanding the discovery of serious flaws in their characters, and the novel and powerful arguments that have been employed to give fresh pungency to their known faults, and thus unsettle their dominion.

The moral aspects of this result are important; but we must pass them by. One effect of such investigations, though it be not always contemplated, may be noticed as somewhat to our purpose. It is, that our interest is increased in many an established writer, whose claims, as we have never dreamed of disputing or defending them, may have less place in our thoughts than they should. This interest is likely to be effective and practical, by drawing general attention to the past and present condition of literature and authors, and the influences that operate upon them. So that, to instance but in one particular, if in the lapse of years false habits of thought or composition have crept in, and productions marked most of all by

monstrous originality have possessed the public mind, we may hope that a fresh acquaintance with our ancient favorites will check the prevalent irregularity and extravagance, and restore the moderation of truth without repressing a healthy spirit of enterprise.

In offering some observations upon the Periodical Essays which constituted the most brilliant and popular form of prose composition in the early part of the last century, we need not say that it makes no part of our object to give them, were it in our power, a notoriety they have lost; for we do not know precisely what their present state is, or whether they have much declined from the high favor they once enjoyed. As we grow older, we certainly do not become more competent judges of the present standing of books that were the delight of our youth. We may not hear the Spectator and Guardian, Addison and Steele, the Lizard family and Sir Roger de Coverley as frequently and heartily named as when we were forming our taste in English literature, and laying up in memory some precious allegories, scenes and characters, which we were not to lose, or suffer to fade, through the longest and most varied experience of life. But the old must remember that they themselves speak but little of these cherished writings. The time has long passed, when they met to cite their favorite passages and interchange their recent opinions and feelings, and when the world of letters was as new to them as that of life and nature. Let us presume, then, that though not one of even our old school-books be now in use, and although the number of new miscellaneous works for daily consumption is far greater than that of Queen Anne's time, yet that the periodical essays of her reign are still a part of our domestic reading, and not merely an indispensable ornament of the library. Though they cannot be quite so exhilarating now as when the just printed sheet, full of the interests and follies of the moment, was laid upon the Londoner's breakfast table, and fourteen thousand copies every morning scarcely served the demands of the kingdom, we will however suppose that they still have the charm of an old family classic, and that all are willing to have some recollections of them revived.

We shall enter but imperfectly into the spirit and importance of these papers, unless we form some idea of the state of society at the time. For we are not to suppose that they were written by a set of literary men to make a sensation by

showing their genius and taste, and upon subjects suggested by their course of study or particular turn of fancy. They were specially intended from the beginning, and the purpose was never forgotten, to bear directly upon the society and the men of the day, upon existing evils and wants, to meet a present emergency and to work a social reform. The state of manners is for the most part made sufficiently clear by the essays themselves, and need not be dwelt on long.

The profligacy, social, political, and literary, of the half-century from the Restoration, has set it apart for special reprobation in English history. We speak of it as blighted. It seems a monstrous exception, and not of use even as a warning. The corruption and its continuance are with difficulty traced to an adequate cause, and followed out to those usual good effects which, in the order of providence, are permitted to spring from evil. An English writer but a few months since included that age in a period which he considered as the most vicious that the world had seen, since the corruption of the Roman emperors was chastised and crushed by the invasion of the northern barbarians; and, contrasting it with our own age, he speaks of "the delicacy of moral feeling now that would render it impossible for the most vulgar-minded of living English public men to accept from a foreign power such bribes as a Russell, a Sidney, a Marlborough received without any apparent consciousness of disgrace." And he next designates as a mark of our improvement, "the delicacy of manners, that forbids the remotest allusion in female society to topics familiarly discussed by and with the wives and sisters of those great men."* If this be stated truly, we must prepare ourselves to surrender more than one of the few names, which we had been accustomed to honor as exceptions to the age, and as redeeming it from the reproach of utter shamelessness.

A few particulars may be mentioned to show what sorts of public and private evils the periodical essays were intended to mitigate or remove. It was, first, an age of bitter political strife, religious intolerance, and fierce foreign wars that were closely allied with the domestic dissensions. These contests at home were not of the kind we ordinarily expect and rarely dread in free communities. Those divisions among men, which usually pass under the name of parties, seem to us at this dis-

* Foreign Quarterly Review, No. XXXVII. Art. V.

tance like the rising up of whole orders against each other. The passions and interests of every individual had an object that might be called public. The points in controversy were no less than a change of dynasty, a change or restoration of the constitution, the overthrow of the established church, the silencing of dissent. It seems as if the whole community were made up of cavaliers, puritans, republicans, lovers of the church, lovers of papacy, all in battle array for some public object, all filled with a sense of burning wrongs or a dread of sudden fall from eminent station, and intermingled with the idle and desperate who find their opportunities in the general trouble and confusion. And this idea is the more forced upon us, as we see few if any of those softening influences in operation, — those, for example, of a refined, popular, and easily accessible literature, — which invite all to seek some interval of retirement and repose, when they may think for themselves, and get loose from the thraldom of public questions and agitations.

From such a state of things, and this mutual distrust, we might have expected seriousness, anxiety, severity of manners, and something of a tragical cast even in the dissoluteness of the times. But it was remarkably an age of luxury, frivolity, and licentious wit, and of skepticism or relaxed devotion, save in the humbler classes, who were sure to be derided for the singularity of their virtue.

In the next place, the general estimation and influence of females, we mean those of the fashionable class, may be ascertained pretty nearly from the tone of Pope's and Swift's satire, and from the plays of that day. And the manner in which they are addressed or spoken of in the essays themselves, at the moment when the writers are lamenting female degradation, and seeking to begin the reform of the state by a purification of home, often betrays, in the midst of their courtesy and kindness, a degree of contempt which must have been forced from men whose benevolence was as remarkable as their genius. How painful is it to see them appealing to the honor or selfishness of their own sex as the chief protection of the other, and confiding so faintly in the self-respect of the mothers and daughters of England.

It is admitted that exaggeration will find a place in our estimates of society at any period. We seize upon obvious ill or good, and praise or blame in the mass, forgetting how much

secret virtue there is and must be in every class, if society still holds together; and how much refined iniquity is concealed or tolerated in what appear to us the best of times. We forget, too, in the contemplation of different periods, that the forms, the exterior of life vary, and that as deadly profligacy, the more deadly for being subtle, may subsist amidst artificial decencies as in shameless effrontery. We forget that the topics and phrases which offend one age were familiar in another, and we may say almost harmless; for they grew from a low state of refinement, and indicate but did not produce it; and a merely conventional abandonment of them would have very little operation towards purifying society, and furnish very uncertain evidence of its true state. And further to moderate our judgments of others, we may adopt Steele's generous observation; "As bad as the world is," he says, "I find by very strict observation upon virtue and vice, that if men appeared no worse than they really are, I should have less work than at present I am obliged to undertake for their reformation. They have generally taken up a kind of inverted ambition, and affect even faults and imperfections of which they are innocent." But after all this acknowledged exposure to exaggeration, we do not hesitate to pronounce the period we have spoken of, rather than described, as marked out for reprobation in the history of English if not of European society. We might discriminate so far as to say that there was bolder profligacy, and certainly more reckless persecution, in the earlier than in the latter part of this half century; in the reign of Charles the Second than of Anne; and it would be easy to show that corruption did not cease with the coming in of the new dynasty, and the wide diffusion of the writings we are to speak of. But it is enough for the present purpose to have taken this general view of the times.

It was then the object of the Periodical Essays to resist a vicious age; to purify the sources of pleasure; to divert and soften party hostilities by recommending topics which had a common interest and led naturally to reflection; to elevate and refine familiar conversation by a colloquial elegance of their own, and to regulate it by fixed laws; to bring literature near to a people apparently little versed in books; to establish and make clear that beautiful and delicate boundary, which marks off our home and makes it a little world within itself, without diminishing general benevolence. But it is scarcely

possible to enumerate all the particular purposes they were intended or fitted to accomplish; so minutely did they take cognizance of all classes of men, and all human interests, and so various were the subjects to which they drew attention. It would be better, then, to pronounce them a popular medium of truth, and a practical teacher of duty. It might be thought, from the view we have just taken of the times, that the reformer of such a people must necessarily be a stern censor; but it is well known that the usual tone of the essays is cheerful and kind-hearted; and that they have much more of the air of a family journal than of didactic wisdom solemnly addressed to a whole people.

The objects, which we have thus described, were to be effected by a series of little papers, published in a separate form, thrice a week, and at one period every day; and these little papers, thus rapidly thrown off for a present purpose, were destined to become, if not absolutely the most important part of the literature of the last century, yet certainly its most remarkable characteristic. Our attention is first due to the Father, as he has been called, of the Periodical Essay; and his connexion with it will be the chief subject of our remarks.

We owe the project, then, and its successful execution, to Richard Steele; and we say this with a full knowledge of the assistance he received from the wits, moralists, and geniuses of the age, and whose greater popularity has almost cast his merits into the shade. Steele was the originator, conductor, and working-man; and he appears to have been the responsible man, both as to the business concerns of the papers, and the demands of those who might be offended by personalities.

His course of life had been perhaps more favorable for a literary undertaking that required sudden and brief composition, than for deliberate and extended discussion; and the sanguine temper, buoyant spirits, and impulsive action, which were the principal causes of his many errors and disappointments, were also the very qualities to cheer and sustain him in the daily calls upon his invention and resources. We will give a few particulars of his life, and notices of his character, derived from different sources, which are thought to bear especially upon his fitness for his great and various enterprise.

When he began the Tatler, he was nearly forty years of age. He had distinguished himself at Oxford, and while there discovered a taste for dramatic composition, which he culti-

vated afterwards with some success, but not to the securing of permanent celebrity. For a season his attention was diverted from literature by the attractions of a military life. And so wayward was he, so resolved to follow out a present humor and have his own way, that upon failing to obtain a commission, he entered himself as a private in the horse-guards; little heeding the forfeiture of a succession to a good property, which a relative had intended for him, but which he left to another upon hearing of his kinsman's voluntary degradation. Steele recommended himself so well to the whole regiment, that the officers sought to have so agreeable a companion in their own number, and succeeded in their application to that effect. It was a dangerous connexion for one of his temper and years, with every temptation to indulgence, and no excitement, it should seem, of active service. Young, social, kind-hearted, agreeable, idle, he plunged into the grossest excesses, and recovered from them to suffer the keenest remorse; for his conscience never failed to assert her claims, and his sense of the beauty of virtue was undimmed. Such was his life for several years; and the weakness and redeeming points, which we observe in him then, were, in their degree, to be observed to the end of his days.

One characteristic incident is worth mentioning. In his seasons of contrition, he wrote a little work for his own use, which he thought might strengthen the reflections suggested by a review of his evil and wasted life. Finding the experiment fruitless, and suffering the keener anguish for it, he at last thought, that by publishing his private treatise, and thus exposing himself to the world's contempt should he again fail, he should have the strongest motive to self-restraint. But, like all moral remedies that do not begin in sound principle and motives, his scheme was wholly ineffectual. The "Christian Hero" was published; Steele went on sinning; and his reckless associates had another cause for mirth and ridicule.

He next appears as a dramatic author; but upon his disgust at the failure of one of his comedies, he abandoned play-writing for many years. He then commenced his celebrated series of periodical essays. Those now the best known, The Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian, employed him, with little interruption, for nearly five years from the early part of 1709. In this hasty summary it is unnecessary to name other of his

periodical writings, some upon a similar plan with those just enumerated, and some of an exclusively political cast.

His life, as we have seen, was miscellaneous. He had followed no profession, unless his early connexion with the army be called one. His necessities saved him from fastidiousness as to his employment, if it was creditable and yielded a support, and, better still, if it ministered to his love of pleasure and display. He was for a time associated with the managers of the Drury-lane company, and received a good income from the connexion. He entered into political life with a zeal and devotion that seem scarcely compatible with his literary ardor and occupations, and with a fierceness that we should little expect in one who has left so many and beautiful testimonies to his sweetness of spirit. He was a violent partisan writer; and whatever may have been his determination to keep clear of party matters in the three periodical works we have named, the temptation was sometimes too strong, and the poison penetrated even there. We may add, that while in parliament, his offensive pamphlets drew down the vengeance of the Tories, and he was expelled from that body for what they called his scandalous and seditious libels. We refer to these things to show that Steele was far from being a retired scholar or speculatist; and though we care little now for his political course, yet we shall probably understand him better as a literary man, if we bear in mind, what sort of life he led; that he held offices; that he was connected with the great; that he was fond of action, and disposed to push his fortunes by bold enterprises; and, above all, that he was alive to any measures that affected the prosperity of his country in whatever direction, and especially those that concerned toleration in religion and freedom generally. There can be no doubt that his varied experience, his acquaintance with common topics and all classes, his interest in all that was going on, as well as his natural turn for observation, prepared him to address his countrymen with authority and with the chance of being heard, upon their personal and domestic affairs, and upon most matters of general concern.

But if, as we have represented him, he was a man of pleasure and fashion, and violent in his political warfare, and, we may add, improvident, and at the mercy of his creditors, it may be reasonably thought that he was not the most proper person to set about the work of public moral reformation.

And yet his imperfections seem, in some points of view, to be an important part of his qualifications for this office. Steele was never thoroughly in love with vice, or hardened by acquaintance with it. His lively though fluctuating sense of the obligations, the elevating influences and happiness of religion, by reminding him of his weakness and low attainments, teaches him humility, and carries him directly to the wants and sins of others without the least air of pretension or oppressive injunction. Remorse for his own failings is not strong enough to make him a good example, and he never set up for one; nor was it of sufficient force to give him, what he most wanted, steadiness and consistency of character; but it brings him into close and effective connexion with those, whom, under his disguise, he would touch to the quick. Neither does his contrition create a morbid and repelling tone of remonstrance; but he talks with men as a companion and friend, who has as much at least to correct in himself as in them, and who would have it the joint interest of all to help each other. He has not brooded so long over his own and others' imperfections, that his mind has become narrowed and impoverished by the very importance of his purpose, — that every thought and word is made solemn and weighty, and his aim for ever prominent. He has no single or prevailing class of sentiments or topics, and no system to unfold or maintain. Any thing of present human interest is good enough subject and occasion for him. It brings him to some point in the minds of others, where he is sure to find or make them alive. And though he does not profess to analyze truths or settle general principles, yet he has admirable skill in applying familiar truths and principles. And perhaps nothing is more observable in him, than the profound reflections and close perception of character and feeling, which attend upon his most familiar writings. Something perpetually comes up, which the occasion does not seem to demand; and generally it will be found that the choicest matter is in those papers, let the main subject be what it may, in which he allows himself to say, almost irresponsibly, whatever occurs to his mind. We feel then that he is hearty in his business, and that he is well prepared for it.

From considerations like these, it should seem that his very faults qualified him in some degree to be a teacher, by showing him how to probe the faults of others and adapt his instructions to their moral wants. Nothing is clearer than that

he never relied a moment upon his character to give weight to his lessons. He wrote under the different disguises of Isaac Bickerstaff and Nestor Ironside, and in the Spectator as one of a club ; and for part of the time at least, he was not known as the writer. On giving up the Tatler, he says the purpose of the work was wholly lost by its being so long understood that he was the author.

"I never designed," he continues, "to give any man a secret wound by my concealment, but spoke in the character of an old man, a philosopher, a humorist, an astrologer and a censor, to allure my reader with the variety of my subjects, and insinuate, if I could, the weight of reason with the agreeableness of wit. The general purpose of the whole has been to recommend truth, innocence, honor, and virtue, as the chief ornaments of life ; but I considered that severity of manners was absolutely necessary to him who would censure others; and for that reason, and that only, chose to talk in a mask. I shall not carry my humility so far as to call myself a vicious man, but at the same time must confess my life is at best but pardonable. And with no greater character than this, a man would make but an indifferent progress in attacking prevailing and fashionable vices, which Mr. Bickerstaff has done with a freedom of spirit, that would have lost both its beauty and efficacy, had it been pretended to by Mr. Steele." — *Tatler*, No. 271.

It may still be supposed, that he assumed his serious mood, like his different titles, to serve his purpose. But there is every reason to think him sincere. We will not allow that the lightness of his character is against this. We judge rather by the fact, that, though in the great variety of his topics he says many things frivolous and exceptionable, yet the inculcation of religious truth, motives, and obligations is, in his later essays at least, steadily, perseveringly pursued. It is postponed for nothing else. It is introduced at any moment, and in any connexion where it can be with prudence and decency; and for the most part in a strictly practical manner. While Addison and Berkeley, among his coadjutors, are frequently prone to speculation and argument in their religious papers, Steele aims chiefly at instruction that shall bear directly upon conduct. While Johnson, at a later day, made use of the same form of writing to convey the speculations of a profound religious philosopher upon man and duty, and the results of his observation of human life, Steele, on the other hand,

mixed with all classes of society, exercising over them a minute supervision, and inserting truths perhaps as profound into the particular cases before him. He writes as if he were aware that here lay his power to do good, and not in merely generalizing his observations. We know how easy it is to utter separate moral sayings, good enough, too, to become proverbial, and with no other motive than to set off a discourse and purchase favorable opinions. But it was no part of Steele's object or habits to make brilliant sentences on any subject. He was deliberately occupied with making men better.

His series of moral and religious papers, published during Lent in the Guardian, is introduced in this strain of satirical apology.

"If it were possible to bear up against the force of ridicule, which fashion has brought upon people for acknowledging a veneration for the most sacred things, a man might say that the time we are now in [Lent] is set apart for humiliation, and all our actions should at present more particularly tend that way. I remember about thirty years ago an eminent divine, who was also most exactly well bred, told his congregation at Whitehall, that if they did not vouchsafe to give their lives a new turn, they must certainly go to a place which he did not think fit to name in that courtly audience. It is with me as with that gentleman. I would, if possible, represent the errors of life, especially those arising from what we call gallantry, in such a manner as the people of pleasure may read me. In this case I must not be rough to gentlemen and ladies, but speak of sin as a gentleman." — *Guardian*, No. 17.

And in a later page of the same work, he seems heart-broken that he can do so little against a fashionable vice.

"Does the poor girl imagine that a scrip of paper, a collection of sentences, and an old man's talk of pleasure which he is past, will have an effect upon him who could go on in a series of falsehood; let drop ambiguous sentences in her absence, to give her false hope from the repetition of them by some friend that heard them; who could pass as much time in pursuit of her as would have attained some useful art or science; and that only to attain a short revel of his senses, under a stupor of faith, honor, and conscience?" — *Guardian*, No. 45.

To show his sincerity and zeal in his moral enterprise, we may add, that he not unfrequently exposed himself to personal

outrage by his bold assaults upon fashionable vices. This was particularly the case in his unrelenting warfare with the professed gamblers. He says in his "Apology," that if the "sharpers, gamesters, knaves, and pickpockets are no longer the men of fashion, or mingle with so good an air among people of quality as formerly, it is more owing to Mr. Steele than to any other that ever made use of pen and ink." And at the close of the Tatler, he publicly thanks three military gentlemen of high rank for the protection they had promised him in any danger that might befall him in the endeavour to banish fraud and cozenage from the presence and conversation of gentlemen.

In the same spirit, and with scarcely less exposure to personal insult or injury, he set himself against the practice of duelling. He had long been opposed to it in principle and feeling. Once in his life he had reluctantly fought with a young brother-officer, who had been dissuaded by him from sending a challenge to some one who had given him offence. The young man was led by his companions to believe, that Steele's good offices had been induced merely by his partiality for the real or supposed offender, and thus had in effect raised the character of the wrong-doer at the expense of the other's honor. Steele, who was then recovering from a fever, received a challenge for his well-meant advice; and, after endeavouring in vain to get rid of it by argument and raillery, he finally accepted it, in the full confidence that by his superior skill he could chastise the young man's insolence, without endangering his life. In the attempt to disable him, however, his antagonist was run through the body, and lingered some time in a desperate state from the wound, but in the end recovered. Steele's distress during this interval of suspense turned his thoughts more seriously than ever to the practice itself, and it is supposed that he then prepared the materials of the several papers on duelling in the first volume of the Tatler. He thus expresses himself on the undertaking.

"It is worth our consideration to examine into this chimerical, groundless humor, and to lay every other thought aside, until we have stripped it of all its false pretences to credit and reputation among men. But I must confess, when I consider what I am going about, and run over in my imagination all the endless crowd of men of honor who will be offended at such a discourse; I am undertaking, methinks, a work worthy an invulnerable hero

in romance, rather than a private gentleman with a single rapier. But as I am pretty well acquainted by great opportunities with the nature of man, and know of a truth, that all men fight against their will, the danger vanishes, and resolution rises upon this subject. For this reason, I shall talk very freely on a custom which all men wish to see exploded, though no man has courage to resist it." — *Tatler*, No. 25.

And in the review of his labors, he says,

"I shall be so arrogant as to say of myself, that, in spite of all the force of fashion and prejudice, I alone bewailed the condition of an English gentleman, whose fortune and life are at this day precarious, while his estate is liable to the demands of gamesters through a false sense of justice, and his life to the demands of duellists through a false sense of honor." — Preface to *Tatler*.

In further considering his moral qualities, as they appear in his writings, we observe next that he was a man of sentiment. His convivial life, and constant intercourse with the world in relations far from friendly to the temper, had no more power to blunt the delicacy of his affections than the tenderness of his conscience. With frivolity or vice in all forms for his frequent theme, and often entering into gross details, and sparing nothing of personality, satire, and ridicule in laying open an evil to its very root, it seems as if his heart must be hardened by the contemplation of folly and sin, though with no other object in view than their cure; and that familiarity with them must be nearly as hurtful to the reformer as to the offender. How is it that he has enough constitutional sensibility left, to speak with fervor and kindness of pure emotions, generous actions, and domestic delights? The utmost sweetness and love breathe through his moral speculations. How tender his remembrance of affecting scenes and incidents in his childhood. How lively his sense of the beauty of a sound, honest heart; of the dignity and benign power of woman, in her several relations and proper sphere; of the claims, confidence, and rewards of friendship; of the deference we owe to others in the smallest things. We are drawn near to him, and breathe the air of benevolence and courtesy, and love him the more that he is not perfect, if only for sympathy. We love the unreserve which looks so much like having nothing to conceal, however much he may have to regret, and which assures us that he feels no oppressive anxiety about sustaining a character, though he prizes moral worth to its

height. He commits himself to us, as if it were his way of gaining our trust and an opening to our hearts for what may do them good. He commits himself to us, as if it did himself good.

The beauty of his sentiment consists not in a philosophical or imaginative meditation of human life and the human heart; but in that warmth and almost childlike facility of feeling, which a real, affecting narrative, or some event of the present hour is just fitted to move. And yet we would not give the impression that this feeling is of a light and transient character, and shows him to be changeful and self-contradictory; for it has paternal tenderness and steadiness, and diffuses itself over his thoughts, and reminds us ever of the same old friend we have so long known. We should do him wrong, if we did not acknowledge, that in his most affectionate and kindly views of the tempers and trials of others, of their dangers, follies, and errors, though he is chiefly a practical teacher and aims at immediate effect, he yet shows a power of deep philosophical scrutiny into principles of conduct, and the tendencies of habit, example, and all external influences. There is so little formality, for the most part, in treating subjects of this kind, and indeed any subjects, that his profoundest remarks have little prominence, and sometimes appear wholly casual; and hence they will not be fully estimated but by those who have read him much, and become accustomed to the action of his mind, till their knowledge of his spirit and taste throws a proper light upon what he carelessly utters. Most writers of real worth, who are not fully valued, owe it to some difficulty in their manner; but Steele, to his being, if possible, too easy; that is, to the general air of obviousness, which prevents the suspicion that there is more if we would look for it, or rather, if we would think about it a little.

It will be found easier to define the properties of Steele's writings, than to fix precisely upon the qualities of his mind. We can say truly that his papers abound in wit, humor, common sense, and pathos; in narrative, description, and characters; in the inculcation of sublime truths, and correction of the humblest faults; but we are at a loss to determine in which he is best, or for what power he is most distinguished, or by what title we shall most truly express his intellectual character. The case is not at all uncommon. The difficulty is owing in part to the absence of every thing like ostentation, or

to a kind of humility in the composition, which flows, we should think, from the ease and serenity with which he wrote. The faults seem slight, the beauties depressed. We feel that all is harmonious and as it should be; but when we come to analysis, we find that there is no place for bold distinctions, or sparkling and pointed criticism. Take, for example, the power of imagination; and without inquiring whether Steele has the poetical temperament, let us ask ourselves whether he has, in any considerable degree, the power of poetical conception. And probably we shall find, that we have read him without thinking of the matter. His imagination is employed, as he says, upon obvious and common subjects, and he appears to present them to our minds more as they would strike and please the generality of readers, and as they would be directly useful by their bearing upon men's daily conduct, than as they are modified and new-combined by one of a decidedly original and inventive turn. Still, it is not easy to say precisely where the imagination does and does not operate. Its influence is often most subtile where it is most pervasive, and least recognised where it is most felt. It may be the secret of a man's boundless wit, and of his skill in painting family scenes and the most ordinary life. What we call his accurate discernment and knowledge, or his ingenuity, or his rapid and playful association of fancies, may be in fact the exercise, and no humble one, of that very faculty which creates the highest works of poetry.

By what other power is it that Steele assembles his little groups at the coffee-houses, or in private families, or in his own apartment, and sets people before us in such a manner that we at once become acquainted with them as if they had fallen in our way, and makes them talk, not as in books, but as if every word had been taken down from real conversation? Here is illusion produced by realities, and not an idea of reality created, as in fine romances, by animating descriptions and actions, and where our warmed imaginations are made to do half of the work for the author. This familiar, every-day acquaintance with characters of every variety and without number, is not and could not be obtained from mere delineation. They are not sketches. They are genuine living men and women. We know them and their manner of life. We are prepared for all they have to say. We can account for their motives, anticipate their doubts, answer their objections, advise them what to do, and predict their destiny. It is impos-

sible to have more perfect common life than this. Our own experience could hardly make us wiser. So of the letters which constitute so important a part of these papers. Every case is a real one. The correspondent is evidently making an application, or communicating facts which relate to his condition and come within his knowledge. It takes little from Steele's merit in this particular, that many of the letters are genuine (some of them being his own love-letters to Miss Scurlock who became his second wife), and that much of the gossip and satire is founded in fact, and concerns parties who are well known ; for the same character of verity belongs to the whole.

If we now pass to other properties of his writings, we are reminded at every turn of his good sense ; his clear, strong, practical distinction of what is true, useful, and becoming in the matter before him ; his decided rejection of fallacies, impertinencies, and all frivolous, collateral points that so commonly arrest or distract men of weak judgment or over rapid association. His stories and collected anecdotes and sayings, his historical passages and illustrative fables and comparisons, all bear directly upon his purpose and partake of its character, and almost seem to have caught some hue from his mind while he was in the act of transcribing them. Nothing is thrust in for brilliancy, that worst of all devices, which is sure to produce interruption and inequality, and let the reader escape.

And this brings us naturally to his style and language, which agree well with the general turn of the thoughts and the nature of such compositions. There seems to be an almost unnatural absence of the artificial. We have an abundance of unelaborate beauty, but little of that polished grace and elegance which we might expect from his natural refinement, aided as it was by early influences of education and of society. There is, however, something better than grace and polish to denote his common manner ; we mean his familiar, colloquial ease and directness, which show that he is earnest about his work, and feels quite equal to it. He has a method of stating things, which the reader would pronounce the same in which they would occur to himself, and which at once makes him a party in the matter, and puts the writer quite out of consideration for the time. This is a very sure way to gain our confidence. Steele made no pretension to literary elegance. Speaking of his friend Addison, he says, "The elegance, purity, and cor-

rectness in his writings were not so much my purpose, as, in any intelligible manner I could, to rally all those singularities of human life, through the different professions and characters in it, which obstruct any thing that was truly great and good. After this acknowledgment, you will see that I rejoiced in being excelled." But as we would not have Addison's style any thing but what it is, however much pains its beauty may have cost him, so neither do we see any thing in the carelessness and inaccuracies of Steele to make us wish that he had studied his expressions and constructions more diligently. Not that we dislike scrupulosity, but that we never think of these defects. How should we, when we feel the power of his thoroughly truth-telling manner, and when it is so easy to supply his deficiencies? We never dream that he is not a writer of the first order, and capable, if he pleases, of the highest graces.

In short papers like these, sent forth in a hurried way, for immediate effect, and with little feeling of personal responsibleness in the writer, the temptation to exaggerate is very strong. It seems to be one mode of overcoming the disadvantages he labors under. And this temptation is increased, should he find that he is every day getting more and more of a reputation for wit and brilliancy; since the conviction is forced upon him, that the public will not be satisfied, unless he continues to exhibit the quality which they have praised him for, and which he is known to possess. Hence the danger of substituting a forced and ambitious style for the easy and natural one, which first gained the good-will of his readers, and then made their demands exorbitant. But, happily, Steele never writes as if he had a literary character to support, or indeed any character but that of the good old gentleman who has taken our morals into keeping. And though he knows very well how to exaggerate in a quiet, grave style, which looks like truth, and throws the whole force of the manner upon the point he aims at, yet we can name no writer who is less driven to literary artifices to relieve himself from the trouble of thinking.

And it is for properties like those we have named, both in style and matter, that he never wears out, never seems old and exhausted. It is true that Charles Lamb said of him; "O, to forget Steele and read him *new*." He longed to live over again his delights of many years, just as they had sprung

up in his mind. But in another view of the case, he would have been unwilling to part for a moment with that old feeling of comfort and gratitude, which made him wish to begin the acquaintance again, but which could not need a new stimulant. If we have read Steele much, and turn to him yet again, every new reading seems more like an act of meditation or memory than receiving another's thoughts. We have no surprises, no admiration. We do not need them. We do not feel that we are engaged with a memorable work of literature, which we are to compare with others. We do not say a word to ourselves about its merits. All that we are conscious of is, a succession of familiar, agreeable images which we begin to value as part of ourselves; an easy, natural humor which never quite runs over and never loses its charm, and an early companion, who is so visible and intelligible in every word, that he is at our side and talking with us.

Steele's writings are neither so old nor so recent as to make a selection of his beauties necessary for the purpose of explaining or justifying the views we have expressed of his usual manner. A few passages, however, may be cited; and the first we take will show how heartily he could enter into the romantic humors of a timid, devoted, despairing lover, for such is Lord Hinchinbroke, the Cynthio of the Tatler. Steele heard him discoursing one evening at the Chocolate-house in the following strain, a part of which reminds us of Crabbe's "Lover's Journey." It seems that his heart was overflowing with some false idea of his success.

"'Well,' says he, 'as to what I know of the matter, there is nothing but ogling with skill carries a woman; but, indeed, it is not every fool that is capable of this art. You will find twenty can speak eloquently, fifty that can fight manfully, and a thousand that can dress genteelly at a mistress, where there is one that can gaze skilfully. This requires an exquisite judgment, to take the language of her eyes to yours exactly, and not let yours talk too fast for hers; as at a play between the acts, when Beau Frisk stands upon a bench full in Lindamira's face, and her dear eyes are searching round to avoid that flaring, open fool, she meets the watchful glance of her true lover, and sees his heart attentive on her charms, and waiting for a second twinkle of her eyes for its next motion.' Here the good company sneered; but he goes on. 'Nor is this attendance a slavery, when a man meets with encouragement, and her eye comes often in his way; for, after an evening so spent, and the repetition of four or five significant

looks at him, the happy man goes home to his lodging full of ten thousand pleasing images; his brain is dilated, and gives him all the ideas and prospects which it ever lets into its seat of pleasure. Thus a kind look from Lindamira revives in his imagination all the beauteous lawns, green fields, woods, forests, rivers, and solitudes, which he had ever before seen in picture, description, or real life; and all, with this addition, that he now sees them with the eyes of a happy lover, as before only with those of a common man. You laugh, gentlemen, but compare yourselves in good-humor with yourselves out of humor, and you will then acknowledge that all external objects affect you according to the disposition you are in to receive their impressions, and not as those objects are in their own nature. How much more shall all that passes within his view and observation touch with delight a man who is prepossessed with successful love, which is an assemblage of soft affection, gay desires, and hopeful resolutions.' " — *Tatler*, No. 22.

We wish we could subjoin to this rhapsody Mr. Bickerstaff's sedate conversation with his sister Jenny, upon her marriage. It is in the eighty-fifth Tatler, and a beautiful specimen of Steele's wisdom and kind feeling. A short passage, however, from the Guardian, will serve for a contrast in manner.

"The ancient and religious lady, the dowager of my friend Sir Ambrose Lizard, has for some time estranged herself from conversation, and admits only the visits of her own family. The observation, that old people remember best those things which entered into their thoughts when their memories were in their full strength and vigor, is very remarkably exemplified in this good lady and myself when we are in conversation. I choose, indeed, to go thither, to divert any anxiety or weariness, which at any time I find grow upon me from any present business or care. It is said, that a little mirth and diversion are what recreate the spirits upon those occasions; but there is a kind of sorrow, from which I draw a consolation that strengthens my faculties and enlarges my mind beyond any thing that can flow from merriment. When we meet, we soon get over any occurrence which passed the day before, and are in a moment hurried back to those days which only we call good ones; the passages of the times when we were in fashion, with the countenances, behaviour, and jollity, so much, forsooth, above what any appear in now, are present to our imaginations, and almost to our very eyes. This conversation revives to us the memory of a friend that was more than a brother to me; of a husband that was

dearer than life to her; discourses about that dear and worthy man generally send her to her closet, and me to the despatch of some necessary business which regards the remains, I would say the numerous descendants, of my generous friend. I am got, I know not how, out of what I was going to say of this lady; which was, that she is far gone towards a better world; and I mention her (only with respect to this), as she is the object of veneration to those who are derived from her, whose behaviour towards her may be an example to others, and make the generality of young people apprehend, that when the ancient are past all offices of life, it is then the young are to exert themselves in their most laudable duties towards them." — *Guardian*, No. 5.

Let us read next his account of "*false* hypocrites," or the men of a fantastical humor of affectation. Their follies will remind us that, in some points, the artificial in manners undergoes as little change as the natural principles within us, and that the satirist of Queen Anne's day might give lessons to the fashionable men of our own.

"About five years ago, I remember, it was the fashion to be short-sighted. A man would not own an acquaintance until he had first examined him with his glass. At a lady's entrance into the play-house, you might see tubes immediately levelled at her from every quarter of the pit and side-boxes. However, that mode of infirmity is out, and the age has recovered its sight; but the blind seem to be succeeded by the lame, and a janty limp is the present beauty. I think I have formerly observed, a cane is part of the dress of a prig, and always worn upon a button, for fear he should be thought to have an occasion for it, or be esteemed really, and not genteelly a cripple. I have considered, but could never find out the bottom of this vanity. I, indeed, have heard of a Gascon general, who, by the lucky grazing of a bullet on the roll of his stocking, took occasion to halt all his life after. But as for our peaceable cripples, I know no foundation for their behaviour, without it may be supposed that, in this warlike age, some think a cane the next honor to a wooden leg. This sort of affectation I have known run from one limb or member to another. Before the limpers came in, I remember a race of lispers, fine persons, who took an aversion to particular letters in our language. Others have had their fashionable defect in their ears, and would make you repeat all you said twice over. I know an ancient friend of mine, whose table is every day surrounded with flatterers, that makes use of this, sometimes as a piece of grandeur, and at others as an art, to make them repeat their commendations." — *Tatler*, No. 77.

In a still earlier paper, Steele has pursued men into another method of perplexing the unwary. We extract but a part of his statement.

"Among the many employments I am necessarily put upon by my friends, that of giving advice is the most unwelcome to me; and, indeed, I am forced to use a little art in the manner; for some people will ask counsel of you, when they have already acted what they tell you is still under deliberation. I had almost lost a very good friend the other day, who came to know how I liked his design to marry such a lady. I answered, 'By no means; and I must be positive against it, for very solid reasons, which are not proper to be communicated.' 'Not proper to be communicated!' said he, with a grave air, 'I will know the bottom of this.' I saw him moved, and knew from thence he was already determined; therefore evaded it by saying, 'To tell you the truth, dear Frank, of all women living, I would have her myself.' 'Isaac,' said he, 'thou art too late, for we have been both one these two months.'

"I learned this caution by a gentleman's consulting me formerly about his son. He railed at his extravagance, and told me, in a very little time he would beggar him by the exorbitant bills which came from Oxford every quarter. 'Make the rogue bite upon the bridle,' said I; 'pay none of his bills; it will but encourage him to further trespasses.' He looked plaguy sour at me. His son soon after sent up a paper of verses forsooth, in print, on the last public occasion; upon which, he is convinced the boy has parts, and a lad of spirit is not to be too much cramped in his maintenance, lest he take ill courses. Neither father nor son can ever since endure the sight of me.

"These sort of people ask opinions only out of the fulness of their hearts on the subject of their perplexity, and not from a desire of information. There is nothing so easy as to find out which opinion the man in doubt has a mind to; therefore the sure way is, to tell him that is certainly to be chosen. Then you are to be very clear and positive; leave no handle for scruple. 'Bless me, sir, there is no room for a question'! This rivets you into his heart; for you at once applaud his wisdom and gratify his inclination." — *Tatler*, No. 25.

The following passage contains much good sense, and shows an elevated and liberal spirit; and though the topics are familiar to everybody now, yet it is pleasing to know that our ancestors had the advantage of such good instruction.

"It is, as far as relates to our present being, the great end of

education to raise ourselves above the vulgar; but what is intended by the vulgar is not, methinks, enough understood. In me, indeed, that word raises a quite different idea from what it usually does in others; but, perhaps, that proceeds from my being old, and beginning to want the relish of such satisfactions as are the ordinary entertainment of men. However, such as my opinion is in this case, I will speak it; because it is possible that turn of thought may be received by others, who may reap as much satisfaction from it as I do myself.

"It is to me a very great meanness, and something much below a philosopher, which is what I mean by a gentleman, to rank a man among the vulgar for the condition of life he is in, and not according to his behaviour, his thoughts, and sentiments, in that condition. For if a man be loaded with riches and honors, and in that state of life has thoughts and inclinations below the meanest artificer, is not such an artificer, who within his power is good to his friends, moderate in his demands for his labor, and cheerful in his occupation, very much superior to him who lives for no other end but to serve himself, and assumes a preference in all his words and actions to those who act their part with much more grace than himself? Epictetus has made use of the similitude of a stage-play to human life, with much spirit. 'It is not,' says he, 'to be considered, among the actors, who is prince, or who is beggar; but who acts prince or beggar best.' The circumstance of life should not be that which gives us place, but our behaviour in that circumstance is what should be our solid distinction. Thus, a wise man should think no man above him or below him, and further than it regards the outward order or discipline of the world; for, if we conceive too great an idea of the eminence of our superiors, or subordination of our inferiors, it will have an ill effect upon our behaviour to both. He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place; but will frequently emulate men in rank below him, and pity those above him.

"This sense of mankind is so far from a levelling principle, that it only sets us upon a true basis of distinction, and doubles the merit of such as become their condition. A man in power, who can, without the ordinary prepossessions which stop the way to the true knowledge and service of mankind, overlook the little distinctions of fortune, raise obscure merit, and discountenance successful indesert, has, in the minds of knowing men, the figure of an angel rather than a man; and is above the rest of men in the highest character he can be, even that of their benefactor."—*Tatler*, No. 69.

It would be useless to make selections from a work so well

known as the Spectator; and we have limited ours to the Tatler and Guardian for another reason, that we think Steele, admirable as his papers in the Spectator are, will not be seen on all sides, and felt in all the variety of his genius and beauty, and nice observation of human life, until we have followed him through the two journals which were most particularly under his control. Perhaps we have offered a temptation to make the trial.

Of Addison, to whom more than any one these Essays owe their celebrity beyond their own age, it is not to our present purpose to say any thing, except in relation to the friendship that subsisted between him and Steele. It is true, that the Tatler was begun without the least intimation of the project to Addison; and so well did Steele keep his secret, that his friend's first information of the authorship was quite accidental, — from nothing more, than Steele's having made use of a curious criticism on Virgil which he had heard from Addison. But their union soon after as periodical writers was destined to make an era in our literature, and the great event in their own lives. And their friendship is scarcely less memorable; for it shows us two eminent men, of equal years, joined in one object, without rivalry or distrust of each other; the one improvident and rash, yet bearing reproof from his companion, and grateful for it; the other shy and reserved, and, under his friend's responsibility, entertaining the town with many a jest, or personality, or coarse sketch, which it is supposed he would not willingly have been answerable for himself. And Steele receives his aid with almost romantic gratitude. Speaking of Addison's kind office towards him, he says; "He performed it with such force of genius, humor, wit, and learning, that I fared like a distressed prince, who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid; I was undone by my auxiliary. When I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him." He says, moreover, it would have been barbarous in Addison to deny this frequent assistance to one with whom he had lived in intimacy from childhood, and considering the ease with which he is able to despatch the most entertaining pieces. The whole tone of his references to his friend is most respectful, affectionate, and grateful. And his veneration is no small testimony to the purity of his own mind. It could not have grown from a consciousness on Steele's part of inferior natural vigor and originality. It flowed from a deep feeling and love

of the beautiful fancy, the perfect grace, the mild philosophy, the well-applied learning, the warm religious sentiment, the heart-felt moral touches, and the careful self-discipline, which pervaded the writings, and no doubt the conversation of his long-tried friend. He was a perpetual fountain of instruction and delight to himself in their joint labors for the good of the English people.

The petty political difference which separated them towards the close of Addison's life, must have its place in their biography, and is not without its lesson. But even if they had not been reconciled, yet this hostility between men in political life, who had loved each other in their best days and noblest pursuits, would scarcely throw a cloud over the cheerful remembrance we have of their united names and efforts. It was early in their friendship that Steele said to Addison; "There is nothing I so ardently wish, as that we may some time or other publish a work written by us both, which shall bear the name of *The Monument*, in memory of our friendship." They have left the monument in their joint works, and the world best remembers them by the inscription.

But Addison was not Steele's sole coadjutor. He received assistance from many quarters. Sometimes important hints came from other friends, or from unknown persons through the letter-box, which he afterwards put into proper form. Besides, we know, that he received entire articles from several of the best writers of the time, and among them are no less names than Swift, Parnell, Berkeley, Young, Pope, and Gay. We do not mean by this to intimate, that Steele himself, as editor, was not a hard-working man. This would not do to say of a man, who had the sole charge of the Tatler and Guardian, and furnished two fifths of the papers in the first seven Volumes of the Spectator, — the only volumes, we believe, in which his articles can be traced. Indolent as he has been called, and fond of fashionable life and political questions, he was yet able to bring himself to work day by day to get his journal ready. In allusion to the constant pressure upon him, he says; "When a man has engaged to keep a stagecoach, he is obliged, whether he has passengers or not, to set out;" and, after this apology for the nothing that is to come, he proceeds as usual to something that has just fallen under his notice, or else is apparently burdened with the applications of correspondents for immediate advice, so that he is compelled

to defer his answers. And such is the variety and crowd of materials in his Tatler, that one might take it for the universal intelligencer of the kingdom instead of a moral or fashionable journal. Still, if we should suppose that Steele alone furnished all the matter for any one of these journals, we must give him credit for diligence and vivacity as remarkable as his genius. We do not say this chiefly in reference to the amount of the composition, but to the daily calls upon him; to the duty of furnishing so many pages as a matter of course at the regular application of his publisher. The wonder is, that he did not fall into habitual dulness and a repetition of himself, from his mechanical constancy of work.

One more particular, and we will take our leave of Steele. It would be gratifying to know the prices he paid to his contributors; for it must be acknowledged that the service of the periodical writers was mercenary, even then. If he paid all as liberally as he did Berkeley, we should scarcely be justified in calling the present the most favored time for journalists; for Steele gave him a guinea and a dinner for every paper he sent to the Guardian, and in general the numbers in that work are much shorter than those of the Tatler. So productive was the sale of the papers, that Steele himself might have been rich; but it was not in the power of public favor, or private friendship, or his wife's fortune, or his own most brilliant success to make him so. He knew well how to moralize over improvidence for the good of others, and that was all.

There are many points of view, in which these Essays have an interest at the present day. They are no doubt of great consideration for their literary excellence and influence, for the variety of genius they exhibit, for their moral instruction and maxims of prudence, and for the perpetual resource they offer to those who love repose or gentle exhilaration. But they are in nothing more curious and pleasing than as a monument of their age, as a part of English antiquities. They are not so properly a history, as a set of pictures of the times. They do not serve the purposes of guide-books, which direct us to high roads and prominent objects, but they raise the veil of a hundred years, and, by a kind of magic, show us the whole of daily English city life at that period; the men and their costume, the professions, the theatres, the trades, the interior of private houses, the prevailing notions respecting education and criticism. We have every condition of life, every pursuit,

and almost every kind of opinion, conversation, tastes, fashions, follies, vices. Till we think a little of the subject, we shall have no conception of the minuteness and extent of information which these papers give us. It seems as if nothing were left untold; not because we have looked for every thing and found it, but because nothing is felt to be wanting. London is all about us. We do not take it in at once, or, like strangers and travellers, go over the whole, as a business; but we become acquainted with it as we do with our own town and neighbours, in the course of our business and amusements. Such is the charm and power of these sketches of real life, drawn incidentally in the course of moral instruction, and not prepared for the purpose of giving lively and complete representations.

Art. III. — *Resumo de Observações Geologicas feitas em uma Viagem a's Ilhas da Madeira, Porto Santo, e Açores, nos Annos de* 1835 *e* 1836, pelo Conde Vargas de Bedemar, Camarista de El-Rei de Dinamarca, Director do Museo Real da Historia Natural, e Socio da Academia Real das Sciencias em Compenhagen. Lisboa; Galhardo Irmãos. 1837. 12mo. pp. 14.

Summary of Geological Observations made in a Voyage to the Islands of Madeira, Porto Santo, and Azores, in the Years 1835 *and* 1836, by Count Vargas de Bedemar.

The student of Geology finds nothing in his popular and fascinating department of science, that has stronger claims upon his attention, or is calculated to awaken more ardent curiosity, than the phenomena exhibited by volcanoes in action, or by tracts of country, which have, as it were, been created by those whose energies have long since been exhausted. The volcanic or non volcanic origin of the rocks and strata of countries, which, to common observers, present no indications of the manner in which they have been formed, has been one of the most fruitful topics of discussion and of keen controversy among the geologists of Europe. Long and perilous journeys have been undertaken, and expensive and wearisome

voyages performed, to settle the question in regard to some particular stratum or mountain, or to support a favorite theory; and every new work on volcanic regions is still looked for by the geologist with undiminished interest. The more we learn of volcanic formations, the more are we led to attribute to volcanic agency, during every geological period, and to look upon it as affording the most satisfactory explanation of the elevation of mountain chains, the inclination, depression, fractures, and dislocations of strata; in short, as having greatly modified the aspect of the whole surface of the earth.

To the class of undoubted extinct volcanoes must be referred by far the greater part, if not all, those serrated, conical, or truncated summits which rise above the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans; and there are but few of them more interesting than those midway between the old and new continents, which the work named at the head of this article professes to describe. Before proceeding to the account given by Count Vargas of the geological structure of Madeira and the other islands, we propose to mention some points in their natural history and appearance, not alluded to in his work.

Madeira belongs, as do the other islands described in the "Resumo," to the Portuguese, and is situated in 17° of west longitude, and 32° 30′ of north latitude, off the western coast of Africa. It rises for the most part abruptly from the Atlantic, and its highest summit exceeds six thousand feet.* Its picturesque and beautiful appearance has been often described. The air is loaded with perfumes, the large leaves of the banana wave over the walls, and the splendid palm trees overtop the houses. The coffee trees form hedges and copses, and the mimosas, protea, and a variety of the most gorgeous and fragrant plants, of which we see mere fragments in our hot-houses, here rise, says Von Buch, "to tall and stately trees, displaying their far glittering blossoms in the most delightful climate upon earth." Madeira is liberally supplied with rivulets and cascades, that leap from rock to rock, through bushes of rosemary, jessamine, laurel, and myrtle. Groves of chestnut and pine trees stretch out along the declivities of the mountains, and the air is filled with the warblings of thousands of canary birds from their branches.

* Bowdich, in the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, No. IX.

> "Named from her woods, with fragrant bowers adorned,
> From fair Madeira's purple coast we turned. —
> A shore so flowery, and so sweet an air,
> Venus might build her dearest temple there." *

The uniformity of the temperature of Madeira is almost unexampled. The average range of the thermometer, from the observations of an English physician long resident in Funchal, is from 68° to 76° of Fahrenheit during the summer, and from 57° to 65° in winter. The mean temperature deduced by Mr. Bowdich from his observations was 66°. Every desirable variety of temperature can be enjoyed, with the accompanying changes in vegetation, until the continued snow is entered at the height of five thousand one hundred and forty-eight French feet.† At this height the precipices and chasms are numerous, and many of them frightful and inaccessible.

Madeira has long been the resort of invalids, especially of consumptive patients. The most favorable season for them is from November to the middle of June. In July, August, and September, the heat occasionally becomes excessive, and the influence of the Sirocco wind has been known to cause a rise of temperature to 130° of Fahrenheit, a heat sufficient to melt wax. The winters too are sometimes stormy and uncomfortable. The geological structure of the island unfortunately is an insuperable obstacle to the construction of roads, and the invalid is debarred from the salutary exercise of riding.

The other islands which are noticed in this "Resumo" compose a distinct group, and are known as the Azores or Western islands. They are nine in number, and situated to the northwest of Madeira, between 37° and 39° of north latitude, and 25° and 31° of west longitude. The largest and most important is the island of St. Michael's. It is about fifty miles in length, and its breadth varies from six to ten. It rises in many parts precipitously from the water, at others very gradually. Here are seen gently sloping and spreading declivities, and there a long line of elevated ridges, with huge angular buttresses of rock running up from their base, between which, narrow silvery streams of water are often dashing along, or unite to form a picturesque cascade. The more level parts are dotted with hundreds of small hills, many of

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* Mickle's Lusiad, Book V.

† The French foot is equal to 1.066 English.

which are perfect cones, while others are truncated, or terminate in crater-shaped summits. The lower parts of the island are cultivated, and exhibit extended fields of Indian corn, wheat, and the various culinary vegetables. Houses and villages are scattered all along the coast, intermixed with vineyards and orange gardens. The population is about eighty thousand.

Next in importance is the island of Fayal, which is of much smaller size, being but about fifty miles in circumference. It rises more abruptly from the water, but is not inferior in point of beauty. A voyage (it can hardly be so called) of twelve or fourteen days transports us, as by a magician's spell, from the piercing blasts of our New England spring, to the bland and delicious temperature of these islands. Snow and ice are scarcely lost sight of, before the islanders are alongside in their little boats laden with baskets of luscious figs and tempting oranges, somewhat promiscuously mingled with fish of brilliant hues, shaded from the sun by the fragrant roses and geraniums just plucked from their luxuriant bushes. One who has not experienced the change can have but a faint conception of the reality, or of the new existence upon which he seems to have entered, while coasting along, under a cloudless sky and with our most delightful June temperature, towards the anchorage of Horta, the principal city of Fayal. On the right are the bold shores of the island, crowned with a rich vegetation, and divided into a multitude of small enclosures, as regular as the squares upon a chess-board, by verdant hedges overrun with flowering vines, and coming down to the very edge of the precipices, while here and there the white tower of a church or chapel peeps out from among the trees, and the eye rests from time to time upon the cottages, singly, or in clusters, that glitter through the peculiarly green foliage. Some appear hanging over the very edge of the cliffs, and others are half concealed in the deep glens and fissures with which the coast is indented. The peasants in their picturesque costumes look down with wonder upon

> "the tall anchoring bark
> Diminished to her cock; the murmuring surge
> That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
> Can scarce be heard so high."

As we advance, the towering summit of Pico rises among the clouds on the left, a sharp, perfectly defined cone, its apex

rarely free from ever-varying masses of vapor, above a stratum of which it is however occasionally seen in bold relief against the clear blue sky. Hours can be passed in watching the changing forms and varying densities of the light clouds that so often crown "the peak." At one time, they are to be seen slowly and majestically rolling up and over one another from the base to the summit,* now and then opening and unveiling it, but soon uniting and shutting it out from view; then, perhaps, breaking up and floating away in feathery festoons, again descending and enveloping its huge mass, or resting upon its sides until wafted away by the passing breeze. Similar changes and atmospheric phenomena are observable over the high lands of all these islands; and so sudden are they, that a proposed excursion to an elevated point is not unfrequently to be abandoned, from the obscurity with which it becomes unexpectedly covered.

The capital of Fayal, Horta, is beautifully situated at the bottom of a semicircular bay, and at the foot of a grand amphitheatre of mountains. The mountains are clothed to their very summits with the myrtle and laurel, and a great variety of flowering shrubs. Gardens and orange groves, so thickly overgrown that scarce a sunbeam gains admission, are numerous, amid which are scattered the country seats, and occasionally a church or a convent. Some of these are very conspicuous and ornamental, from the elevated spots on which they have been erected, overlooking the city and anchorage. Pico is separated from Fayal only by a narrow channel, and rises immediately in front of the city; there are many houses upon it along the water's edge, and behind them are the vineyards, extending a considerable way up its acclivity, † out of which its blackened, burnt, scorified, and seamed mass towers aloft in imposing grandeur.

The city of Horta has an antique appearance, and its streets, compared even to those of Ponta Delgada, the capital of St. Michael's, appear desolate and dreary. They are generally very narrow, wretchedly paved, and not lighted at night. But few persons are seen in them, except in the vicinity of the market-place and custom-house. In Ponta Delgada, on the contrary, the streets are thronged with people, vehicles, and

* Estimated at 9000 feet above the sea.

† These vineyards furnish all the wine that is exported under the name of Fayal wine.

donkeys. The large and once splendid churches and convents in Horta are fast falling to decay, and some are entirely deserted.

The prosperity and growth of all the Azores have suffered as much probably from the want of good harbours, as from any other cause. Immediately on the arrival and anchoring of vessels at Horta, it is found necessary to render them more secure, by sending off in large boats from the shore additional anchors and cables; but even this is not always a sufficient protection from the fury of the wind and heavy seas, by which they are often driven from their moorings upon the craggy rocks of Pico or Fayal. The best harbour is at St. Michael's, where, although vessels lie at anchor at the distance of half a mile from the city, they have a much better chance of getting to sea, in the event of a gale, than at Fayal. The construction of a safe harbour at St. Michael's could be effected with no very great expense; for nature has already done much, and had the island belonged to Great Britain or this country, it would long since have been accomplished. The Portuguese government are however said to have the matter under consideration, and some surveys have actually, we believe, been commenced.

The political changes in the mother country have not been without their effect upon the Azores. Very decided and obvious improvement has taken place, especially in St. Michael's. The residence there of Don Pedro, during the contest with Don Miguel, was marked by some vigorous measures. The swarms of friars and nuns were put to flight, their rich territories were taken under the care of the crown, their cells transformed to hospitals and barrack-rooms, and some of their convent chapels converted into monitorial and other schools. One of the chapels is now a reading-room, well supplied with books, periodicals, and newspapers, but supported chiefly by the foreign merchants resident in Ponta Delgada, where two newspapers are moreover published. This is the only island in which an English church has been allowed to be erected, and a resting-place assigned for the repose of the ashes of Protestants, which is a neat enclosure, already exhibiting several handsome monuments, and ornamented with trees and shrubbery. The intercourse with the more enlightened Portuguese who accompanied Don Pedro, and with the increasing numbers of English and American residents, has had a very perceptible

influence on the before secluded, thick-blooded "morgardos"; * and their children are now often sent to London, Lisbon, or Paris to be educated. Many new buildings have been erected in St. Michael's, some in excellent taste and at enormous cost. New streets have been laid out, and various other improvements commenced. Much of the ceremony that was so great an obstacle to social intercourse, has given way, and females are actually seen in the streets unattended. The introduction of foreign articles of luxury or comfort is now very considerable, many of the shops in Ponta Delgada are well supplied with the fanciful wares of London and Paris, and the fair Portuguese are fast becoming proficients in all the mysteries of "shopping."

The progress of improvement in all these islands is still much impeded by the entail of estates, and the difficulty of purchasing land; but measures are understood to be in train to remove or modify these evils.

We have before alluded to the entire want of good roads in Madeira.† In this respect St. Michael's has the advantage of all its neighbours, the island being traversed in all directions with roads, many of which are suitable for wheel carriages. In Fayal they are little better than wide pathways, up and down steep ascents, roughly paved with large irregular lumps of lava, and deeply cut up by the uncouth wagons, the only wheel carriages that can be used.

With the breaking up of the religious establishments, and the diminution of the influence of the priests, the people have become inattentive to their religious observances. Although the churches are open daily and mass is continued, few worshippers are seen in them. The pic-nic parties, in which the foreign residents so often unite, are accommodated without scruple in the village church, and the repast is allowed to be spread at the foot of the altar. The religious ceremonies and processions are actually ridiculed by those who are required by their office to take part in them.

The changes in the feelings and habits of the people are most observable in the large towns; they have as yet extended but little to the peasantry. One often meets with pretty fair specimens of this class among the drivers of the favorite ani-

* Proprietors of entailed estates.

† The only mode of travelling is, we believe, in palanquins.

mal, the donkey. These men travel on foot day after day with little food, always however with a pocket full of parched beans, with which and an occasional glass of sour wine from some village wine shop, indicated by the bush, they are content. Few or none of them taste animal food from one year to another; Indian corn bread, yams, and fish are their staple articles of diet. Even the pig that every cottager rears, goes to pay his rent; and his poultry, if he have any, is demanded by his landlord, or carried to market. Indian corn is so important to them, that its exportation has been often forcibly prevented by the people, until they were supplied at their own price.

The Azorean peasantry, although miserably poor, are cheerful and industrious. During the summer, night after night they are heard beating the flax on the large stone in front of the door of almost every cottage, until near morning, when a short respite is snatched from toil, to be resumed at the first dawn of light. Yet they are always happy. Their love of music and dancing, in which they are probably not excelled by any people, appears to be to them an unfailing resource. At certain seasons one can hardly pass the door of a cottage, without being arrested by the sounds of the rude guitar or *viola.* During the dance the man sings his extempore effusion of some fifteen or twenty lines, to the accompaniment of the instrument, which is continued by his partner, and by all the others in succession, occasionally enlivened with a melodious snap of the fingers. On the entrance of a stranger he is immediately welcomed in a stanza, and alluded to by each dancer in turn.

But our business is with the work of Count Vargas de Bedemar, upon the Geology of these islands. It is announced as only the *avant courier* of a more copious treatise on the same subject. The large balloon, it is to be hoped, will be better filled than the pilot; else assuredly it will not convey the noble author to the pinnacle of scientific fame.

Count Vargas visited the islands under some advantages for the prosecution of his proposed researches, the Portuguese government, at the instance of that of Denmark, having forwarded instructions to the local authorities to afford him every facility and attention. He arrived at Madeira, and after remaining there some months, proceeded to the Azores. These he visited in succession, and then returned to Lisbon,

where he gave to the public the results of his observations, in the Portuguese language, in the work now under our notice.

It appears to have been one of the objects of the Count's expedition, to settle the question as to the former existence of a continent or large island between Europe and America. The submersion of a western continent or island under the waters of the ocean, according to the account given to Solon by the Egyptian priests, was a retribution for the moral depravity of the inhabitants. The larger work in progress will no doubt more fully enlighten us as to the antediluvian bones, — "o grande osso antediluviano," — at Madeira ; and it will not surprise us if the learned author discovers them to be neither more nor less than the fossil remains of some of these unhappy people. The map of that distinguished geologist, Bory de St. Vincent, we presume is to be shown to have been drawn "from actual survey"; and all difficulties attending the hypothesis that any causes in operation now, or at any period since the creation of man, could have submerged beneath the waters a tract of land extending from 40° to 15° north latitude, including the Azores, Cape de Verds, and the Peak of Teneriffe, are to fade like the baseless fabric of a vision. The faith of geologists in such men as Humboldt, Von Buch, Bennet, and others is doomed to be shaken, if not wholly swept away ; and we shall look for a profound dissertation on the existence of the "inscribed stone" of St. Michael's, of "the equestrian statue with its hand pointing to America" of the island of Corvo, and of the "vase full of Carthaginian money" found on the beach at Flores, to say nothing of the hundred and one traditions of Fructuozo and Cordeiro. * We shall be curious to learn whether the monkish legends, with which the Count seems to have been so familiar, deterred him from visiting that most remarkable spot in St. Michael's, the valley of the Furnas ; nor will it surprise us to be informed that he

* These traditions, we are informed in a note, have been copied into all the modern works on these Islands. "Estas tradições forão publicadas em todos os livros modernos." We will not pretend to say how far this may be correct as regards works in other languages; but not one of the many works and descriptions in French or English, that we have had an opportunity of examining, contains even an allusion to these fables. We do not include the miserable fiction of the imaginative Ashe, whose veracious travels in the United States were surpassed in originality by his quarto on the Western Islands. If this should have happened to be the only work in English, that fell into the Count's hands, we can account for the positive assertion to which we have alluded.

did not venture within a couple of leagues of the hot springs of this beautiful valley, where he may have settled it in his mind that the ancient inhabitants of Atlantis are still expiating their crimes in the boiling mud and sulphur of the Caldeiras.*

These are not the only remarkable objects, of which the Count has taken only the most hasty notice. Thus he merely mentions the occurrence of caves in some one of the islands, but has omitted to notice the very extensive caverns in the lava of Fayal and St. Michael's, some of which, particularly in the latter island, were explored and are minutely described by Dr. Webster in his work on the Azores, published in 1822, and which exhibited not only many singular forms of stalactical lava, but afforded other valuable geological information. †

The manner in which the occurrence of opal at Fayal is mentioned (page 12), might lead to the supposition that it was

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* For a description of these springs, inferior only to the Geysers of Iceland, and which are merely named in this "Resumo," we must refer our readers, to Dr. Webster's account in the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal; and for a minute analysis of the waters by Dr. Jackson, to a late number of the American Journal of Science.

† Count Vargas slightly alludes to the works of "alguns Inglezes," which he pronounces to be merely the results of a cursory glance, "correrão de passagem," but he does not appear to have met with that of our countryman Dr. Webster. This was, we believe, the result of a residence of the greater part of a year. It has long been known to geologists, and has been often quoted by Lyell, Daubeny, and other European geological writers. Dr. Webster has recently made a second voyage to the islands, and observed several new and interesting phenomena, among which may be mentioned the discovery of the evolution of large quantities of carbonic acid and nitrogen gases, from the hot springs and fissures in the lava; some remarkable changes on the surface from the action of water; several new fumaroles, in different places, with deposits of silica; springs of hot water beneath the running streams of cold water, and many other interesting facts. The effect of the carbonic acid emitted from a fissure at the base of a hill of trachyte and tuffa in St. Michael's, is described by Dr. Webster as very striking. In front of the fissure was a level field of some acres in extent, planted with Indian corn. The corn, at the distance of ten or fifteen yards from the fissure (a mere crack in the rock) was nearly full grown, and of the usual height; but as it was nearer to the fissure, this regularly diminished, and, within five or six feet, it was but a few inches in height. This curious effect was obviously owing to the gases flowing from the fissure, at first on a level with the plain, where they spread laterally, but in consequence of their great specific gravity, remained on the ground; as the distance however from the fissure increased, they became more and more mingled with atmospheric air, and were more and more elevated, until they rose above the corn, which there attained its proper growth. This affords a fine illustration of Dr. Dalton's theory of the diffusion of gases, and of the influence of carbonic acid on vegetation.

discovered by our author, though we happen to know that it was first noticed and made public by that indefatigable naturalist, Mr. Nuttall, several years since. It has been usual for geological observers of any reputation, who have described tracts of country which had been previously examined by others, carefully to acknowledge the sources of information they had occasion to use. But this does not appear to have been deemed necessary by Count Vargas. He briefly tells us, in the compass of four lines, that some of the islands have been glanced at by his Excellency M. d'Albuquerque, and some "naturalistas Inglezes." With the exception of the late Mr. Bowdich, no English "naturalista" has been deemed worthy of mention. The notice of Mr. Bowdich,* as well as the allusion to Albuquerque's † very imperfect account in the Portuguese language, could not very well have been avoided, our author having been greatly indebted to the first named traveller, and the "Resumo" having been published in Lisbon. We cannot for a moment suppose, that a "Director do Museo Real da Historia Natural," had never seen Von Buch's work, or stumbled on Humboldt's first volume; and though other works of humbler pretensions may well have escaped his notice, certain it is that the "Resumo" everywhere exhibits marks of having been, for the most part, sublimed, like the sulphur of the islands, from some hidden store-house of materials; — that is, so far as its statements are correct; there remains enough, after this deduction, to entitle it to the character of great originality.

It is well known to geologists of the present day, that many errors have been committed by those, who have turned their attention to volcanic districts, in consequence of their having overlooked some of the most decided craters, from their want, probably, of decided symmetry. This appears to have been the case with Count Vargas. He tells us, for instance, that there are but two craters in St. Michael's; we believe he would have come nearer the truth if he had said two hundred. He does not seem to have been acquainted with the true characteristics of a volcanic country, or to have been aware that the existence of a crater is by no means characteristic of a volcanic mountain or island. The operation of time and the in-

* Bowdich's posthumous work on Madeira and Porto Santo was published in 1825.

† Observações sobre a Ilha de S. Miguel, Lisboa, 1826.

fluence of external agents, are not the only causes of the great changes which craters undergo. As has been justly remarked by Mr. Scrope, there exists in the volcanic phenomena themselves, a tendency to obliterate their forms ; — a series of causes alternately scooping out the interior of a volcanic mountain, and gradually filling up again the cavity or crater thus produced.* Of the changes which volcanic countries gradually undergo long after active eruptions, we have very recent evidence in regard to the vicinity of Jorullo in Mexico, where, in 1759, a tract of ground from three to four square miles in extent rose up in the shape of a bladder, with thousands of small cones, from six to ten feet in height ; and in the midst of these, six large masses sprung up from a chasm, from three hundred to sixteen hundred feet each, above the old level of the plains. Since this spot was visited and described by Humboldt, about twenty-four years have elapsed, and during that time the immediate vicinity has undergone such a change, that it can hardly be recognised from his description, and a great part of the little cones have disappeared.† "When," says Professor Daubeny of Oxford, — whose philosophical work on volcanoes is well known to geologists, and whose recent visit to the United States has afforded so much pleasure to so many of our readers, — "when we observe a mountain constituted of materials, possessing even in part, a vitreous aspect and fracture, together with a cellular structure, &c. we need not hesitate in pronouncing the whole mass as volcanic, although all vestiges of a crater may be lost, and the form possess no analogy to that which belongs in general to mountains of the same class."‡ We need not multiply authorities on this point, and will only add, that because the Count saw none of his expected vestiges of craters in several of the islands, it is no proof that they do not exist. His only notion of a crater was probably that of all persons who have not made themselves acquainted with the true geological import of the term.

Count Vargas has made one notable discovery, of the honor of which we would on no account deprive him. It is that of "schisto argiloso primitivo " in the Island of Graciosa, a specimen of which we happen to have seen, marked, if not by his

* Considerations on Volcanoes, London, 1825.
† See Burckhardt's Travels in Mexico.
‡ A Description of Active and Extinct Volcanoes, London, 1826.

own hand, by his authority. It is as distinct trachyte with crystals of felspar and vesicular cavities, as was ever found in a volcanic region. The slaty structure and somewhat vitreous lustre are the only characters which give it any resemblance to argillaceous schist.

In the description of the island of St. Mary's, we are told, that it had been supposed to be primitive, or to contain primitive rocks. Where this piece of information was picked up, we are unable to say. We have seen portions of granite' which were ejected from the extinct volcanoes of one of the Azores but little changed, yet still exhibiting proofs of having been subjected to a very high temperature; but we never before heard of the occurrence of primitive rocks in St. Mary's. This island, but a few miles from St. Michael's, and in plain sight, is conceived by the Danish geologist to be a fragment of Madeira, at least a thousand miles distant. The reasons for this belief will we fear not be quite so satisfactory to others. They are, the similarity of stratification of what he terms the basalt, the presence of the same species of conglomerate and tuffa, the same "calcareous element," in superficial layers, &c. So too the remains of forests on the opposite sides of Porto Santo and Madeira, the occurrence of the same rocks, the symmetry of the basaltic layers, and the presence of basaltic veins in both, are adduced by Count Vargas as proofs of the original connexion of those two islands. The same reasoning, carried a little way further, might have been made to prove the original connexion of St. Mary's with Iceland and Desolation Island, with all the intervening dry land, with the Moluccas, and the Giant's Causeway. It is true, as stated by Count Vargas, that limestone occurs in the island of St. Mary's, but it is of most obvious recent formation. It is quite hard indeed, but full of fossil marine shells, and impressions, with many fragments of lava, tuff, and obsidian, and perfect crystals of augite. If this limestone had been of anterior formation to the lava, it must have been subjected to enormous pressure, otherwise its carbonic acid must have been driven off. The absence of such pressure is not only indicated by the limestone itself, but also by the cellular appearance of the fragments of lava enclosed in it.

As regards the clays met with in several of the islands, so far from having been originally deposited in their present state, they have originated from the action of the acid vapors and

gases upon the felspathic rocks, the trachytes and porphyries in their vicinity; and it is a process which is to be seen going on at this very moment, not only here, but in all solfaterras. When the escape of these gases and vapors shall have ceased, the vast quantities of argillaceous matter, now soft and nearly liquid, will probably become dry and hard, and put on the same appearance as the clays of St. Mary's.

We have remarked, that while the views of geologists as to the changes to which these islands may have been subjected, will of course differ, as to their volcanic origin there can be but one opinion. The questions, for instance, whether their lavas have been all ejected under or above the waters, and whether certain parts have been elevated and others depressed, will admit of discussion. But we shall leave these points, and endeavour to present our readers with some of the results of the observations of geologists, who have preceded the author of the "Resumo."

Madeira was several years ago described by Von Buch, as consisting of beds which have been elevated above the level of the ocean by elastic fluids; but he did not notice any distinct craters. Mr. Bennet found two craters, one on the eastern, and the other on the western side of the island,* the largest being about four English miles in circumference. Mr. Scrope, in his ingenious and valuable work on volcanoes, quotes Madeira as one of the many examples of islands composed chiefly of volcanic products, which have risen from below the sea, solely by subterranean expansion, without having been since augmented in height or bulk by the products of external ejections.† Mr. Bowdich's account leaves no doubt of the volcanic origin of Madeira, and he has described the tuff, scoriæ, pumice, and other volcanic products of which it consists. He found the tuff and scoriæ repeatedly alternating with a cellular basalt (lava ?), forming a bed or current, the direction of which was indicated by that of the oval or elongated cells. He also describes a compact and columnar variety of basalt, in many places covering the other strata, and itself here and there covered by fragments cemented by a yellow tuffa. In the centre of the island this was seen immediately incumbent on limestone, which Mr. Bowdich considers as the fundamental rock, and the thickness of which is seven

* Geological Transactions, London, Vol. I. p. 392.
† Scrope on Volcanoes, London, 1825, p. 183.

hundred feet. This limestone he refers to the transition series. Both this and all the other rocks are traversed by very numerous dykes of basalt. An elliptical funnel-shaped depression was observed about eighty feet above the sea, which was probably a crater of elevation. From Mr. Bowdich's account, it presents every appearance of having been formed by a minor volcanic heave, which threw up vast blocks of the rock it rent from beneath the ocean, but did not eject any lava or contents of its own.

The island of Porto Santo appeared to the same observer to consist of tertiary sandstone and limestone, alternating with the volcanic strata. The lowest visible deposit is a calcareous tuffa, reaching to the height of sixteen hundred feet, and traversed by vertical dykes of basalt. The sandstone Mr. Bowdich considered as of more recent origin than the volcanic deposit; and in the neighbouring island of Basco he saw the calcareous tuffa covered with beds of limestone a hundred feet above the level of the sea. Count Vargas professes his belief that the calcareous rock and basalt are contemporaneous. But the limestone abounds in shells, which, together with the relative position of the two rocks and other geological appearances, lead to the probable inference of the limestone being of more recent origin. The horizontality of the strata, both in this and some of the other islands, is opposed to the theory of elevation by violent volcanic action beneath a limited area; but the facts which have within a few years been brought to light, have relieved us from the necessity of resorting to this explanation. Our views in regard to volcanic action have been greatly modified, and we have been taught, that a gradual rise of land over a great extent of country has been and is going on. We think that evidence exists of such change in some of these islands, and little or none of that subsidence and submersion of which the Count was apparently so well satisfied.

The curious and highly interesting circumstances in regard to the elevation of the solid strata of the North of Europe, and in South America, are now familiar to geologists, but may be less so to some of our readers, and certainly do not appear to have been known to our author. There is now no doubt of the rise of land on the coast of Chili in 1822, and again in 1835 to the height of ten feet in some places. Indeed Mr. Darwin observed evidence of a rise of fourteen feet about

sixty miles south of Valparaiso, in the shells attached to the rock. Similar facts have further shown that the whole coast of the Pacific from Peru to Terra del Fuego has undergone this change of level. The parallel terraces, as at Coquimbo, which rise to the height of three hundred feet and more, have been found to be covered with seashells, indicating successive elevations. And this has not been effected by sudden and violent action only, but also by insensible degrees, as is now admitted to be the case in parts of Norway and Sweden, and in the island of Great Britain. The elevation of the coast of South America, which we believe first attracted notice, was attended with a terrific earthquake, but in the North of Europe along the coasts of the Bothnian Gulf the rise has been gradual, and unattended with any volcanic phenomena. Mr. Lyell has recently examined the marks, cut in the rocks by the Swedish pilots under the direction of the Swedish Academy in 1820, and found the level of the Baltic in calm weather several inches below them. He also found the level of the waters several feet below marks made seventy or a hundred years before. He obtained similar results in other places. He discovered deposits on the side of the Bothnian Gulf, between Stockholm and Gefle, containing fossil shells of the same species which now characterize the brackish waters of that sea. These occur at various elevations, of from one foot to a hundred feet, and sometimes reach fifty miles inland. The result of this examination induced Mr. Lyell to declare his belief, that certain parts of Sweden are undergoing a gradual rise to the amount of two or three feet in a century.*

The relative changes of level of the sea and dry land have been noticed in several other places, especially in the neighbourhood of Pozzuoli, of which M. Arago gave an account at the meeting of the Academy of Sciences on the 15th of May, 1837, together with the results of the observations of M. Capocci, Director of the Observatory at Naples. It is to be hoped, that this highly interesting phenomenon, connected with the physical history of the earth, will not be neglected by observers in this country, which has already presented so many new and important geological facts. Mr. Babbage has proposed an ingenious explanation of these phenomena, viz.

* Fourth Report of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

the local changes of temperature in the lower strata of the earth; and has calculated that a change of 100° Fahrenheit that should affect a formation of sandstone to a depth of five miles, would cause an elevation at the surface to the extent of twenty-five feet.*

Before undertaking a description of these islands, our author should have made himself somewhat acquainted with the phenomena of subaqueous volcanoes, and would then have been saved the unsuccessful labor of bending facts to a preconceived theory. He must have seen in every island evidence of the repetition of eruptions, and ought to have been aware that such repetitions must have had the effect of raising the summits of the once submarine mountains above the level of the sea. According to the best observers, the limit of elevation has in many cases been attained, and hence we have these and other insular volcanoes. The observations of Humboldt and Von Buch, have led them to the opinion, that in submarine eruptions, the strata previously forming the bottom of the sea are uniformly elevated. Hence it is easy to account for the presence of the limestone in these islands, and the occurrence in it of fossil shells and impressions. But in some, the limestone is of more recent origin.

The great lateral extension of many of the beds of lava in these islands is one of the many evidences of their having flowed under the pressure of the ocean, as has been remarked in Iceland, the Ferroe islands, and others whose submarine origin is admitted by all observers. Where volcanic action has broken out since the elevation, the craters, or lateral openings and dykes, are everywhere seen. In some of the beds of lava, the vessicles or air bubbles are of prodigious size, two or more feet in diameter, and those of smaller size are everywhere met with, even in the hardest and most compact lava, while that in which they are so numerous as to give the lava the spongiform and cellular aspect, occupies the sides of the hills or covers large tracts of surface. The hills and mountains with which the islands abound, marking the sites of eruptions, and the plateaux composed of compact lava and tuff, or covered by pumice and scorified fragments, with blocks of obsidian, still farther indicate a submarine origin, and render the resemblance to Iceland and the islands already referred to still more striking.

* Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, Oct. 1837.

The interpositions of beds of scoriæ and tuffa, which are to be seen in the most distinct manner alternating with the beds of basaltic lava all along the coasts, in bold precipices, indicate a series of ejections at successive intervals. In some of the islands, high bluffs are composed entirely of very hard, light-colored tuffa, which, as at Fayal, might be mistaken for sandstone; in other places detached masses rise in pinnacles above the waters, or have been cut through by the action of the waves, presenting the most picturesque appearance. Some of them are arched and the waters flow beneath.

Great changes on the surface are going on at this day. Within the recollection of many of the inhabitants, torrents of water have rushed from the mountains, carrying destruction in their course, overwhelming cottages and cultivated spots with huge masses of rocks, pumice, and loose earth. There is one spot in St. Michael's, several acres in extent, which was verdant and cultivated, until on a sudden the whole surface was covered with huge fragments borne down in the course of one night, and it is now a barren waste of loose rocks. In another spot, on the side of a deep ravine, at the bottom of which flowed a small stream, an enormous mass of pumice, an acre or two in extent and several hundred feet in thickness, suddenly separated from the main body, which formed an extensive plain, and fell into the ravine, leaving a yawning and frightful chasm. In Madeira these destructive effects have been more common and terrific than in the Azores. The effect of a most frightful flood, which occurred in 1803, has been described by an eyewitness, when such a swelling of the rivers took place, that they shortly rose and overflowed their banks, rushing down the declivities, and sweeping away whole vineyards and plantations, cattle, wine, stores, and the houses of the inhabitants, who, with their whole families perished. Rocks of enormous size, as well as the largest trees, torn up by the roots, were carried from the mountains to the sea. The vestiges of this dreadful flood are still to be seen. A crater, said to be about three quarters of a mile in circumference, had a segment of its larger circumference, with the trees growing upon it, borne down into the bottom of the crater. In the town of Funchal, whole lines of houses with their inmates were swept into the sea, churches, bridges, and edifices of every description were involved in the same general wreck. It was computed that no less than three hundred persons perished.

The action of the waves is continually producing changes along all the coasts, the interposed beds of tuff and cinders are washed away, and the compact beds of lava being left unsupported, fall. The shores are strewed with huge blocks and fragments of all sizes.

Did not the geological structure of the islands furnish abundant evidence of volcanic action, we find it on record in the islands, and in one of the earliest works, that eruptions and earthquakes have occurred at various times, as well within the recollection of living witnesses as at earlier periods.

The first earthquake of which we have been able to find any record was on the 25th of October, in the year 1522, when five thousand persons were destroyed. It occurred at daylight, and was particularly violent in the district of Fanaes da Ajuda and Maia, on the north coast of St. Michael's. It extended to a considerable distance, nearly destroying the large city and port of Villa Franca. A large part of the town was laid in ruins, and the Franciscan convent and other buildings were overwhelmed by a torrent of ashes and mud which has since become consolidated into a compact tuffa. Although the destruction of this place is now always attributed, by the present inhabitants, to an earthquake, it is beyond doubt that an eruption took place, of which we find traces in the compact lava covering the tuff and running out into the sea, forming indeed a wall with points here and there appearing above water, and resembling somewhat a coral reef, in front of the town. There is also in front of the town an island of tuff in distinct strata, dipping towards the interior in the form of a washing basin.*

In 1563, on the 25th of June, the whole island of St. Michael's was convulsed with an earthquake, which was most seriously felt in the neighbourhood of Ribeira Grande. An eruption appears to have taken place near the centre of the island; and the hill formed, which has now the name of Mount Vultur, exhibits abundant evidence of this event. The lava flowed in a current chiefly to the West, and covered Cabuco with porous lava; a tract which still remains uncultivated. At this time a large crater, called Lagõa do Fogo (or Lake of fire), twelve and a half fathoms deep, was formed.

An eruption also occurred on the 2d of September, 1630,

* See a plate and description of this island in Daubeny on Volcanoes, copied from Dr. Webster's work.

in the valley of the Furnas, and the spot is now a nearly circular plain surrounding a somewhat high hill with a crater at top. At this time the cinders were carried nearly ninety leagues, as far as Terceira.

Since then other eruptions of minor importance have taken place from the same spot. On the 10th of October, 1652, the elevated Pico do Fogo was raised, and on the 19th of the same month, the hill called Pico de Jão Ramos, northeast of Lugar de Rosto de Cão in St. Michael's. July 3d, 1638, was an eruption from the sea off Pico das Camarhinas, at the distance of one league from land, and where there were forty fathoms of water. In 1691, there was an eruption off St. Michael's, and another in 1720, producing an island six miles in circumference. Many earthquakes occurred in the autumn of 1810. On the 1st of February, 1811, was an eruption off Genetes ; and on June 13th occurred another, about a mile from the island of St. Michael's, which elevated the island called Sabrina, described and depicted in Dr. Webster's work. The same phenomena have since occasionally recurred, but there has been no actual volcanic eruption in St. Michael's. In the island of St. George a destructive eruption happened in 1808, which is also described by Dr. Webster.

In the Count's meagre notices of the other islands, there is nothing which demands notice. We should perhaps make an exception in regard to Flores, where he professes to have discovered a vein of zinc ! — more primitive rocks, — the "schisto argilloso primitivo" again ; — and "grandes depositos de barro proprio para cachimbos," which may be translated pipe clay, enough for all the smokers, of whom there is no deficiency, in the islands ; — a discovery (this last) so far exceeding in importance any other recorded in the "Resumo," that its author deserves from the grateful Azoreans a perennial monument of pipe-stems.

In a word, all the geological phenomena, which have been remarked, lead to one and the same inference in regard to the volcanic origin and causes of the present aspect of the remaining members of this archipelago, and lend no support to the theory of subsidence. We do not hesitate to express our opinion, that not only Madeira and the Azores, but also the Cape de Verds and Canaries have had a similar origin, and are to be viewed as belonging to the third class in Mr. Scrope's arrangement of volcanoes ; in which are also comprised many

of the volcanoes in the Cordilleras of South America, those of Sumatra, Java, the Moluccas, and nearly all in the islands of the Pacific, — in all of which we hear of terrific eruptions occasionally breaking out from mountains which were not previously suspected to be of volcanic nature, or from the adjacent waters.

Art. IV. — *Histoire de Napoléon*, par M. de Norvins. Deuxième Édition en quatre Tomes, à Paris et à New York. 1829.

History of Napoleon, by M. de Norvins.

Though scarcely known in this country, the History of M. de Norvins is generally esteemed in Europe the most valuable work hitherto published on Napoleon and his age. It has been rendered into several of the continental languages, and should before now have been placed, in a good translation, in the hands of English and American readers.

We refer to it, however, at the present time, for a different purpose from that either of analysis or criticism. We propose to throw together some notices of a personage, who, for a brief space, occupied a prominent position in that eventful history; — one of those many actors on a busy scene, whom time silently sweeps away, and whom the world so easily forgets, as soon as they have ceased to be the immediate objects of hope or fear, of admiration or animosity.

In a newspaper of last autumn, among the scraps of foreign intelligence, our eye fell upon a hasty announcement of the death of Maria Louisa, Archduchess of Parma, widow of Napoleon Bonaparte; one, who, had she been so happy as to have died twenty-seven years ago, in giving birth to the heir of that splendid royalty which then she shared, would have had her praises proclaimed from the pulpits of all Christendom, and her last words registered in the annals of nations. But she outlived her fair destinies. Clouds settled round the sunset of her day; and she went down in silence and loneliness, unheeded and unlamented, lost in the crowd of monarchs, an outcast from renown.

In giving a short biographical sketch of this princess, it

would be unreasonable, as well as fruitless, to aim to revoke the sentence which condemns her name, if not to oblivion, to obscurity. The writer of this notice (born her subje though not interested in her memory by any benefit or injury) might be pardoned a momentary feeling for the indifference with which she is dismissed ; but no one certainly has a right to wonder, that other interests should so absorb the attention of our sober and peaceful contemporaries, as to leave them no leisure to look at the exit of such personages as played the tragedy on the same stage where we are now acting the comedy ; whose errors and follies, whose stormy vicissitudes, prepared this blessed period of tranquillity in which we are privileged to live. Still it may be thought worth while to place on record some notices of such a life, that, if curiosity should at any time be rekindled concerning it, an humble monument may remain to guide others in their researches.

The life of Maria Louisa, during the period of early womanhood, is already in the charge of history. As long as she was sailing on board the lofty ship, that seemed for a time to have chained the winds at its stern, the eyes of all Europe were fixed upon her. When that proud vessel went down, and she was cast ashore amidst the wreck of that sudden disaster, the world lost sight of her ; and the last page of her biography is blank, like that of the seaman thrown by the waves on the coast of a desert island, and effaced from the roll of the living. But, before we come to our subject, before we endeavour to fill up that blank page, we must recall to the memory of our readers what most of them well know, and what in consequence we shall give in few words, the life of our heroine from her birth to the fall of Napoleon.

Maria Louisa Leopoldine Caroline, Archduchess of Austria, eldest daughter of the Emperor Francis the First, and of the second of his four wives, Maria Theresa of Naples, was born at Schönbrunn, in 1791. She was bred like other daughters of monarchs. She was taught to speak French and Italian, and to play on the piano, with all the other appendages of drawing, dancing, and riding.

Born at the very dawn of those tempestuous events, in which Austria was so long and so disastrously engaged, and in which, by a succession of disgraceful campaigns, her father lost, one after another, the best provinces that a succession of

marriages* had added one after another to the possession of his ancestors, Maria Louisa had learnt from her nurse never to think of the French without shuddering with horror, never to finish her prayers till she had added a curse upon the name of Napoleon.

But fortune favored the brave. The ruffians, who had shed torrents of blood, who had overturned altar and throne, who had led her aunt Maria Antoinette to the scaffold, and, by long outrages and famine, coldly murdered her child, —now they had come. The blond youth of Austria had perished on the fields of fair Italy, on the Raab, at Essling, at Wagram, in a vain attempt to oppose their progress. The squares of Vienna were still silent and desolate, where the French had pitched their tents. Schönbrunn was still polluted, where the insolent Corsican had established his head-quarters. The crowd of archdukes were just returning from Buda, where, fugitive and exiled, they had received laws, such as it had pleased the proud conqueror to dictate.

Yet that conqueror was not inexorable. Her imperial family, in their haste to escape from imminent danger, had abandoned her, sick, alone, in distress, in the palace of the capital, in a besieged city, almost at the mercy of the enemy; and the generous enemy, in a moment of chivalrous gallantry, had ordered the palace to be respected, and his bombs to be directed elsewhere. The conqueror was not inexorable. Twice had Austria lain prostrate at his feet, and twice had she been spared; and now, when, availing herself of favorable circumstances, she had broken all faith and truce, and provoked the vengeance of her enemy, when revenge would have seemed as just as it was profitable and easy, the magnanimous enemy still listened to proposals of peace, and granted it on such moderate terms as Austria had not dared to expect.

Austria had lost all. She had no longer any provinces to give up. She could not pretend to bestow on the invader what was already indisputably his. There was only one gift by which the vanity of the Corsican *parvenu* could still be won upon. Austria, now struggling for her very existence, did not hesitate. She stained by a *mésalliance* the arms of the proud house of Hapsburg. She gave up her blood and

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* "Bella gerant alii; tu, felix Austria, nube;
Nam, quod Mars aliis, dat tibi pulchra Venus."

flesh. She gave up Maria Louisa; the peace of Vienna was sealed; Cesar was restored to his throne. And now the enemy of her father, of her country, and of her God, must acquire over her the most sacred rights. She must look upon him with fondness and deference; she was the fairest of his conquests, the wife of his choice; she must be the mother of his children.

The language of the court was changed. The brigand chief had become a leader of heroes. His pedigree was found to ascend to a prodigious antiquity. The jacobin general was now the anointed of the Lord. He had restored order to France, and peace to Europe. The Aulic Council called him their friend. Francis the First called him his brother. He was as generous as fortunate. He was the Alexander of our days; and, like Alexander, he was to choose among his enemies a bride, who should endear to him the shade of his laurels, who should make him love the security of peace, and the comforts of home.

Maria Louisa listened, and prepared for the sacrifice. The mild creature never knew how to show any repugnance to other people's desires. She had been taught to hate, and she hated; she was now bidden to love, and she married. On the 11th of March, 1810, the nuptials were celebrated at Vienna, Berthier prince of Neufchatel representing the person of Napoleon. Two days afterward the bride proceeded towards France.

In a little village near Soissons, a single horseman, in plain dress, rode by her carriage, and approached as if to reconnoitre more closely. The carriage stopped, the door was opened, the cavalier entered, and they proceeded together. Thus did Napoleon, by an unceremonious surprise, introduce himself to his bride; thus was her love romance commenced and finished. During the three following days, she was led through all the ceremonies of the French court, and, March 31st, she received the nuptial benediction from Cardinal Fesch, uncle of Napoleon.

Maria Louisa was then in the flower of her age. Her stature was above the middle size; her complexion fresh and blooming; she had auburn hair, Austrian eyes and lips; her hand and foot served as a model for the *Concord*, a statue of Canova. Her temper was sweet and gentle. An obedient and dutiful wife, she won the affection of her warrior, by all

the charms of youth and innocence. Her modest and artless deference could not fail to conciliate his despotic and wilful temper, and her unaffected tenderness was repaid with kindness and regard. Her intellectual faculties, it is true, were far from equalling those of her unfortunate rival Josephine, who exerted a useful influence upon the mind of her consort. Maria Louisa could do little more than bless and smile. Napoleon loved her the better for it. His ideas of the sex he had expressed to Madame de Staël, when that ambitious lady asked him who was the woman he liked best in the world. "*Celle que fait plus d'enfants*," replied the destroyer.

A year had scarcely elapsed, when Maria Louisa made him father of a son. Never was a child more noisily greeted at his coming into the world, nor could ever a woman be prouder of her offspring, than was the fortunate mother of the king of Rome. All Europe was awakened by the thunders announcing her happy *accouchement*. High mass was celebrated at all altars. Monarchs and princes came to attend the baptismal solemnity. Napoleon felt as if the revolving wheel of fortune had by that event been stopped for ever. Alas for him, that event was the last of unmingled prosperity. His impious war of Spain raised against him the execration of the just; the imprisonment of the pope excited against him the zeal of the pious; his campaign of Russia armed heaven and earth against him.

His hour had come. The Divinity, that had determined his destruction, maddened him first, and made his bewildering greatness the instrument of his fall. While starting for his last campaign of Germany in 1813, with the vain hope of conciliating his father-in-law, he placed his dutiful wife at the head of the regency which was to govern in his absence. His ingenuous empress, his mild and inexperienced companion, whom he had always called *ma petite oie*, "my little goose," was raised at once to the government of a tottering empire, in the midst of intrigues and factions, in days of perils and storms. Her task, however, was not so difficult as might be supposed. She received, by the mail from her husband, the speeches she was occasionally to deliver before the Senate; by her side was constantly sitting Cambacérès, the archchancellor, the right eye of Napoleon in all political transactions; and the *yea* and the *nay*, by which the regent answered all questions, were always dictated by the nod of the

minister.* The destinies continued adverse ; the French territory was invaded ; the flood threatened from every part. While Napoleon by marvellous efforts checked the allies on the right, they prevailed on the left, and arrived under the walls of the capital. Maria Louisa, who had nothing to fear from the besiegers, among whom were her father and brothers, without waiting for the result, insisted on being sent to Blois ; and thither she was accordingly escorted by twenty-five hundred men, the very soul of the garrison of Paris. Three days after, the capital surrendered ; and eleven days later the Emperor abdicated his crown at Fontainbleau.

Maria Louisa, willing or unwilling always without a will of her own, was obliged to follow her father to Vienna. In his exile, in his mock empire of Elba, Napoleon received visits from his mother and sisters. Friends and servants appeared by stealth, in haste, with a tear of regret, or with a ray of hope for better days. Towards the August of 1814, another visiter came ; a fair lady with a fair child in her arms, sailing from the neighbouring shores of Italy, with an air of great precaution and mystery. Napoleon received her with great attention, covered the child with his kisses, and clasped the mother to his bosom. There she remained two days and two nights, jealously hidden from public curiosity. Then, with the same secrecy, preparations were made for her de parture. Napoleon accompanied her to her barge, and stood upon the shore, long eagerly gazing upon the fading sail. Whence that lady had come, whither she was going, who she was, could not then be told. It became, however, afterwards, but too certain, that the lady was not, as history would fain have recorded, Maria Louisa, nor the child, the king of Rome.†

From the Isle of Elba, Napoleon started for new for-

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* We find among the memoirs of that epoch a little anecdote so universally asserted, as to leave small doubt of its authenticity. Napoleon, who was not always careful in the choice of his expressions, in a fit of impatience against some show of a reluctant spirit on the part of his Senate, walking up and down in a passion, and stamping upon the floor, had exclaimed, "*Ce sont des ganaches*," "They are blockheads." Maria Louisa, who was not much beyond the elements in her French, timidly approaching him, asked for the meaning of the word, *ganache*. Napoleon answered with visible embarrassment, "Why, — it means, — clever fellows." Maria Louisa treasured up the word. During her regency, being pressed to answer some difficult question, "Let us consult the archchancellor," said she, "*qui est le plus grand ganache de tous.*"

† It was afterwards understood, that she was a Polish countess from

tunes. His eagle once more spread its wings over France; his standard once more waved on the battlefield. One of the first cares of his reëstablished empire, was to assert his sacred rights over his wife and child. But Austria no longer dreaded his power. Austria was now at the head of his enemies; and Maria Louisa, under the paternal protection, and a prisoner in the Austrian court, was learning to forget her husband, and embroidering the banners which were to confront his eagle. An attempt was made, by the friends of Bonaparte at Vienna, to carry off his empress and heir, whom Napoleon had promised to present to the people at the *Champ de Mai*. But the plot was discovered, and Maria Louisa remained at Vienna till after the battle of Waterloo.

A fugitive, a prisoner, a victim chained, Prometheus-like, for torture, to the rock of St. Helena, Napoleon seemed never to think of his wife but with the fondest affection. His empress and child were the object of a profound anxiety. His letters and messages to her were reiterated with vain but incessant assiduity. The first question he addressed to all visiters, was about her. To her he gave his last thoughts, his last words. To her, in his last will, he intrusted all he still fancied himself to possess. To her love and kindness he recommended all such friends as had any claims upon his gratitude; his veterans, the companions of his glories, the sharers of his disasters. Whatever might have been his opinion of his empress during his life, he seems to have died her enthusiastic lover.

We are now about to consider how she responded to his esteem and affection, and how she realized the expectation of the world. We are to see her abandoned to herself, acting as an independent sovereign, at the head of a small but flourishing state, preceded by a fair reputation, rich in brilliant recollections, and mistress of her will.

At the epoch of the treaty of Fontainbleau, in 1814, the allies, having to dispose of the empress, thought of indemnifying her for the loss of her august titles, by giving her a share in the spoils of Italy; that unfortunate Italy, which, in all political transactions, has always been dismembered and parcelled to balance accounts. It was resolved, that she should

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Warsaw, the heroine of one of the few love intrigues in which Napoleon ever indulged.

be duchess of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, and her state was to be transmitted to her son as legitimate heir. The attempts of Murat, king of Naples, to make himself master of Italy, the troubles of the whole peninsula, and subsequently the return of Napoleon from the Isle of Elba, prevented the princess from being sent to her states. After the battle of Waterloo, Bonaparte's son was rebaptized; instead of his paternal name Napoleon, he was called Charles Joseph; his title of King of Rome was changed into that of Duke of Reichstadt; he lost all right to his mother's succession, and was withdrawn from her guardianship.

Maria Louisa had no spirit and no capacity for resistance. They bade her put off the arms and liveries of her husband; to divest herself of the title of empress; to forget Napoleon; to surrender his son. In all she was obedient. Widowed and childless, but surrounded with pomp and magnificence, all things being settled and disposed for her reception, she left Vienna and hastened towards her humble metropolis. Greeted and applauded wherever she passed in her journey, she drew after her the best part of the population of Lombardy. Parma was crowded with strangers of all nations and conditions. They were especially the friends and servants of her husband, French and Italian warriors of the Russian and German campaigns; disappointed people, who looked to her as the centre of their discomfited party, and to her son as the *spes altera mundi*.

The show and triumph displayed on the occasion, the enthusiasm excited by her appearance, were unexampled in the annals of Parma. The first intoxication of the Napoleonists, however, considerably abated, when they heard that her son was not with her. The disappointment was still greater, when the new government, thanking them for their good wishes, desired all strangers to return to their homes. The festivals were soon over; the capital was restored to order; and Maria Louisa was left alone with her subjects.

The duchy of Parma and Placentia, one of the most fertile portions of the lovely vale of the Po, bounded on the north by that noble river, on the south by the ridge of the Apennines, on the east by the Enza, and on the west by the Trebbia, two tributaries of the Po, measures about twenty-two hundred square miles, and has now nearly half a million of inhabitants.

Parma and Placentia, formerly two noble republics, proud

of the monuments of valor registered in the annals of their days of liberty, in 1508 were added to the territory of the church by the warlike Julius the Second. They were subsequently erected into an independent duchy by Paul the Third, who invested with them his son Pier Luigi Farnese; and remained as a possession of that family until its extinction in 1748. Then, after long wars which cost Europe more blood than the states were worth, they were adjudged to the Infant Don Philip, of the Spanish house of Bourbon. Ferdinand, heir of Don Philip, found himself involved in the catastrophe of the French invasion; and in 1802, Parma and Placentia were united to the French republic and empire, under the appellation of the Department of the Taro.

Maria Louisa, enthroned in prejudice of the legitimate heir, found at her arrival a flourishing state, enriched by the gold lavished upon it during the Spanish dominion, by the comparative peace it enjoyed during the first storms of the French revolution, and by the commerce and industry awakened by the active government of the lieutenants of Napoleon. Parma, its capital, a pleasant and lively town, with a population fluctuating between thirty and forty thousand souls, lies on a smiling plain upon the banks of a small river from which it derives its name. Its frank and hospitable inhabitants have always rivalled the largest capitals in every department of intellectual culture. Under their last Spanish duke, Don Ferdinand, enjoying the blessings of an uninterrupted peace, the University of Parma had been ranked among the most celebrated of Europe. While the prince, a weak and bigoted spirit, amused himself with singing litanies and ringing bells with the monks, the people cultivated letters and arts, and Parma was honored with the flattering appellation of the Athens of Italy.*

It was then difficult to misunderstand the course to be taken by the newly installed government. Days of repose having finally returned, the happy and liberalizing pursuits of peace were now to be resumed. Maria Louisa was perhaps by taste and inclination addicted to all kinds of refinement, and naturally inclined to declare herself a patroness of learning and art. But, had it been otherwise, the genius of the place would have prevailed over her. A taste for such accomplishments is

* See Botta, Storia d'Italia. Lib. II.

communicated to all the foreign rulers of Italy at their first arrival. They seem to breathe it with the air of that delicious country; with the very perfume of the flowers of its fields. The University prostrated since the days of military despotism, the Academy of the Fine Arts ransacked by the commissaries of the French government, were by the new sovereign restored in part from the ravages of the recent convulsions. Her comparatively mild government brought many conspicuous personages from the neighbouring states, and her munificent encouragement soon called all talents into exercise.

Turning her attention to more durable monuments, she laid the first stone of a magnificent bridge on the Taro, one of the mightiest of torrents; a gigantic work, which cost her seven years of care and several millions of francs; a colossal structure of stone, with twenty arches, nearly half a mile in length, wide enough to give passage to four carriages abreast, without contradiction the noblest bridge in Italy, and perhaps in all Europe.

This bridge being achieved, she set at liberty some twenty inmates of an ancient female convent, pulled down their cells, and raised upon those ruins a golden theatre, a splendid temple to the arts, rivalling in magnificence the Scala in Milan, and the San Carlo in Naples. She bestowed upon it large sums under the title of dowry; she called around her every kind of performers; she was proud of possessing an unequalled orchestra; and, since the Italians give up every thing for music, she afforded to her subjects music to their hearts' content.

Her bridges, however, her theatres, her superb villas, her magnificent train, her regiments of grenadiers whom she dressed and undressed with the capricious fondness of a girl for her dolls, her profuse liberality to stage-players and fiddlers, before long exhausted her finances. Commerce and industry languished; taxes pressed hard on the laboring classes, and the state ran merrily in debt.

Money went to Austria under a thousand pretexts, and without pretexts. It was now a tribute of vassallage, now a bargain of alliance. Manufactories were closed, as injurious to Austrian industry; steamboats were stopped as encroaching upon Austrian commerce. Maria Louisa paid her expenses when a guest at the court of her parents; she paid the board of her son, whom they held as a prisoner.

Her ignorance and submission to the commands of her father account for the mismanagement of the funds of her subjects ; she could, so far, do no better ; — but the enormous amount of her civil list, her foolish prodigalities, and above all her restless peregrinations, were not less fatal than the insatiable cupidity of Austria.

No sooner had the swallows of the first spring returned, than she began to feel uneasy within the walls of her palace. It was now the desire of embracing her son at Schönbrunn, now her sister at Munich, now her cousin at Naples. And, wherever she went, there followed a long caravan of dames, pages, and grooms, horses and chaises, dogs, parrots, and monkeys.

The monarchs of Europe, made wise by recent events, had adopted an economical style of travelling, in order to enjoy more comfort and freedom, and especially to spare the purse of their subjects. The emperor of Russia was seen travelling in a modest carriage and two, under the name of Count of Moscow ; the King of Naples appeared in the North of Italy with two attendants, as the Count of Aversa ; the petty duchess of Parma alone kept up in her journeys all the splendor of the purple. Out of mere kindness, her subjects and allies continued to her the title of Majesty ; she went through the world in all the pomp of the late Empress of France. The newspapers expatiated on her splendid attire and her unbounded liberalities. Her arrival was an event, her progress a triumph. While she was making so much noise abroad, her people were quietly starving at home.

Yet she continued honored and beloved by them. Her conduct was considered as the consequence of the vile policy of Austria. They believed her unacquainted with their miseries. Among the common sufferings, a word of sympathy was always reserved for her. They called her *the poor betrayed*, — *la povera tradita* ; and, at her return, the warmest reception always awaited her.

It was not rare, however, that some friend took pains to inform her of the true state of things. More than one appeal was made to her sensibility. There is no free press in that country, but truth knows how to find its way to the throne. One year she was preparing to set out on a voyage to Naples. She had hired a frigate of the King of Sardinia, and furnished it like the barge of Cleopatra. The harvest

had been very scanty, the winter very severe. Her people murmured and groaned. On the eve of her departure, at supper, under her napkin a little note was discovered ; it was in a few lines the voice of her people. Maria Louisa read and turned pale ; she bit her lips, and shed tears of rage ; her courtiers were confounded ; but on the morrow, the *poor betrayed* was riding to Genoa, and three days after sailing for Naples.*

To these causes of public discontent, other grievances of a more serious character were added, helping to undermine her popularity. As early as the days of her triumphal entry into

* The name of the author of those lines is not known, nor the means by which they reached their address ; but here is the sonnet, as the circumstance gave it a notoriety, which it could not have claimed merely as a literary production.

" Va pur, Luisa, e t' accompagni Iddio ;
Di Partenope bella al noto lido,
Te, al piacer sacra, invan de' figli il grido
Distorria dal materno alto desio.

" Va ; di te, di tue cure in cieco obblio,
Lieta veleggia insino in grembo a Gnido ;
Nè temer l' onde o il barbaresco infido,
Chè ai re propizio è il fato, altrui sì rio.

" Va, nè t' arresti, no, miseria o pianto ;
I sudditi lasciar del sire è l' opra,
Spirar tacendo è degli schiavi il vanto.

" Va pur ; qual sei, qual vali, il mondo scopra ;
Terra i sudditi tuoi cerchino intanto,
Che lor ossa spolpate un dì ricopra."

TRANSLATION.

" Go then, Louisa, and God be with thee ;
Sail on for Naples and its lovely sky ;
Let not thy sons with their importune cry
To thy maternal wish a hindrance be.

" Go ; from thy cares, from all thy duties free,
Go far beyond, where Venus' temples lie ;
Pirates or storms, fear not ; the watchful eye
Of Providence guides kings across the sea.

" Go, let no grief, no tears thy joys forefend ;
'T is the lord's pride to raise on tears his throne,
The pride of slaves to die without a groan.

" Sail on ; throughout the world thy glory extend ;
May earth be granted to thy sons oppressed,
To lay their sorrows with their bones at rest."

her states, the general enthusiasm excited in her favor had awakened the jealousy of the cabinet of Vienna. They felt as if the rock of St. Helena, and the walls of Schönbrunn could not assure them against the charm attached to the name of Napoleon. The family of Bonaparte, scattered, exiled, or closely watched by the police at Rome, appeared to be disarmed for all ambitious attempts. All hopes and wishes were thus turned towards her; and situated, as she was, in the centre of the boldest population of the peninsula, it seemed, that, at the first shout of emancipation, she would be placed at the head of the nation, and proclaimed regent of Italy.

Austria saw this, and, with that same indifference with which she had been sacrificed to the interests of her family and given up to her enemy, it was now decided, that she should be prostituted to her courtiers, and undone in the opinion of the nations. Her ruin and infamy, we say, were resolved upon as a *coup d'état;* by which we shall be understood to affirm, that such was the confident belief of her subjects. History shrinks from the responsibility of asserting a political profligacy so atrocious.

To undo a weak and unsuspicious woman, amidst the intoxication of a loose and dissipated life, alone and unadvised, surrounded by snares and intrigues, with a warm and passionate temper, in want of some object of affection, hopelessly separated from all its legitimate objects, was but too easy. A few years had scarcely elapsed, when the report of her misconduct had already degraded her in the eyes of Europe.

We have now arrived at the most painful part of our task; at the period of that long Iliad of guilt and woe, of shame and remorse, where the heroine disappears, to give place to the woman. We deem it however our duty, in giving some account of her degradation, not to take notice of all popular scandals. We guard ourselves against any departure from the strictest and best ascertained historical truth.

Adam Halbert, Count of Neipperg, lieutenant-general of Hungarian light-horse, was appointed by the Aulic Council private secretary to the Duchess of Parma. According to the scandalous chronicles of the times, the secretary and the lady had been long before familiarly acquainted. General Neipperg, it was said, made part of the brilliant train, which escorted Maria Louisa, bride of Napoleon, to the fair destinies, which awaited her in France.

Be this true or not, their mutual situation in Parma could not fail to bring them soon into the closest intimacy. In affairs of state and parties of pleasure, riding, dancing, hunting, and travelling, they were constant companions. The general had orders never to depart from his mistress's side ; she had orders never to move a step without him.

Neipperg was a tall, fine-looking personage. His age at his arrival was not much beyond thirty. He had a bright, warlike countenance, and, when seen on his left side, he was a striking type of manly beauty. In his early campaigns, in a close engagement, the lance of a French hussar had deprived him of his right eye. That honorable wound was carefully covered with a black band, and there remained charm enough in the eye he had left to win a weak woman's heart. It was but too soon, and alas ! before the 5th of May, 1821,* that Maria Louisa began to prefer her groves of Sala and her parks of Colorno, to the watchful curiosity of the city. It was too soon, that her pale brow had sunk from its habitual expression of Austrian pride ; that she was confined to her apartments for long intervals ; that, in short, the King of Rome ceased to be without a rival in her maternal tenderness.

The report of her weakness spread. In Milan and Turin the Italians, always bold and independent in the theatre, received her with loud cheers ; " Long live the Countess of Neipperg." But a countess of Neipperg was living in Austria, and, by the arrangement of the congress of Vienna, Maria Louisa, in case of marriage, was to be bereft of her states. At length, however, the lovers, having found themselves both in a state of widowhood, and the cabinet of Austria having yielded its consent, with great secrecy and haste, in a small chapel at Naples, they received the nuptial benediction ; and this

" Connubium vocat; hoc prætexit nomine culpam."

The epoch of her long connexion with General Neipperg was one of the happiest for her subjects. Neipperg was a man of generous and liberal sentiments. Endowed with a mild, though rather an obstinate temper, he abhorred violent measures ; and, whenever he did not labor under unfavorable prepossessions, he always stood firmly for the cause of justice and truth. He was very popular. He spoke not only Italian, but even the vulgar dialects of the country ; his style of living

* The day of Napoleon's death.

was simple ; his manners affable and easy. In public calamities he was zealous and active for the cause of humanity ; in public seditions he appeared alone and unarmed, disarming popular fury by the calmness of his countenance.

The days of Neipperg's administration were over too soon. In 1827, his regiment, his family, his courtiers, and the whole population attended his funeral ; his helmet and sword were laid by his side ; his war-horse was slain on his tomb. Maria Louisa departed for Vienna. The public voice pronounced, that Count Neipperg did not carry all her affections to his grave ; that he was not during his lifetime the sole master of her thoughts. We have already rejected such accusations. But the melancholy fact is, that there was in her conduct more than enough to authorize all kinds of idle conjectures. Her good people were highly scandalized. " Daughter of the North," they were ready to say, " is it thus, that you give lessons of continence to the glowing bosoms of the sons of Italy ? Is it to set such examples, that Heaven bestowed upon you a sceptre, a succession of illustrious ancestors, the glory of a beautiful name ? Is it for such an occupant that we kneel before the throne, and bring the fruit of our toil to its feet ; that we address prayers to Heaven for its security ? "

Such discontents were not always expressed in whispers. The people of Parma have, in the worst of times, been famous for boldness of speech. Maria Louisa could hear their murmurs, and read their lampoons. Unequivocal marks of disrespect met her everywhere. She was indignant at it. She changed her manner towards her subjects ; her subjects changed their feelings towards her ; and, when the general vicissitudes of the peninsula in 1831 arrayed all the population in war against their governments, Maria Louisa had already become an object of contemptuous dislike.

The public mind had been unsettled in Italy from the epoch of the fall of Napoleon. The disappointment of the hopes excited by the French invasions had spread over the country an aspect of gloom. The Holy Alliance had prevailed over Napoleon, only by appealing to the deepest feelings of the nation. The English and Austrians marched over Italy in 1814, preceded by the most sacred promises of emancipation and freedom. Secret societies, bound by terrible vows and bloody rites, under the general name of Carbonari, were multiplied with wonderful activity, to second the efforts of the allies, and

rid Italy at once of the French. All along the ridge of the Apennines, the bold peasantry of the mountains were armed against the remains of their armies. The invader being driven out, and the ancient governments reinstalled, the Italians had soon recovered from their illusion. They found the Austrians worse enemies than the French. The new governments proved more insupportable than the military despotism of Napoleon.

The Carbonari rallied ; and, with a talent for conspiracy peculiar to the countrymen of Machiavello, laid deep mines under the thrones of their princes. Spain, equally deceived, equally betrayed, had already shaken off those fetters, which she had incautiously cemented with her best blood, and forced Ferdinand the Seventh to sanction by oath her free institutions. The astonishing success of liberty in Spain encouraged the efforts of Italy ; Naples in 1820, and Piedmont in 1821, rose in open rebellion. The King of the Two Sicilies, and the King of Sardinia, were both compelled to receive laws from their subjects. Those two revolutions, however, took place at different periods, and without concert. The perjured monarchs, at the head of Austrian armies, marched against the rebels while yet discordant and unarmed ; and the torch of revolt, kindled in those two provinces without resistance, without resistance was quenched. Rome, Milan, and the petty states of Central Italy, had stood awaiting events. Prevented by circumstances from taking an open part in the movement, they had secretly seconded the efforts of the Neapolitans and Piedmontese for the national cause, and were in consequence involved in their fate. The active police of Austria exposed plots and conspiracies, where they were, and where they were not. Everywhere prisons were filled, and scaffolds erected. The days of terror had come.

In that emergency, the government of Maria Louisa proceeded with its usual clemency. General Neipperg refused his countenance to any effusion of blood. A few Carbonari were cast into prison ; a few others exiled. Some examples were made of young men of high rank and high expectation, who were chained hand to hand with ruffians and highwaymen, and sent to the galleys of Genoa.

Scaffolds, dungeons, and banishments had their usual effect. The passions of the indolent multitude were awakened ; they started with horror ; they looked on with sympathy.

What had been at first a timid conspiracy, became an open rebellion; what had been the opinion of a few, became the passion of all; the spirit of resistance pervaded all minds; the march of the governments was checked at every step; in all controversies, public opinion always pronounced against power. The victims were followed in their exile with anxious benedictions; their prisons were visited as the shrines of martyrs; their blood was gathered at the foot of the scaffold, and thrown towards heaven with prayers for a speedy hour of revenge. Politics had become the favorite topic of all circles. They preyed upon the heart like a consumptive disease. Pleasure had lost its zest; theatres and masquerades, their attraction. The abodes of vice, deserted, mourned over the improvement of morals.

Such was the state of Italy at the epoch of the French revolution of 1830. The first tidings of the stormy days of July had the effect of an electric shock. France, that nation fatally destined to drag all Europe after her, had again raised the first cry. Belgium had followed her example; Poland had thrown the gauntlet to her northern oppressor; now or never was the moment for Italy to start from her torpor. The members of old political associations rallied; the scattered links of the national bond were soldered anew; the friends of the country met with, and recognised each other at a glance, and saw each others' faces radiant with pride and confidence. Private feuds were forgotten; private interests sacrificed; the differences of rank were levelled, ancient prejudices were laid aside. The dawn of liberty everywhere manifests itself by the same symptoms; it is a universal reconciliation, a reform, a redemption. The men in power looked sad and pale; their tone was manifestly lowered; they put on their kindest look, their best smile. The minds of numbers thus disposed, what remained was, to give the reëxcited energy a favorable direction. For this the secret societies provided, and the people, as usual, looked towards them for a signal. Having studied the causes of the unfortunate issue of their attempts in 1820, the Carbonari were carefully extending their correspondence, so as to prepare all elements for an instantaneous general explosion. They knew that the greatest effect was to be expected from Naples and Piedmont, the two largest sections of the country, and, by their standing armies, the main strength of the nation. The Italian soldiery, brave and well trained, impatient of the

severe discipline and of the stagnating life of their garrisons, had always been, and were now, impatient for a new state of things. A revolution at Naples and Turin was now easier than ever ; and the principal actors in the conspiracy spoke of it with a boldness, which nothing but the certainty of success could inspire.

An unexpected incident, however, occurred to impede the regular march of affairs, and the impatience of the friends of liberty hurried on the project to its injury. Charles Felix, King of Sardinia, was on his deathbed ; his heir apparent was that Charles Albert, Prince of Carignano, who had already espoused the popular party in 1821, and, in that first effervescence, had been hailed King of Italy. His subsequent treasons and his cowardly apostasy had somewhat dishonored his name ; still it was a general belief, that at his accession, through ambition at least, he would stand at the head of the movement. The immediate death of the old king would thus have prevented in Piedmont all effusion of blood, and its armies, sound and untouched, would have marched over Lombardy, where the great contest with Austria was to be waged.

France, meanwhile, had already succeeded in arming Belgium, Poland, and a good part of Germany in the cause of its own newly-adopted principles. Italy alone was still silent ; and her apparent indolence, and the slow and cautious proceedings of her Carbonari, excited the discontent of the French court, which wished to see Austria engaged in some different work from that of watching its own policy.

Towards the end of December, 1830, under the administration of Perier and Sebastiani, the French government announced, that France assumed not to be the *propagandist* of liberal doctrines ; that she would never, directly or indirectly, conspire against the peace of her neighbours, or take part with the people against their legitimate governments ; but that, in return, no government, under the pretext of alliance, should interfere with the political revolutions which might take place in other countries, France being determined to use all her power to secure fair play for the two parties, in case of political differences between sovereign and subjects. This proclamation, too well known in Europe under the name of *non-intervention*, determined the course of the Italian revolutionists.

The existence of every one of the existing governments of Italy depended exclusively upon the overbearing influence of

Austria. That influence withdrawn, they could not stand for an hour. The smallest states of central Italy, certain of success, since the question was now to be decided within the limits of their own territory, could not be induced to wait longer.

One fair morning of February, 1831, a few days after the accession of the present Pope, the students of the University of Bologna, assembling in haste in a coffee-house in that city, without arms, marched in a crowd to the palace of the Cardinal Legate, and peremptorily signified their determination no longer to acknowledge pope, cardinal, or priest, as a temporal ruler. The Cardinal had nothing to reply; he called for his carriage, and bade the postilions take the road towards Rome. The Bolognese disarmed the Pope's troops and carabineers; pulled down the keys of St. Peter, and sang ribald verses against him; created a national militia, installed a provisional government, and cried, "Huzza for Italy." Faenza, Rimini, Ravenna, and all the towns of Romagna followed the example with as much rapidity as the mail could bring them the tidings, and liberty ran wild and victorious to the walls of Ancona. The garrison of that citadel deserted their post, and joined the insurgents. The ardent youth of Romagna, with arms and artillery, and with experienced leaders, set out for the capital. In less than a fortnight they arrived in sight of the Vatican. Here the French ambassador came to meet them, and enjoined on them to proceed no further. The insurgents obeyed.

While the revolution was thus stopped in the south by the behest of France, it came in contact with Austria in the north. The Duke of Modena, the most extravagantly cruel of tyrants, was already at war with his subjects. He had discovered a conspiracy in his little capital; and, ascertaining that the insurgents were assembled in the house of a principal citizen, he led his battalions and artillery against them, besieged and bombarded the house, and took it by storm in two hours.

He had hardly taken breath from this exploit, when tidings reached him of the events of Bologna. The Duke put himself at the head of his victorious force, took his treasures, his children, and his prisoners under its escort, and hastened beyond the Po, to place himself under the shield of Austria. His unfortunate subjects, recovered from their terror, sent a

hearty execration after him, and hoped they were to have no more of his company. Thus had the insurrection reached the confines of the territory of Maria Louisa.

The animosity between this lady and her subjects was now at its highest pitch. The public revenues being totally exhausted, the successors of General Neipperg, worthless emmissaries of Austria, had had recourse to the desperate expedient of paper currency. A tremendous riot of the laboring people had forced the government to abandon that measure. Tumults and mutinies sprang up among the students of the University, and several young men of the best families were arrested, and sent to a fortress in the heart of the Apennines. The pride of the highest and the interests of the lowest classes were thus equally wounded, when the national *tricolor* standard appeared on the bridge of the Enza, on the Modenese boundary, five miles east of Parma. The roads to the bridge were covered with people of all ranks, men, women, and children, walking, riding, driving to salute the *rainbow of liberty*. The young women cut up green, red, and white ribands, to make tricolored cockades and scarfs. The young men loaded their guns, and whetted the point of their poniards. Maria Louisa armed her twelve hundred grenadiers, levelled her six cannon, and harangued her troops on the square of her palace. Day and night her dragoons, with drawn swords and lighted torches, ran madly in different directions to clear the streets. There was a dead silence ; no movement of the people betokened that they had any thing at stake. But horses cannot run, nor soldiers watch, for ever. After three days of such vigorous patrolling, men and beasts were exhausted and sleepy. Maria Louisa asked a reinforcement of the Austrian garrison at Placentia ; the Austrian garrison replied, They had no orders.

The people peeped out at the windows. From the windows they began to shoot the dragoons as they passed ; then they sallied out into the streets, and, joining in formidable bands, drove those weary squadrons before them ; square after square, and row after row, the ducal troops lost ground, and the scene of the skirmishing was transferred to the doors of the palace. There the two factions stood confronting each other, each in their ranks, each under leaders measuring with their eyes the chances of the day. In that dreadful suspense, the Duchess, terrified, all bathed in tears, ap-

peared on her balcony appealing to the generous feelings of the multitude. The sight of her produced a wonderful sensation; the people started in a single mass like a single body, rushed against her guards and artillery, and drove them against the palace walls. Her army was disarmed and dispersed under her eyes; and, without firing a gun, or levelling a bayonet, she found herself at the mercy of her people.

The day being thus won for the liberals, a national guard and a provisional regency were organized. The state prisoners were liberated, and the former rulers proscribed. Maria Louisa was forced to sanction all acts by her name.

After two days of feverish anxiety, betaking herself to her natural defence of tears and swoons, she obtained her release. In vain the shrewd policy of the old Carbonari remonstrated against a measure, by which the people would be deprived of an important hostage, placed by Providence in their hands in case of a rupture with Austria. The chivalrous hearts of the youth who governed the insurgents were not proof against the aspect of feminine sorrow. A squadron of national guards was drawn up; one of her carriages was brought forward; and, surrounded by armed citizens in a formidable array, with tricolored banners waving around her, and national songs making the air ring, she was escorted for twelve miles, to the banks of the Po. There she bade farewell to subjects who loved her better, the greater the distance from which they viewed her.

She had no sooner withdrawn, than the people experienced how much better no master is, than the kindest of masters. For a month there was a universal jubilee. The people could not recover from the intoxication of their blessed independence. No order was broken; no law violated; public faith and honor were pledged for the public tranquillity. They felt that it is despotism alone that creates a rabble; that in a free state there are only citizens.

Meanwhile Austria had leisure to come to an arrangement with Louis Philippe. Louis Philippe said; "Let me alone, and I will leave others to take care of themselves." The Austrian battalions advanced.

The first blood was shed in the territory of Parma. It had Austrian garrisons on all sides. A detachment of national guards had advanced as far as Fiorenzuola, a little town ten miles from Placentia. They were two hundred young stu-

dents from the colleges, half soldiers, half demagogues, sent to stir up the spirits of the ignorant peasantry. Attacked in their sleep, in the dark, by a whole Hungarian regiment, with horse and artillery, surprised, drowsy, in disorder, they fought for two hours with severe loss to their enemies. Several of them died the death of the brave. A large number surrendered, and, with a rope round their necks, were led to Placentia, to which place Maria Louisa had received orders to repair with the remains of her court.

The people of Parma were awoke from their happy dream by the news of the breach of the non-intervention. But they were not dismayed. Eight young men set out in disguise with postchaises, went across a portion of disputed territory, and, by a daring *camisado*, laid hands on the person of the bishop of Guastallo, an Austrian prelate, the confessor of Maria Louisa, and one of her favorites; and from the heart of his diocese, from the quiet of his palace, they drove him in triumph to Parma, where he was surrounded with guards, and kept as a hostage. He was compelled to write a letter to the Duchess, in which he assured her on the part of the rebels, that the touching of a hair of the head of one of her prisoners, would be the signal for him to ascend the gallows. Maria Louisa, out of kindness to her spiritual director, set her captives at liberty, and his Eminence was accordingly dismissed. He took his flight beyond the Alps, not stopping until he saw himself among his friends at home, whence he could never be induced to return.

The provisional governments ruled with wisdom and moderation, but answered very timidly to the enthusiastic confidence of the young. They saw how hopeless any resistance to Austria must prove. They made all efforts to persuade the most resolute, that the days of chivalry were over; and it was now a proof of patriotism to submit, to yield to an unconquerable fortune, and wait for better days.

On the 20th of March, at break of day, a thick, close column of eight hundred Austrian infantry appeared at the eastern, and six thousand at the western gate. The most obstinate champions had been dragged by main force, by their parents and friends, from the gates where they had sworn to fight to the last, and the Austrians entered undisturbed.

It is not our purpose to follow the defeat of the revolution of 1831 in the other states of Central Italy. The fate of Parma

was with little variety that of Modena, and of the different provinces of the Papal state. The events were so rapid, and succeeded each other so quietly, that the world took no notice of them; and Austria made a mystery of the subject, as if she had been ashamed of her triumph.

Maria Louisa returned to her metropolis, to her silent and sullen metropolis. Shops and windows were shut up; at the theatre some of her courtiers raised the cry, "Long live Maria Louisa;" but the theatre was still as death. She confined herself to her palace, surrounded by Austrians, and proceeded against the rebels. None could be arrested but those who refused to fly. They were dragged before a regular tribunal, and judged according to the laws of the country. They underwent a long inquisition, but no crime could be proved against them. No witness could be found to testify, no judge to pronounce a conviction; the witnesses and judges were Italians. Maria Louisa proclaimed an amnesty, in which she excepted only twenty-one individuals, against whom she entertained a personal antipathy. Rome and Modena proscribed their subjects by thousands.

Meanwhile, schooled by misfortune, the Duchess limited the number of her servants, gave up travelling and building, and sold part of her jewels. Private and public chagrins preyed upon her mind. One of her favorite ministers was stabbed in broad daylight in one of the most populous squares. Her Austrians had daily quarrels with her Italians. Earthquake, famine, and cholera, successively ravaged her states. The people murmured, as if she had been guilty of all public calamities.

She was called to Vienna, after a short lapse of time, to see her first-born pine slowly, and die in her arms. A few years afterwards, she received the last breath of the Emperor, her father. Her health, undermined by the long indulgence of a disorderly life, was now shaken by the repeated strokes of adversity. She had lived too fast; she had soon reached her end. We know but little of the particulars of her death. According to the statement of the newspaper in which we read it, she appeared to have died at peace with Heaven, and pardoned by her subjects. The Italian motto is,

"Oltre il rogo non vive ira nemica."

ART. V. — 1. *British America.* By JOHN MCGREGOR, Esq. In two volumes. William Blackwood, Edinburgh, and T. Cadell, Strand, London. 1833.

2. *Narrative of an Expedition through the Upper Mississippi to Itasca Lake, the actual Source of this River, embracing an Exploratory Trip through the St. Croix and Burntwood Rivers, in* 1832. *Under the Direction of Henry R. Schoolcraft.* New York. Harper and Brothers. 1834.

WE do not propose to institute an examination of the works whose titles we have prefixed to this paper. Mr. Schoolcraft's book is confined mainly to topographical observations, and sketches of Indian character and languages. The work of Mr. McGregor, which is all that good paper and the English press could have made it, embraces a full account of the history and resources of the British possessions in North America. We shall avail ourselves of its aid, in throwing together some facts, relating to the history of Canada.

When, as long ago as the sixteenth century, the principal monarchs of Europe turned their attention to the new-found world in the West, the precious metals, which were supposed to abound in the northern parts of this continent, as well as in Mexico, Peru, and Brazil, were the objects which first stimulated their enterprise. When, however, no gold, silver, or gems were discovered in the soil, the dominion of the country became an aim of national ambition, and adventurers of great perseverance and hardihood were found willing to prosecute their schemes for that end. Ever since its discovery, this particular region of the country has been the theatre of striking vicissitudes, which have been set forth in a prominent light, in the works of Hakluyt, Hennepin, La Hontan, Charlevoix, and succeeding writers, who have advanced into the north-western wilderness, for their own purposes, or those of their King.

Our first account of this region dates from the second voyage of Jacques Cartier, eighty-five years before the Pilgrims of New England landed on Plymouth Rock. At the solicitation of Chabot, who was then Admiral of France, Cartier, then a master mariner of St. Malo, received a commission of discovery from Francis the First, the French King, for the pur-

pose of establishing a colony in North America. In April, 1534, he set sail from St. Malo for that object, with only two vessels of small tonnage. Having reached Newfoundland near Cape Bonavista, sailed along the bank, and explored the Gulf of St. Lawrence, he was obliged from unforeseen circumstances to return, and arrived at St. Malo on the 15th of August of the same year. From the favorable account which Cartier gave of his voyage, he was commissioned the following year, with the command of three ships of large size, equipped with all the necessary outfits, and he embarked on the 19th of May, for the same enterprise. In July, the ships reached the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and Cartier advanced up the river to the Island of *Hochelaga*, where Montreal now stands. It was then inhabited by a tribe of the Hurons. He was hospitably received by the natives, although the Indians at the Island of Orleans had opposed his passage up the river St. Lawrence to that point. Erecting a cross and shield emblazoned with the arms of France, the emblem of the state and church, denoting that the French King was the rightful discoverer of the country, he named it *New France*. On the 5th of October, Cartier left the village of Hochelaga, and wintered somewhere on the River St. Croix. During the next summer he returned to France, and no projects of colonization were carried out until four years afterwards.

In 1540, François de la Roque, Seigneur de Roberval, received a charter from Francis the First, which covered the whole of this region, and invested him with all the power claimed by the King within its bounds. During the summer of that year, Roberval sailed for America with a squadron of five vessels, under the naval command of Cartier. This voyage was made without accident, and a fort was erected on some part of the coast, now unknown, of which Cartier was left commandant. Having suffered from the severity of the season, and the enmity of the Indians, who, it seems, at that time considered the white men intruders, he soon embarked his colony for France. On his way back, he met Roberval upon the Banks of Newfoundland, with vessels laden with men, provisions, and arms, and, returning with him to the fort, he resumed the command, while Roberval sailed up the St. Lawrence. No authentic accounts, bearing directly on the exploration of Canada, for the space of sixty years from that time, have come down to us, excepting of the disastrous expedition of

the Marquis de la Roche, and the voyages of M. de Chauvin to Tadousac, about the year 1600.

At length a company of merchants at Rouen was formed by the agency of M. Pontgravé, an intelligent partner in a house at St. Malo, and M. Chatte, the Governor of Dieppe. This Company was invested with the same privileges which had before been granted to La Roche, for the purpose of exploring the country and establishing colonies along the St. Lawrence. Samuel Champlain, one of the associates, led the expedition in 1603; and in 1608, this energetic and hardy pioneer had founded the city of Quebec. Its design was to reap the profits of the fur trade; and Champlain, having selected the spot for his colonial establishment, left there a few settlers, who commenced immediately building rude huts and clearing the lands.

The foundation of the hatred of the Iroquois Confederacy toward the French, whose wars with the colonists are identified with the early history of New France, was doubtless laid at this time by Champlain. The Hurons and Algonquins were then in league against the Iroquois, and Champlain joined those nations against the latter tribes. Having explored the country, he soon returned home, and succeeded in establishing a new company, under the patronage of the Prince of Condé, who assumed the title of "Viceroy of New France." In 1612, Champlain sailed again for Canada, bringing with him four Recollets, for the conversion of the savages. In 1620, he was appointed Lieutenant under Marshal de Montmorency, who had succeeded the Prince of Condé in the viceroyalty. During that year he introduced his family into Canada, and exerted his energies in building up the French power, and in repelling the attacks of the Iroquois.

As early as 1622, the Duke de Ventadour entered into holy orders, and sent over into Canada a number of Jesuits. But dissensions soon sprung up, in the Canadian colonies, between certain Calvinists, who were associated under the Sieur de Caen in the prosecution of the fur trade, and the Catholics, which were founded as much in commercial rivalry, as in religious scruples. In consequence of these dissensions, and in order to consolidate the colonial power, Cardinal de Richelieu established the "Company of New France," in 1627. It comprised one hundred associates, who agreed to send to Canada three hundred tradesmen, and to supply them

with all necessaries and proper utensils, for three years; after which time, they were to grant to each workman sufficient land for his support, and grain for seed. The Company also stipulated to colonize the land embraced in their charter, with six thousand emigrants, before the year 1643, and to provide each settlement with three priests, whom they were to support for fifteen years; after which time the cleared land was to be granted to the catholic clergy for the maintenance of the church.

Certain prerogatives were at the same time reserved to the King. Among these, were religious supremacy, homage as sovereign of the country, the right of nominating the commandants of forts, and the officers of justice, and on each succession to the throne the acknowledgment of a crown of gold weighing eight marks. The Company was invested with the right of conferring titles of distinction, some of which were required to be confirmed by the King. The right to traffic in peltry, and to engage in other commerce, except the cod and whale fishery, was another privilege granted in the charter. The King of France also presented the Company with two ships of war, in consideration that the value should be refunded, if they failed to send fifteen hundred emigrants into the colonies, within the first ten years. The descendants of Frenchmen inhabiting Canada, and all savages who should be converted to the Catholic faith, were permitted to enjoy the same privileges as natural born subjects; and all artificers sent out by the Company, who had spent six years in the French colonies, were allowed to return and settle in any trading town of France. The charter granting these privileges was designed to strengthen the power of France, in the territory which she claimed in this country, while the views of the grantees were chiefly directed to the profits of the fur trade.

M. Champlain was soon appointed Governor. For the first few years, however, the colony, from various causes connected with its remoteness from the parent government, in a trackless wilderness, and surrounded by hostile savages, was on the point of breaking down. Ships had been sent out from France with supplies; but these were captured by an English squadron, under David Kertk. The depredations of the Iroquois also tended to cripple the energies of the colonists, until the year 1629, when they had reached the extreme point of distress. At this juncture, Kertk's force appeared

before Quebec, and compelled Champlain to surrender that fortress, and all Canada, to the English crown. The generous terms of Kertk's capitulation induced most of the French emigrants to remain ; and, in 1632, the country was restored to France by the treaty of St. Germain.

Immediately on this event, vigorous efforts were made to advance the colonization of the country. Champlain, who had been reappointed Governor, soon sailed with a squadron provided with the necessary supplies and armaments, and arrived in Canada, where he found many of the former colonists. The colonial system was better organized, and measures were adopted to reconcile existing differences, springing from the unsettled character of the emigrants, and to prevent the importation of any but individuals of fair character. In 1635, a college of the order of Jesuits was founded at Quebec, under the direction of the Marquis de Gamache ; and this institution was of some advantage in improving the morals of the people, which had fallen into a deplorable state of licentiousness. During that year the colony suffered a great misfortune in the death of Champlain. He was a man of energetic character, and clear judgment. He had embarked in the enterprise of colonization with a stout heart, and ardent zeal. A brave officer, and a scientific seaman, his keen forecast discerned, in the magnificent resources of the Northwest, the elements of a mighty empire of which he hoped to be the founder. By his explorations of the country, he had contributed valuable knowledge of its resources, and had not only encountered the savages with signal success, but by his counsels, had strengthened the arms of the desponding.* On the death of Champlain, M. Montmagny was appointed governor. Although he entered into the views of his predecessor, Montmagny did not possess the ripe experience and practical knowledge requisite to carry out the projects of Champlain, and the successful prosecution of the fur trade was the only token of energy under his administration.

About this time a number of religious institutions were established in Canada, ostensibly for the conversion of the Indians, but doubtless as a part of the state machinery to strengthen the French colonial power. In 1636 a Catholic

* In one of his first expeditions he discovered the lake which bears his name.

seminary, for the instruction of the savages, was founded at Sillery, a few miles above Quebec, and placed under the direction of three nuns from Dieppe, who were sent out by the Duchesse d'Arguillon. The convent of St. Ursula was established at Quebec, by Madame de la Peltrie, a young widow of rank, who had engaged several sisters of the Ursuline order at Tours, with whom she sailed from Dieppe in a vessel chartered at her own expense. A seminary of the order of St. Sulpicius was also founded at Montreal. The whole island was granted by the King for its support, and it was consecrated by the Jesuits with great pomp.

The "Company of New France" did not fulfil the object of its charter. Little was done by that body, either to encourage the settlement of the country, or to advance agriculture. The attention of the ministers of the crown was diverted by those in power from the complaints of the inhabitants. Some rude forts had been erected by the French, but these were merely posts of defence, or *dépôts* of the fur trade. The energies of the people were cramped by the Iroquois, who hovered around the track of the colonists, seeking, whenever opportunity presented, to glut their settled antipathy to the French, by butchery and devastation. Montreal had in fact been attacked by the savages, and its entire destruction was prevented only by the arrival of M. d'Aillebout, with a reinforcement, in 1647. In that year the Institution of "The Daughters of the Congregation" was also founded by Marguerite Bourgeois.

In 1658, a new organization was effected in the social system of Canada. The Marquis d'Argenson was appointed Governor-General; and, during the following summer, Laval, Abbé de Montigny, titular bishop of Pétrie, arrived at Quebec, with a brief from the pope by which he was constituted Apostolic Vicar. The condition of the colony, however, continued much depressed. The Company made little exertion for its advancement, and its associates, reduced at last to the number of forty, relinquished the fur trade for the seignorial acknowledgment of one thousand beaver skins. It was also much neglected by the parent government. The Iroquois, who had waged a destructive war upon the Hurons and Algonquins, seemed now determined to crush the power of their allies the French, and hostile bands continually harassed the French settlements. They had massacred a num-

ber of the settlers on the Island of Montreal, and kept Quebec in a continual state of alarm. While the colony was in this condition, the governor requested to be recalled on account of ill health, and in 1661, he was succeeded by the Baron d'Avangour, a man of the most inflexible energy of character. On his accession, the governor presented to the French King such favorable views of the country, as to induce him to order into the colony four hundred troops, with the necessary supplies. It was doubtless this reinforcement which saved them from entire destruction. They were placed in a condition to practise agriculture to some extent, which had before been neglected through fear of the savages, as well as from other causes, which we shall hereafter exhibit.

The "Company of New France," having failed in the object of its charter, at length surrendered it to the crown, and in 1664 its privileges were transferred to the "Company of the West Indies." The whole policy of the French colony in Canada had in fact been injudiciously framed. They had no clearly defined system of jurisprudence, and were rent into factions composed of the parties of the Governor, the Bishop, and the Jesuits, who were each anxious to undermine the power of the others. The morals of the colony were loose, a great portion of the emigrants having been furnished by the most idle and corrupt classes in France. A council was, however, soon constituted, for the administration of its affairs, consisting of the Governor-General, the Intendant-General, the Bishop, and some others, who were removable at the will of the governor. The Superior of the Jesuits presided at this council, when sitting as a court of justice. Forts were erected on the principal highways of trade, in order to keep the Iroquois in check; and in 1668, the affairs of the colony seemed to be established on a firm basis. It had received accessions by reinforcements which arrived from the West Indies; and a number of officers, to whom had been granted lands with the rights of *seigneurs*, settled in Canada, with their families. The morals of the people were not improved by the introduction of about three hundred women of licentious character, who were sent out by the French government. These, however, were soon disposed of in marriage.

The Count de Frontenac, a nobleman of distinguished family, and of the most arbitrary but vigorous character, was soon

invested with the administration of Canada. He made extraordinary efforts to develope the resources of the country, and to build up the French colonial establishments. At that period, the territory along the Lakes Erie, Huron, Michigan, and Superior, was explored; a portion of the Hurons was settled at Michilimackinac, by Father Marquette; and a part of the Iroquois, who had been converted to the Catholic faith, were established at St. Louis, near Montreal. A council of the principal chiefs in that quarter was also held at the Falls of St. Mary, which resulted in a stipulation that the French should occupy that post; and a cross was erected there bearing the arms of France.

Expeditions for discovery were also despatched about this time for the remote west. In 1672, M. Falon, a former Intendant-General, who had done important service to the French government by extending its power to the distant points of Canada, understood, from reports of the Indians, that a great river, called by them *Michi-sépée*, flowed in a southerly direction through the extreme western wilderness. To ascertain this point, he employed M. Joliet, a citizen of Quebec, and Father Marquette, who had travelled into the Indian country, and as a missionary was qualified to gain the confidence of the savages. They proceeded to Lake Michigan, crossed the country to the River Wisconsin, and descended it until they reached the Mississippi. Floating down the stream in a canoe, they soon arrived at some Indian villages of the Illinois tribe, and were treated with hospitality by the savages. They then passed over to Arkansas. Having become convinced that the Mississippi flowed into the Gulf of Mexico, they were obliged, from the exhausted state of their stock, to return. They ascended the Mississippi to its confluence with the Illinois, then paddled up that stream, and crossed over to Michigan. Here they separated. Joliet returned to Quebec, and Marquette remained among the Indians.

In 1678, Robert de la Salle, accompanied by the Chevalier Tonti, arrived at Quebec. He had previously resided in Canada, where he had cultivated a friendship with M. de Frontenac. He also soon embarked in the enterprise of discovery. Accompanied by Father Louis Hennepin, a Flemish Recollet, and M. Tonti, he employed a part of his time in exploring the country, establishing friendly relations with

the savages, and prosecuting the fur trade. They remained during the winter at Niagara; and in the summer, having built the first ship which had ever navigated Lake Erie, they sailed up that lake and proceeded to Michilimackinac. Hennepin traversed a great part of Illinois, and thence proceeded to the Mississippi, ascending this stream to the Falls of St. Anthony. This party spent about three years in exploring the vast wilderness around the lakes, and encountered the most formidable dangers and hardships. On the second of February, 1682, La Salle reached the Mississippi; arrived at Arkansas, of which he took formal possession; and, finally, traced this great highway of the commerce of the western world, to its junction with the Gulf of Mexico. The glorious news of the discovery of the mouth of the Mississippi, was carried back by Tonti, and naturally opened fresh hopes to the Canadian colony.

In 1683, the population of the Canadian settlements did not exceed nine thousand. The main check to their operations continued to spring from the hostility of the Iroquois. The Marquis of Denonville was, however, soon appointed Governor-General, and immediately proceeded to Cataraqui with about two thousand troops. From the spirit of uncompromising hatred which was evinced by the Iroquois toward the French, Denonville was determined to strike a decisive blow. An order was accordingly given to condemn all able-bodied men of those tribes, who were taken prisoners, to the galleys; and to the eternal disgrace of Denonville, a number of the Iroquois chiefs were decoyed to Fort Frontenac by the Jesuit De Lamberville, put in irons, and sent, under this sentence, to France. As might have been expected, this infamous act roused a deeper vengeance in the hearts of the Iroquois; and the French received full retribution for the injury, in the massacre of their men, women, and children by these tribes, the attack on Fort Frontenac, and the pillage, murder, and conflagration, which were subsequently carried into the upper part of Montreal.

The discovery and settlement of the northern part of the American continent by the English and French, had been nearly contemporaneous. The English had established their settlements along the Atlantic seaboard, and the French occupied, or pretended to occupy, the vast forests around the great lakes, and west of the Alleghany Mountains. Both

held possession of their respective tracts under the authority of their governments, and claimed them on the same grounds, priority of discovery, conquest, and appropriation. Quebec and Montreal, the French forts on the principal Canadian rivers and the Great Lakes, Oswego and Niagara, Le Bœuf and Du Quesne, were at that time the strong-holds of French power, while the English settlements occupied the country now embraced in Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, and New England.

The operations of the two great Indian confederacies which were leagued respectively with the English and French, are identified with the history of the French establishments. These two families were the Iroquois and Algonquins. The confederacy of the Iroquois, which sided with the English, was called by them "The Six Nations." It was the most powerful league which is known to have existed on the continent. It was first composed of the Onondagas, the Cayugas, the Senecas, the Oneidas, and the Mohawks; in 1712, the Tuscaroras were adopted into the confederation. These tribes were remarkable for their courage, shrewdness, military talent, energy, ambition, and eloquence. They claimed by patrimony or conquest the whole domain of the country, "not occupied by the southern Indians, the Sioux, the Kenistenaux, and the Chippewas, and by the English and French, as far west as the Mississippi and Lake Winnipeg, as far northwest as the waters which unite this lake with Hudson's Bay, and as far north as Hudson's Bay and Labrador."* It is alleged that little of genuine Indian eloquence can be found out of the Iroquois confederacy, and they had more vigor, as well as system in their policy, than the other Indian tribes. Their general interests were managed by a grand council of chiefs, who annually assembled at their central canton, Onondaga. Each nation was divided into three tribes, whose *totems* were the tortoise, the wolf, and the bear. Their councils were conducted with the greatest decorum, solemnity, and deliberation. Governor Clinton in his discourse upon the Iroquois, uses the strong language, that, in "the characteristics of profound policy, they surpassed an assembly of Feudal Barons, and were, perhaps, not far inferior to the great Amphictyonic Council of Greece." Their al-

* Clinton's "Discourse."

leged grounds of controversy with the other tribes were commonly the violation of boundary lines; but, doubtless, the true cause was the love of dominion and glory.

Champlain had formed a league against the Iroquois, when he first came into the country; and Denonville, as we have mentioned, had loaded some of their chiefs with irons, and sent them to the French galleys. They doubtless regarded the inroads of all the whites with jealousy; and we have evidence that their attachment to the English was not strong. "We are born free, we neither depend on Ononthio, or Corlear," [France or England,] said Garangula, an Iroquois chief, to the governor-general of Canada. But their ancient feuds with the Hurons and Algonquins, and the conduct of the French, induced them to ally themselves with their English neighbours; and their marches against the French colonists, and the remote missionary posts, were like the rushing of a storm through their forests.

On the side of the French, was the race of the Algonquins. This race extended, under different names, from the head of Lake Erie, along the upper lakes, north to Lake Winnipeg and Hudson's Bay, and south to the mouth of the Ohio river. They were also connected with the tribes east of the St. Lawrence, and their influence extended to some of the principal tribes of New England. In the leagues of these two powerful families, there were, however, two exceptions. The Wyandotts or Hurons were of the Iroquois stock, but from unknown causes, they had severed from their chain of tribes, and attached themselves to the French; while the Ottagamies or Foxes, who were originally of the Algonquin race, took part with the English. The friendship of the Algonquin tribes for the French was founded on obvious causes. It was the manifest policy of the French to secure their good will, and compacts were made for that object. The French traders advanced to their remotest villages in the prosecution of the fur trade, attended them in their hunting parties and feasts, paid respect to their ceremonies, and became allied with them in marriage. The French were affable, gay, and conciliating in their intercourse, while the English were austere and forbidding. Besides, the Jesuit missionaries exerted no small influence in strengthening the friendship of the Indians for the French. They erected little chapels in their territories, carpeted with Indian mats, and

surmounted by the cross; took long journeys into the wilderness in their long black robes to perform the imposing ceremonies of the church, and carried with them sculptured images, and paintings connected with sacred history, which the savages viewed with superstitious awe. Added to this, they practised all the arts of kindness and sympathy for the sick, and held up the crucifix to the fading vision of many a dying neophite.

The French government, when it had once obtained a foothold in Canada, pushed its enterprises into the interior, notwithstanding the enmity of the savages and the hardships of the forest. The colonies which had been sent out from France were composed mainly of thriftless adventurers, gentlemen of slender means, and missionaries of the Church of Rome. In the more remote settlements, rude huts were built, and a few fields were cleared. Quebec and Montreal were the marts of the fur trade, whose operations reached through a large circle, embracing the wilderness, north and west, to Hudson's Bay, beyond the remotest shores of Lake Superior, and extending south to the Gulf of Mexico. The principal establishments made on the northwestern lakes were at Detroit, Chicago, the Falls of St. Mary, Michilimackinac,* St. Joseph, and Green Bay, in the territory of Wisconsin. These establishments were erected for a threefold purpose, trade, religion, and military defence. The forts, surrounded with pickets, and constructed with the rude materials at hand, were built to overawe the Indians, to protect the Jesuits, who generally had their chapels near them, and to serve as *dépôts* of the fur trade.

The wars which broke out between the French and English for the dominion of the country, and the enmity of the Iroquois, soon made it advisable to reappoint the Count de Frontenac to the chief command; and, in October of 1689, he arrived at Quebec, with the Iroquois chiefs who had been sent to France. But, notwithstanding the energy and address of Frontenac, little was effected in securing the friendship of this confederacy. Vigorous measures were, however, prosecuted, to advance the settlements, and to secure the cultivation of the lands. The fur trade was prosecuted with

* This is the old fort on the peninsula of Michigan, which was destroyed in the Pontiac war, and is distinct from the Island of Mackinaw.

increased success, and the military posts which had been established on the upper lakes were reinforced. In 1698, at the termination of the war between France and England, the English and French Governors entered into amicable arrangements with each other, and also with the Indian tribes, by which peace was for some time preserved.

The Canadian provinces, during the latter period of the French domination, exhibited an extraordinary system of Jurisprudence. Nominally the *Coutûme de Paris* was the law of the land, extending its jurisdiction to the remotest points of French settlement around the northwestern lakes. Of course, the legal administration in a new country, little known, separated from the parent state by three thousand miles of ocean, and over a people of mixed character, scattered through an immense wilderness, was extremely loose and arbitrary. The commandants of the remote military posts were invested with a general supervision of the colonists around their forts; a sort of military arbitration, comprising the Legislative, the Judicial, and the Executive powers.* This authority was, however, doubtless exercised with mildness, because the French, who now remain in this region, look back to that era as the golden age of jurisprudence. Subordinate to the Governor-General, the Chief Magistrate of the country, there were under-Governors, Intendants, and a Council. The Governor-General of Quebec was allowed an annual salary of twenty thousand crowns, which included the support of a Company of guards, for his protection, and the garrisoning of the fort. To this sum was added the annual present of a thousand crowns from the "*Farmers of the Beaver skins.*" † He had the control of the military posts, and could bestow commissions on whom he pleased, with the approbation of the King, excepting particular governorships, or the place of a Lord Lieutenant of the Province, or Mayor of any town. He was also empowered to grant to the inhabitants lands and

* This summary jurisdiction was exercised after the conquest of Canada, by the English commandants, sometimes without discretion. We have before us the record of a cause, which was tried under the direction of Governor Hamilton, in 1776, at Detroit, in the plainest violation of established principles of law. For this act, a warrant was issued against Hamilton, and the Justice who tried the cause, by the agency of Lord Dorchester at Quebec; but they both fled the country. It was a capital cause, and the convicted person was executed.

† La Hontan's Voyages.

tenements all over Canada, with the confirmation of the Intendant, and to give twenty-five licenses a year, to such persons as he might select, for trading with the Indians. In criminal jurisdiction, he had the power of granting reprieves. He was, however, not authorized to dispose of the King's money, without the consent of the Intendant, to whom alone belonged the power of drawing it from the "Naval Treasury." Among the privileges of the Governor-General, was that of the exemption from duty of all his wines, and other provisions received from France.

The "Supreme Council" of Canada consisted of twelve members, who had the right of conveying their places to their heirs, subject, however, to the confirmation of the King. They constituted the highest judicial authority, deciding causes without appeal, though, when any complex question came up, they generally had recourse to the aid of the extensive and accurate knowledge of the Jesuits. In making treaties with foreign powers and the Indian tribes, the aid of the Jesuits was likewise commonly in request, on account of their acquaintance with the topography of the country, as well as their great influence with the Indians. Their power, in fact, was felt through every department of the Colonial Government.

When the Baron La Hontan visited Quebec, in 1684, no attorneys or advocates appeared in Court. The litigant parties argued their own causes, and the result was, he says, that suits were quickly brought to a termination. No court fees or other charges were demanded. The judges received four hundred livres a year from the crown, and had a dispensation "of not wearing the robe and the cap." Besides the officers already named, there was also a Lieutenant-General, civil and military, an Attorney-General, a Chief Justice in Eyre, and a Grand Provost. The pay of the inferior officers was small. The Mayor of Quebec was allowed a salary of six hundred crowns; the Governor of Montreal two thousand; the Governor of Trois Rivières a thousand. A chaplain had a hundred and twenty livres a month, a lieutenant ninety, and a common soldier's pay was six sous a day.

The fur trade was the principal subject of mercantile enterprise at that time. The indigent men, who had emigrated from France, in order to prosecute this traffic, were numerous, and their trading posts were established at those points,

where the Indians were in the habit of resorting, on the principal streams, as well as the upper lakes. In fact, this lake region has been the prominent seat of the fur trade, and the scene of its most extraordinary incidents, from that time down to the last meeting of the Northwest Company at Fort William, on the banks of Lake Superior. The principal article of the traffic was beaver skins. It appears, that during the early stages of the French fur trade, there was great improvidence on the part of the Colonial Government in its regulation. The fur-bearing animals were permitted to be killed for amusement, and the Indians, who at first could not appreciate their value, were encouraged to do their part of this waste. The most valuable furs were accumulated at posts, where they could not be disposed of, and were destroyed for want of a market, while the forests were exhausted of that, which has since been found a vast source of national wealth. As the French market was thus glutted with peltries, the merchants declined buying more; and the traders therefore transported a large amount to the English provinces, and had permanent establishments in the Province of New York.* From this traffic arose the class of *Coureurs des bois*, a thriftless and vagrant body of men, who had become habituated to the hardships of the forest and to Indian life. They were accustomed to advance up the northern lakes, to Michilimackinac and even beyond, with their large canoes laden with dry goods and trinkets, and to range the woods of the remote interior, where they could exchange manufactured European articles for furs. The traders procured their licenses as well as goods from the merchants, to whom, on their return, they sold their peltries. Every year they swept down the sparkling waters of the rivers and lakes, with the product of their trade, generally accompanied by fifty canoes of the Hurons and Ottawas, for Montreal, where the Indians sup-

* This diversion of the fur trade to the English posts was viewed with no little jealousy. Charlevoix, at his visit to Detroit, in 1721, wrote as follows. "As for what has been said, that by making a settlement at the Narrows, we should bring the fur trade too much within reach [of the English], there is not a man in all Canada, who does not agree, that we can never succeed in hindering the Indians from carrying them their commodities, let them be settled where they will, and with all the precautions we can possibly take, except by causing them to find the same advantage in trading with us, as in the Province of New York." Charlevoix's Journal, Vol. II. p. 6.

posed they could obtain a better market for their skins, than was offered at Michilimackinac. In the mode we have described, desertions became frequent. Some of the traders absconded to the English posts, and others attached themselves permanently to the savages.

It was in order to prevent this desertion, that a humane as well as judicious plan, to which we have already referred, was devised by the Colonial Government. Licenses to trade were granted to such as were esteemed worthy of confidence, accompanied with the prohibition of all others from going out of the colonies. These licenses were vended to old officers and poor gentlemen, who themselves sold them to the traders according to their value. Their number was regulated by the Court, and their distribution belonged to the Governor General. *Permissions*, of more ample character, were also granted from the same source to the commandants of the forts.

Among the persons, to whom lands had been granted in Canada, were many who could neither be expected to advance agriculture by their own labor, nor had funds sufficient to maintain the necessary workmen upon their domains. It became necessary to provide such estates with tenants, who were obliged to labor hard, and often expended all their advances of money, before they could procure a subsistence. The fur trade, also, which was the great enterprise of that period, diffused a restless and migratory spirit among the people; besides, the progress of agriculture was impeded by the mode of tenure in the distribution of lands. The tenants, holding their farms encumbered with illiberal conditions,* wanted the due motive to industry.

The fur trade was, however, soon taken out of the hands of the Companies, by the French King, and almost everybody embarked in it. This caused the utmost confusion. As early as 1706, the furs were purchased by the Canadian traders, frequently at a higher price than they would command in France. In the English colonies along the Atlantic, there was a more systematic organization. Their goods could be afforded cheaper than those of the French, and their

* We have in our possession, a grant of thirty-two acres, which was made by Antoine de Lamothe Cadillac, Lord of Brouaget and Mondesert, and founder of Detroit, to François Fafard de Lorme, in 1707, to which are annexed *twenty-one conditions*.

operations were conducted with greater judgment. Accordingly, while they were accumulating wealth by the fishery and the fur trade, the French were growing poor.*

The condition of commerce and agriculture among the French at that period, when the forests abounded with all the sources of wealth, exhibits strongly the want of national enterprise and enlightened legislation, on the part of their government. Had the French crown comprehended the full value of the lands, and the furs which abounded in the forests, it might have established penal laws, to prevent the wanton destruction of the fur-bearing animals, organized a liberal system of land distribution, which would have furnished the proper motive to agricultural exertion, and planted in Canada vigorous colonies, which would have poured a broad stream of wealth upon the French empire, and perhaps have perpetuated the dominion of France in this country. It is equally clear, that when none of the precious metals were discovered, the colony was permitted to pine in comparative neglect and barrenness.

Canada also had its paper currency.† As the funds for the payment of the officers and soldiers generally arrived from France too late, local bills were issued, which circulated in the place of coin. By virtue of an ordinance of the Governor and Intendant, this money was made of cards; and its value, the mark of the treasury and the arms of France were stamped upon it in Spanish wax. It was ordained, that these bills should be returned every year into the Canadian Treasury, before the annual arrival of the French ships, in order to receive an additional mark, and to prevent counterfeits. This paper money was however soon disused, and card money substituted, stamped with new impressions. All bills to the value of four livres and upwards were signed by the Intendant, and all below that sum were only marked. At a subsequent period the Governor-General signed those which were of the value of six livres. During the commencement of autumn, these bills were carried back to the treasurer, and bills of exchange were received in return. So long as these bills of exchange were paid, the paper was preferred

* Besides the furs which were annually shipped to France, trade in lumber was carried on to a considerable extent with the West Indies.

† When Henry visited Michilimackinac in 1763, beaver skins were a "circulating medium."

to specie; but they soon ceased to be honored, and in 1713, they had become so depreciated in value, that the inhabitants proposed to lose one half, in consideration that the King should cause them to be taken up. This was done in 1717. The paper currency was then abolished, and the colonial officers were again paid in current coin.*

As early as 1684, the French colonial establishments in Canada had grown to considerable importance. Quebec, at that time, exhibited some architectural beauty. There were six churches in the "High City," and also a cathedral, consisting of a Bishop and twelve Prebendaries. This was the head-quarters of the Roman Church, and the rendezvous of the priests, who were generally men of correct morals, and contented with the mere necessaries of life. Here also was the church of the Jesuits, a massive edifice, containing an altar supported by four great columns of black stone, which La Hontan terms, "a sort of Canada porphyry." The Jesuit fathers had large and stately apartments, looking out upon grounds adorned with groves and gardens, having ice-houses and other expedients of luxury.† At this time, the influence of the church moulded in great measure the policy of the colony. The Directors of the Seminary of St. Sulpicius, at Paris, were the proprietors of the Island of Montreal, and had the right of nominating the bailiff and other subordinate officers. These Directors had, from time to time, sent out to Montreal missionaries from France, who lived under the direction of a Superior, occupying apartments in a large and convenient house built of free stone, and which was constructed on the model of St. Sulpicius at Paris. Cantons on the south side of the island produced a considerable revenue. The land was fertile, and the inhabitants were rich in agricultural products, for which they found a good market in the city.

In 1720, the population of Quebec and Montreal, consisting of nobles, nuns, priests, artisans, traders, and soldiers, had augmented to many thousands. Society was on a footing of luxury and elegance. Time and money were alike thoughtlessly squandered. There were but few rich men in the colony, because wealth which was easily accumulated, was seldom hoarded. During the summer, the colonists embarked in

* Charlevoix's Journal. † La Hontan's Voyages.

parties of pleasure in their *calashes* or canoes, and in winter they drove their *carioles* upon the snow or skated upon the river. Hunting was practised, not only for sport but profit. No rusticity in language or behaviour was exhibited, from the Bishop to the most obscure menial of the church, from the aristocratic partner to the humblest *voyageur* of the fur trade. The Canadians, says Charlevoix, "drew in with their native breath the air of freedom." The agricultural classes were contented with their lot, while the noblesse, a chivalrous race, boasted of their ancestral honors, and exulted in their own military achievements. The French language was spoken with the utmost accuracy and elegance. At stated intervals, the settlements were enlivened by the traders, who returned from the depths of the wilderness, accompanied by the savages, who would sweep down, across the waters of the upper lakes, hold their carnival in the market-place, and fill the storehouses of the merchants with furs.

We do not design to enter into a minute account of the military operations of that period. They were confined mainly to expeditions against the English colonies and the Iroquois. About the year 1688, these tribes had landed twelve hundred warriors upon the Island of Montreal, and massacred about a thousand of the French; and in a second attack, the lower part of the Island had been devastated. The Council, which had been held with the Iroquois at Onondaga, resulted in no permanent league. The massacre at Schenectady, on the 8th of February, 1690, by a body of two hundred Canadians and Indians, who travelled through a wilderness covered with deep snow, to perpetrate one of the most horrible butcheries on record, was followed by belligerent projects on the part of both nations, which, however, were prosecuted by neither to any important result.

In 1709, England and France being at war, hostilities were re-commenced in their American colonies, which continued until the treaty of Utrecht in 1712. It had been long the effort of the English to obtain a foothold on the northwestern lakes. They had in fact endeavoured, without success, to establish a post at Detroit, for the prosecution of the fur trade. The French establishment, made at Detroit in 1701, had scarce obtained a permanent footing, when the Ottagamies or Foxes were instigated by the Iroquois, probably backed by the English, to attack it. That post was deemed a most im-

portant point, as it commanded a vast region of country along the chain of upper lakes, extending to the Mississippi. The attack of the fort at Detroit, however, was unsuccessful; the besiegers became the besieged; the Foxes, obliged to escape at night during a snow storm, were pursued, and most of their number were either massacred or taken prisoners. This discomfiture of the Foxes prevented the English from making their settlement on the western shore of Lake Erie, as they had intended, in order to secure the trade. After the treaty of Utrecht, the French strengthened their garrison at Detroit, which then commanded the great line of communication along the lakes, embracing the territory of the Illinois, Louisiana, and the Mississippi. In 1714, there were only about four thousand five hundred men in Canada able to bear arms. Subsequent to that time, however, comparative peace was enjoyed by the province; beneficial changes were made in the laws; and the fur trade was prosecuted with increased vigor.

Such, substantially, as we have described it, continued to be the condition of things down to the period of the conquest of Canada by the English.* Hostilities were from time to time committed by the English and French against each others' settlements, backed by Indian allies and bodies of rangers, who were trained by the English to the hardships of the forest, or what was termed the "wood service." The French constantly kept in view the conquest of Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, and the devastation of New England; and the English, the subjugation of Canada. At the end of a succession of administrations, the Marquis Du Quesne was in 1755 succeeded by the Sieur de Vaudreuil Cavignal, in the office of Governor-General of Canada. In that year occurred the defeat of Braddock; and in the following, the Marquis de Montcalm advanced with great energy against the English posts. On the other hand, the splendid genius of the Earl of Chatham having projected a vigorous campaign against the French colonies, twelve thousand troops were sent over,

* In 1745, an edict was passed, which accounts for the peculiar form of the old French plantations which are scattered along the banks of the rivers. It ordained, that no country houses should be built on farms of larger dimensions than one acre and a half in front, and forty acres in depth; and in consequence, the settlements were confined along the shores of the principal streams.

under the command of General Amherst. Louisburg, Oswego, and Crown Point were successively captured; and though Ticonderoga was attacked without success, the design of the French to surround the English with a chain of posts from Quebec to the mouth of the Mississippi was baffled, and their ascendency on this continent was finally overthrown by the defeat of Montcalm on the plains of Abraham by the forces of General Wolfe, and the surrender of Montreal in November, 1760, by the Marquis of Vaudreuil, to General Amherst. By this capitulation, Detroit, Michilimackinac, and all other places within the government of Canada, then remaining in the possession of the French, were surrendered to the crown of England.

The internal condition of Canada was not much changed by its conquest. The fur trade was transferred to the English, who employed French agents in its prosecution, and the French were encouraged to remain in the country, in the enjoyment of their civil and religious rights. Soon after the peace of 1763, Governor Murray established civil and criminal courts, in which the laws of England were introduced. We subjoin an extract from a letter written by him in 1765, to the Lords of Trade and Plantations, which exhibits the condition of the province at that time.

"It consists of 110 parishes, exclusive of the towns of Quebec and Montreal. These parishes contain 9722 houses, and 54,575 Christian souls; they occupy of arable land 955,755 arpents. They sowed, in the year 1765, 180,300½ minots of grain; and that year they possessed 12,546 oxen, 22,724 cows, 15,039 young horned cattle, 27,064 sheep, 28,976 swine, and 13,757 horses, as appears by the annexed recapitulation taken in the year 1765.

"The towns of Quebec and Montreal contain about 14,700 inhabitants. The savages who are called Roman Catholics, being within the limits of the province, consist of 7400 souls; so that the whole, exclusive of the King's troops, amount to 76,275 souls, of which in the parishes are nineteen Protestant families; the rest of that persuasion (a few half-pay officers excepted) are traders, mechanics, and publicans, who reside in the lower towns of Quebec and Montreal. Most of them were followers of the army, of mean education, or soldiers disbanded at the reduction of the troops. All have their fortunes to make; and I fear few are solicitous about the means, when the end can be obtained. I report them to be, in general, the most immoral collec-

tion of men I ever knew; of course little calculated to make the new subjects enamoured with our laws, religion, and customs, and far less adapted to enforce those laws which are to govern them.

"On the other hand, the Canadians, accustomed to arbitrary, and a sort of military government, are a frugal, industrious, and moral race of men, who, from the just and mild treatment they met with from his Majesty's military officers, who ruled the country for four years, until the establishment of civil government, had greatly got the better of the natural antipathy they had to their conquerors.

"They consist of a noblesse, who are numerous, and who pique themselves much upon the antiquity of their families, their own military glory, and that of their ancestors. These noblesse are seigneurs of the whole country; and though not rich, are in a situation, in that plentiful part of the world, where money is scarce, and luxury still unknown, to support their dignity. Their tenants, who pay only an annual quit rent of about a dollar for one hundred acres, are at their ease and comfortable. They have been accustomed to respect and obey their noblesse. Their tenures being military, in the feudal manner, they have shared with them the dangers of the field; and natural affection has been increased in proportion to the calamities which have been common to both, from the conquest of this country." — *McGregor*, Vol. II. pp. 156, 157.

The Canadian jurisprudence was again altered by the law of 1774, denominated the "Quebec Act." By this measure, the administration of the colony was committed to a governor and council appointed by the English crown; and while the old French laws, according to the *Coutûme de Paris*, continued to have authority in civil cases, all criminal matters were ordained to be adjudged by the laws of England. The system of seignorial revenues was preserved, and the Catholic church was secured in all the immunities which it had enjoyed under the French domination. In 1778, the declaratory act renounced, on the part of the parent country, the right of taxing the colonies. The last important measure, affecting the condition of Canada, prior to the present century, was the "Constitutional Act" of 1791, which divided the province of Quebec into the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, granting to each a legislative government, composed of a Governor, Council, and House of Assembly, while the old French laws, as established by the Quebec Act, were ordained to remain in full force.

Art. VI. — 1. *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*, by J. G. Lockhart. Five Vols. 12mo. Boston. Otis, Broaders, & Co. 1837.

2. *Recollections of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.* 16mo. London. James Fraser. 1837.

There is no kind of writing, which has truth and instruction for its main object, so interesting and popular, on the whole, as biography. History, in its larger sense, has to deal with masses, which, while they divide the attention by the dazzling variety of objects, from their very generality, are scarcely capable of touching the heart. The great objects on which it is employed, have little relation to the daily occupations, with which the reader is most intimate. A nation, like a corporation, seems to have no soul; and its chequered vicissitudes may be contemplated rather with curiosity for the lessons they convey, than with personal sympathy. How different are the feelings excited by the fortunes of an individual, — one of the mighty mass, who in the page of history is swept along the current, unnoticed and unknown. Instead of a mere abstraction, at once we see a being like ourselves, "fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer" as we are. We place ourselves in his position, and see the passing current of events with the same eyes. We become a party to all his little schemes, share in his triumphs, or mourn with him in the disappointment of defeat. His friends become our friends. We learn to take an interest in their characters, from their relation to him. As they pass away from the stage, one after another, and as the clouds of misfortune, perhaps, or of disease, settle around the evening of his own day, we feel the same sadness that steals over us on a retrospect of earlier and happier hours. And when at last we have followed him to the tomb, we close the volume, and feel that we have turned over another chapter in the history of life.

On the same principles, probably, we are more moved by the exhibition of those characters, whose days have been passed in the ordinary routine of domestic and social life, than by those most intimately connected with the great pub-

lic events of their age. What, indeed, is the history of such men, but that of the times? The life of Wellington, or of Bonaparte, is the story of the wars and revolutions of Europe. But that of Cowper, gliding away in the seclusion of rural solitude, reflects all those domestic joys, and, alas! more than the sorrows, which gather round every man's fireside and his heart. In this way, the story of the humblest individual, faithfully recorded, becomes an object of lively interest. How much is that interest increased in the case of a man like Scott, who, from his own fireside, has sent forth a voice to cheer and delight millions of his fellow men; whose life, indeed, passed within the narrow circle of his own village, as it were, but who, nevertheless, has called up more shapes and fantasies within that magic circle, acted more extraordinary parts, and afforded more marvels for the imagination to feed on, than can be furnished by the most nimble-footed, nimble-tongued traveller, from Marco Polo down to Mrs. Trollope, and that literary Sindbad, Captain Hall.

Fortunate as Sir Walter Scott was in his life, it is not the least of his good fortunes, that he left the task of recording it to one so competent as Mr. Lockhart; who, to a familiarity with the person and habits of his illustrious subject, unites such entire sympathy with his pursuits, and such fine tact and discrimination in arranging the materials for their illustration. We have seen it objected, that the biographer has somewhat transcended his lawful limits, in occasionally exposing what a nice tenderness for the reputation of Scott should have led him to conceal. But, on reflection, we are not inclined to adopt these views. It is, indeed, difficult to prescribe any precise rule, by which the biographer should be guided in exhibiting the peculiarities, and still more the defects, of his subject. He should, doubtless, be slow to draw from obscurity those matters which are of a strictly personal and private nature, particularly when they have no material bearing on the character of the individual. But whatever the latter has done, said, or written, to others, can rarely be made to come within this rule. A swell of panegyric, where every thing is in broad sunshine, without the relief of a shadow to contrast it, is out of nature, and must bring discredit on the whole. Nor is it much better, when a sort of twilight mistification is spread over a man's actions, until, as in the case of all biographies of Cowper previous to

that of Southey, we are completely bewildered respecting the real motives of conduct. If ever there was a character above the necessity of any management of this sort, it was Scott's; and we cannot but think that the frank exposition of the minor blemishes which sully it, by securing the confidence of the reader in the general fidelity of the portraiture, and thus disposing him to receive, without distrust, those favorable statements in his history, which might seem incredible, as they certainly are unprecedented, is, on the whole, advantageous to his reputation. As regards the moral effect on the reader, we may apply Scott's own argument for not always recompensing suffering virtue, at the close of his fictions, with temporal prosperity, — that such an arrangement would convey no moral to the heart, whatever; since a glance at the great picture of life would show, that virtue is not always thus rewarded.

In regard to the literary execution of Mr. Lockhart's work, the public voice has long since pronounced on it. A prying criticism may, indeed, discern a few of those contraband epithets, and slipshod sentences, more excusable in *young* "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," where, indeed, they are thickly sown, than in the production of a grave Aristarch of British criticism. But this is small game, where every reader of the least taste and sensibility must find so much to applaud. It is enough to say, that in passing from the letters of Scott, with which the work is besprinkled, to the text of the biographer, we find none of those chilling transitions, which occur on the like occasions in more bungling productions; as, for example, in that recent one, in which the unfortunate Hannah More is done to death by her friend Roberts. On the contrary, we are sensible only to a new variety of beauty in the style of composition. The correspondence is illumined by all that is needed to make it intelligible to a stranger, and selected with such discernment, as to produce the clearest impression of the character of its author. The mass of interesting details is conveyed in language richly colored with poetic sentiment, and at the same time without a tinge of that mysticism, which, as Scott himself truly remarked, "will never do for a writer of fiction, no, nor of history, nor moral essays, nor sermons"; but which, nevertheless, finds more or less favor in our own community, at the present day, in each and all of these.

The second work which we have placed at the head of this article, and from which the last remark of Sir Walter's was borrowed, is a series of notices originally published in "Fraser's Magazine," but now collected, with considerable additions, into a separate volume. Its author, Mr. Robert Pierce Gillies, is a gentleman of the Scotch bar, favorably known by translations from the German. The work conveys a lively report of several scenes and events, which, before the appearance of Lockhart's book, were of more interest and importance than they can now be, lost, as they are, in the flood of light which is poured on us from that source. In the absence of the sixth and last volume, however, Mr. Gillies may help us to a few particulars, respecting the closing years of Sir Walter's life, that may have some novelty, — we know not how much to be relied on, — for the reader. In the present notice of a work so familiar to most persons, we shall confine ourselves to some of those circumstances which contributed to form, or have an obvious connexion with, his literary character.

Walter Scott was born at Edinburgh, August 15th, 1771. The character of his father, a respectable member of that class of attorneys, who in Scotland are called Writers to the Signet, is best conveyed to the reader by saying, that he sat for the portrait of Mr. Saunders Fairford, in "Redgauntlet." His mother was a woman of taste and imagination, and had an obvious influence in guiding those of her son. His ancestors, by both father's and mother's side, were of "gentle blood," — a position which, placed between the highest and the lower ranks in society, was extremely favorable, as affording facilities for communication with both. A lameness in his infancy, — a most fortunate lameness for the world, if, as Scott says, it spoiled a soldier, — and a delicate constitution, made it expedient to try the efficacy of country air and diet; and he was placed under the roof of his paternal grandfather at Sandy-Knowe, a few miles distant from the capital. Here his days were passed in the open fields, "with no other fellowship," as he says, "than that of the sheep and lambs"; and here, in the lap of Nature,

"Meet nurse for a poetic child,"

his infant vision was greeted with those rude, romantic scenes, which his own verses have since hallowed for the

pilgrims from every clime. In the long evenings, his imagination, as he grew older, was warmed by traditionary legends of border heroism and adventure, repeated by the aged relative, who had herself witnessed the last gleams of border chivalry. His memory was one of the first powers of his mind, which exhibited an extraordinary developement. One of the longest of these old ballads, in particular, stuck so close to it, and he repeated it with such Stentorian vociferation, as to draw from the minister of a neighbouring kirk, the testy exclamation, "One may as well speak in the mouth of a cannon, as where that child is."

On his removal to Edinburgh, in his eighth year, he was subjected to different influences. His worthy father was a severe martinet in all the forms of his profession, and it may be added, indeed, of his religion, which he contrived to make somewhat burdensome to his more volatile son. The tutor was still more strict in his religious sentiments, and the lightest literary *divertissement* in which either of them indulged, was such as could be gleaned from the time-honored folios of Archbishop Spottiswoode, or worthy Robert Wodrow. Even here, however, Scott's young mind contrived to gather materials and impulses for future action. In his long arguments with Master Mitchell, he became steeped in the history of the Covenanters, and the persecuted Church of Scotland, while he was still more rooted in his own Jacobite notions, early instilled into his mind by the tales of his relatives of Sandy-Knowe, whose own family had been out in the "affair of forty-five." Amidst the professional and polemical worthies of his father's library, Scott detected a copy of Shakspeare; and he relates with what *goût* he used to creep out of his bed, where he had been safely deposited for the night, and, by the light of the fire, *in puris naturalibus*, as it were, pore over the pages of the great magician, and study those mighty spells, by which he gave to airy fantasies the forms and substance of humanity. Scott distinctly recollected the time and the spot where he first opened a volume of Percy's "Reliques of English Poetry"; a work which may have suggested to him the plan and the purpose of the "Border Minstrelsy." Every day's experience shows us how much more actively the business of education goes on out of school, than in it. And Scott's history shows equally, that genius, whatever obstacles may be thrown in

its way in one direction, will find room for its expansion in another; as the young tree sends forth its shoots most prolific in that quarter where the sunshine is permitted to fall on it.

At the High School, in which he was placed by his father at an early period, he seems not to have been particularly distinguished in the regular course of studies. His voracious appetite for books, however, of a certain cast, as romances, chivalrous tales, and worm-eaten chronicles scarcely less chivalrous, and his wonderful memory for such reading as struck his fancy, soon made him regarded by his fellows as a phenomenon of black-letter scholarship, which, in process of time achieved for him the cognomen of that redoubtable schoolman, Duns Scotus. He now also gave evidence of his powers of creation as well as of acquisition. He became noted for his own stories, generally bordering on the marvellous, with a plentiful seasoning of knight-errantry, which suited his bold and chivalrous temper. "Slink over beside me, Jamie," he would whisper to his schoolfellow Ballantyne, "and I 'll tell you a story." Jamie was, indeed, destined to sit beside him during the greater part of his life.

The same tastes and talents continued to display themselves more strongly with increasing years. Having beaten pretty thoroughly the ground of romantic and legendary lore, at least so far as the English libraries, to which he had access, would permit, he next endeavoured, while at the University, to which he had been transferred from the High School, to pursue the same subject in the Continental languages. Many were the strolls which he took in the neighbourhood, especially to Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, where, perched on some almost inaccessible eyrie, he might be seen conning over his Ariosto or Cervantes, or some other bard of romance, with some favorite companion of his studies, or pouring into the ears of the latter his own boyish legends, glowing with

> "achievements high,
> And circumstance of chivalry."

A critical knowledge of these languages he seems not to have obtained; and, even in the French, made but an indifferent figure in conversation. An accurate acquaintance with the pronunciation and prosody of a foreign tongue, is undoubtedly a desirable accomplishment. But it is, after all, a mere accomplishment, subordinate to the great purposes for which a language is to be learned. Scott did not, as is too often the

case, mistake the shell for the kernel. He looked on language only as the key to unlock the foreign stores of wisdom, the pearls of inestimable price, wherever found, with which to enrich his native literature.

After a brief residence at the University, he was regularly indented as an apprentice to his father, in 1786. One can hardly imagine a situation less congenial with the ardent, effervescing spirit of a poetic fancy ; fettered down to a daily routine of drudgery, scarcely above that of a mere scrivener. It proved a useful school of discipline to him, however. It formed early habits of method, punctuality, and laborious industry ; business habits, in short, most adverse to the poetic temperament, but indispensable to the accomplishment of the gigantic tasks which he afterwards assumed. He has himself borne testimony to his general diligence in his new vocation, and tells us, that on one occasion he transcribed no less than a hundred and twenty folio pages at a sitting.

In the midst of these mechanical duties, however, he did not lose sight of the favorite objects of his study and meditation. He made frequent excursions into the Lowland as well as Highland districts, in search of traditionary relics. These pilgrimages he frequently performed on foot. His constitution, now become hardy by severe training, made him careless of exposure, and his frank and warm-hearted manners, — eminently favorable to his purposes, by thawing at once any feelings of frosty reserve, which might have encountered a stranger, — made him equally welcome at the staid and decorous manse, and at the rough but hospitable board of the peasant. Here was indeed the study of the future novelist ; the very school in which to meditate those models of character and situation, which he was afterwards, long afterwards, to transfer, in such living colors, to the canvass. " He was makin' himsell a' the time," says one of his companions, " but he didna ken, may be, what he was about, till years had past. At first he thought o' little, I dare say, but the queerness and the fun." The honest Writer to the Signet does not seem to have thought it either so funny or so profitable ; for on his son's return from one of these *raids*, as he styled them, the old gentleman peevishly inquired how he had been living, so long. " Pretty much like the young ravens," answered Walter ; " I only wished I had been as good a player on the flute as poor George Primrose in the Vicar of

Wakefield. If I had his art, I should like nothing better than to tramp like him from cottage to cottage over the world." "I doubt," said the grave Clerk to the Signet, "I greatly doubt, Sir, you were born for nae better than a *gangrel scrape-gut!*" Perhaps even the revelation, could it have been made to him, of his son's future literary glory, would scarcely have satisfied the worthy father, who, probably, would have regarded a seat on the bench of the Court of Sessions as much higher glory. At all events, this was not far from the judgment of Dominie Mitchell, who, in his notice of his illustrious pupil, "sincerely regrets, that Sir Walter's precious time was so much devoted to the *dulce* rather than the *utile* of composition, and that his great talents should have been wasted on such subjects!"

It is impossible to glance at Scott's early life, without perceiving how powerfully all its circumstances, whether accidental or contrived, conspired to train him for the peculiar position he was destined to occupy in the world of letters. There never was a character, in whose infant germ, as it were, the mature and fully developed lineaments might be more distinctly traced. What he was in his riper age, so he was in his boyhood. We discern the same tastes, the same peculiar talents, the same social temper and affections, and, in a great degree, the same habits, — in their embryo state, of course, but distinctly marked; — and his biographer has shown no little skill in enabling us to trace their gradual, progressive expansion, from the hour of his birth up to the full prime and maturity of manhood.

In 1792, Scott, whose original destination of a Writer had been changed to that of an Advocate, — from his father's conviction, as it would seem, of the superiority of his talents to the former station, — was admitted to the Scottish bar. Here he continued in assiduous attendance during the regular terms, but more noted for his stories in the Outer House, than his arguments in Court. It may appear singular, that a person so gifted, both as a writer and as a *raconteur*, should have had no greater success in his profession. But the case is not uncommon. Indeed, experience shows, that the most eminent writers have not made the most successful speakers. It is not more strange, than that a good writer of novels should not excel as a dramatic author. Perhaps a consideration of the subject would lead us to refer the phenomena in both

cases to the same principle. At all events, Scott was an exemplification of both; and we leave the solution to those who have more leisure and ingenuity to unravel the mystery.

Scott's leisure, in the mean time, was well employed in storing his mind with German romance, with whose wild fictions, intrenching on the grotesque, indeed, he found at that time more sympathy than in later life. In 1796 he first appeared before the public as a translator of Bürger's well known ballads, thrown off by him at a heat, and which found favor with the few into whose hands they passed. He subsequently adventured in Monk Lewis's crazy bark, — "Tales of Wonder," — which soon went to pieces, leaving, however, among its surviving fragments the scattered contributions of Scott.

At last, in 1802, he gave to the world his two first volumes of the "Border Minstrelsy," printed by his old schoolfellow, Ballantyne, and which, by the beauty of the typography, as well as literary execution, made a sort of epoch in Scottish literary history. There was no work of Scott's after life, which showed the result of so much preliminary labor. Before ten years old, he had collected several volumes of ballads and traditions, and we have seen how diligently he pursued the same vocation in later years. The publication was admitted to be far more faithful, as well as skilfully collated, than its prototype, the "Reliques" of Bishop Percy; while his notes contained a mass of antiquarian information relative to border life, conveyed in a style of beauty unprecedented in topics of this kind, and enlivened with a higher interest than poetic fiction. Percy's "Reliques" had prepared the way for the kind reception of the "Minstrelsy," by the general relish, — notwithstanding Dr. Johnson's protest, — it had created for the simple pictures of a pastoral and heroic time. Burns had since familiarized the English ear with the Doric melodies of his native land; and now a greater than Burns appeared, whose first production, by a singular chance, came into the world in the very year in which the Ayrshire minstrel was withdrawn from it, as if Nature had intended that the chain of poetic inspiration should not be broken. The delight of the public was further augmented on the appearance of the third volume of the "Minstrelsy," containing various imitations of the old ballad, which displayed all the rich fashion of the antique, purified from the mould and rust by which the beauties of such weather-beaten trophies are defaced.

The first edition of the "Minstrelsy," consisting of eight hundred copies, went off, as Lockhart tells us, in less than a year; and the poet, on the publication of a second, received five hundred pounds sterling from Longman, — an enormous price for such a commodity, but the best bargain, probably, that the bookseller ever made, as the subsequent sale has since extended to twenty thousand copies.

Scott was not in great haste to follow up his success. It was three years later, before he took the field as an independent author, in a poem which at once placed him among the great original writers of his country. The "Lay of the Last Minstrel," a complete expansion of the ancient ballad into an epic form, was published in 1805. It was opening a new creation in the realm of fancy. It seemed as if the author had transfused into his page the strong delineations of the Homeric pencil, the rude, but generous gallantry of a primitive period, softened by the more airy and magical inventions of Italian romance,* and conveyed in tones of natural melody, such as had not been heard since the strains of Burns. The book speedily found that unprecedented circulation, which all his subsequent compositions attained. Other writers had addressed themselves to a more peculiar and limited feeling; to a narrower, and generally a more select, audience. But Scott was found to combine all the qualities of interest for every order. He drew from the pure springs, which gush forth in every heart. His narrative chained every reader's attention by the stirring variety of its incidents, while the fine touches of sentiment with which it abounded, like wild flowers, springing up spontaneously around, were full of freshness and beauty, that made one wonder others should not have stooped to gather them before.

The success of the "Lay" determined the course of its author's future life. Notwithstanding his punctual attention to

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* "Mettendo lo Turpin, lo metto anch' io,"

says Ariosto, playfully, when he tells a particularly tough story.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be,
I say the tale as 't was said to me,"

says the author of the "Lay," on a similar occasion. The resemblance might be traced much farther than mere forms of expression, to the Italian, who, like

"*the Ariosto of the North,*
Sung ladye-love, and war, romance, and knightly worth."

his profession, his utmost profits for any one year of the ten he had been in practice had not exceeded two hundred and thirty pounds; and of late they had sensibly declined. Latterly, indeed, he had coquetted somewhat too openly with the Muse for his professional reputation. Themis has always been found a stern and jealous mistress, chary of dispensing her golden favors to those who are seduced into a flirtation with her more volatile sister.

Scott, however, soon found himself in a situation that made him independent of her favors. His income from the two offices to which he was promoted, of Sheriff of Selkirk, and Clerk of the Court of Sessions, was so ample, combined with what fell to him by inheritance and marriage, that he was left at liberty freely to consult his own tastes. Amid the seductions of poetry, however, he never shrunk from his burdensome professional duties; and he submitted to all their drudgery with unflinching constancy, when the labors of his pen made the emoluments almost beneath consideration. He never relished the idea of being divorced from active life by the solitary occupations of a recluse. And his official functions, however severely they taxed his time, may be said to have, in some degree, compensated him by the new scenes of life which they were constantly disclosing, — the very materials of those fictions, on which his fame and his fortune were to be built.

Scott's situation was, on the whole, eminently propitious to literary pursuits. He was married, and passed the better portion of the year in the country, where the quiet pleasures of his fireside circle, and a keen relish for rural sports, relieved his mind and invigorated both health and spirits. In early life, it seems, he had been crossed in love; and, like Dante and Byron, to whom in this respect he is often compared, he has more than once, according to his biographer, shadowed forth in his verses the object of his unfortunate passion. He does not appear to have taken it so seriously, however, nor to have shown the morbid sensibility in relation to it, discovered by both Byron and Dante, the former of whom perhaps found his *cara sposa* so much too cold, as the latter certainly did his too hot, for his own temperament, as to seek relief from the present in the poetical visions of the past.

Scott's next great poem was his "Marmion," transcending,

in the judgment of many, all his other epics, and containing, in the judgment of all, passages of poetic fire, which he never equalled ; but which, nevertheless, was greeted on its entrance into the world, by a critique in the leading journal of the day, of the most caustic and unfriendly temper. The journal was the Edinburgh, to which he had been a frequent contributor, and the reviewer was his intimate friend, Jeffrey. The unkindest cut in the article was, the imputation of a neglect of Scottish character and feeling. "There is scarcely one trait of true Scottish nationality or patriotism introduced into the whole Poem ; and Mr. Scott's only expression of admiration for the beautiful country to which he belongs, is put, if we rightly remember, into the mouth of one of his Southern favorites." This of Walter Scott ! The critic had some misgivings, it would seem, as to the propriety of the part he was playing, or at least as to its effect on the mind of his friend ; since he sent a copy of the yet unpublished article to the latter on the day he was engaged to dine with him, with a request for a speedy answer. Scott testified no visible marks of vexation, although his wife was not so discreet, telling Jeffrey, rather bluntly, she hoped Constable would pay him well for abusing his friend. The gossips of the day in Edinburgh exaggerated the story into her actually turning the reviewer out of doors. He well deserved it.

The affair, however, led to important consequences. Scott was not slow, after this, in finding the political principles of the Edinburgh so repugnant to his own, (and they certainly were as opposite as the poles,) that he first dropped the journal, and next labored with unwearied diligence to organize another, whose main purpose should be to counteract the heresies of the former. This was the origin of the London Quarterly, more imputable to Scott's exertions, than to those of any, indeed all, other persons. The result has been, doubtless, highly serviceable to the interests of both morals and letters. Not that the new Review was conducted with more fairness, or, in this sense, *principle*, than its antagonist. A remark of Scott's own, in a letter to Ellis, shows with how much principle. "I have run up an attempt on 'The Curse of Kehama' for the Quarterly. It affords cruel openings to the quizzers, and, I suppose, will get it roundly in the Edinburgh Review. I would have made a very different hand of it indeed, had the order of the day been *pour déchirer*." But, although the fate

of the individual was thus, to a certain extent, a matter of caprice, or rather prejudgment in the critic, yet the great abstract questions in morals, politics, and literature, by being discussed on both sides, were presented in a fuller, and of course fairer, light to the public. Another beneficial result to letters was, — and we shall gain credit, at least, for candor, in confessing it, — that it broke down somewhat of that divinity, which hedged in the despotic *we* of the reviewer, so long as no rival arose to contest the sceptre. The claims to infallibility, so long and slavishly acquiesced in, fell to the ground, when thus stoutly asserted by conflicting parties. It was pretty clear, that the same thing could not be all black and all white, at the same time. In short, it was the old story of pope and antipope ; and the public began to find out, that there might be hopes for the salvation of an author, though damned by the literary popedom. Time, indeed, by reversing many of its decisions, must at length have shown the same thing.

But to return. Scott showed how nearly he had been touched to the quick, by two other acts not so discreet. These were, the establishment of an Annual Register, and of the great publishing house of the Ballantynes, in which he became a silent partner. The last step involved him in grievous embarrassments, and stimulated him to exertions, which required "a frame of adamant and soul of fire" to have endured. At the same time, we find him overwhelmed with poetical, biographical, historical, and critical compositions, together with editorial labors of appalling magnitude. In this multiplication of himself in a thousand forms, we see him always the same, vigorous and effective. "Poetry," he says, in one of his letters, "is a scourging crop, and ought not to be hastily repeated. Editing, therefore, may be considered as a green crop of turnips or peas, extremely useful to those whose circumstances do not admit of giving their farm a summer fallow." It might be regretted, however, that he should have wasted powers fitted for so much higher culture, on the coarse products of a kitchen-garden, which might have been safely trusted to inferior hands.

In 1811, Scott gave to the world his exquisite poem, "The Lady of the Lake." One of his fair friends had remonstrated with him on thus risking again the laurel he had already won. He replied, with characteristic, and indeed

prophetic, spirit, "If I fail, *I will write prose all my life.* But if I succeed,

> 'Up wi' the bonnie blue bonnet,
> The dirk and the feather an a'!'"

In his eulogy on Byron, Scott remarks, "There has been no reposing under the shade of his laurels, no living upon the resource of past reputation; none of that *coddling* and petty precaution, which little authors call 'taking care of their fame.' Byron let his fame take care of itself." Scott could not have more accurately described his own character.

The "Lady of the Lake" was welcomed with an enthusiasm, surpassing that which attended any other of his poems. It seemed like the sweet breathings of his native pibroch, stealing over glen and mountain, and calling up all the delicious associations of rural solitude, which beautifully contrasted with the din of battle and the shrill cry of the war-trumpet, that stirred the soul in every page of his "Marmion." The publication of this work carried his fame as a poet to its most brilliant height. Its popularity may be inferred from the fact, stated by Lockhart, that the post-horse duty rose to an extraordinary degree in Scotland, from the eagerness of travellers to visit the localities of the poem. A more substantial evidence was afforded in its amazing circulation, and consequently its profits. The press could scarcely keep pace with the public demand, and no less than fifty thousand copies of it have been sold since the date of its appearance. The successful author realized more than two thousand guineas from his production. Milton received ten pounds for the two editions which he lived to see of his "Paradise Lost." The Ayrshire bard had sighed for "a lass wi' a tocher." Scott had now found one in the Muse, such as no Scottish, nor any other poet had ever found before.

While the poetical fame of Scott was thus at its zenith, a new star rose above the horizon, whose eccentric course and dazzling radiance completely bewildered the spectator. In 1812, "Childe Harold" appeared, and the attention seemed to be now called, for the first time, from the outward form of man and visible nature, to the secret depths of the soul. The darkest recesses of human passion were laid open, and the note of sorrow was prolonged in tones of agonized sensibility, the more touching as coming from one who was placed on those dazzling heights of rank and fashion, which, to the vulgar

eye at least, seem to lie in unclouded sunshine. Those of the present generation who have heard only the same key thrummed *ad nauseam* by the feeble imitators of his Lordship, can form no idea of the effect produced when the chords were first swept by the master's fingers. It was found impossible for the ear once attuned to strains of such compass and ravishing harmony, to return with the same relish to purer, it might be, but tamer melody; and the sweet voice of the Scottish minstrel lost much of its power to charm, let him charm never so wisely. While "Rokeby" was in preparation, bets were laid on the rival candidates by the wits of the day. The sale of this poem, though great, showed a sensible decline in the popularity of its author. This became still more evident on the publication of "The Lord of the Isles"; and Scott admitted the conviction with his characteristic spirit and good-nature. "'Well, James,' (he said to his printer,) 'I have given you a week, — what are people saying about the Lord of the Isles?' I hesitated a little, after the fashion of Gil Blas, but he speedily brought the matter to a point. 'Come,' he said, 'speak out, my good fellow; what has put it into your head to be on so much ceremony *with me* all of a sudden? But, I see how it is, the result is given in one word, — *Disappointment.*' My silence admitted his inference to the fullest extent. His countenance certainly did look rather blank for a few seconds; in truth he had been wholly unprepared for the event. — At length he said, with perfect cheerfulness, 'Well, well, James, so be it, — but you know we must not droop, for we can't afford to give over. Since one line has failed, we must stick to something else.'" This *something else* was a mine he had already hit upon, of invention and substantial wealth, such as Thomas the Rhymer, or Michael Scott, or any other adept in the black art, had never dreamed of.

Everybody knows the story of the composition of "Waverley," — the most interesting story in the annals of letters, — and how, some ten years after its commencement, it was fished out of some old lumber in an attic, and completed in a few weeks for the press, in 1814. Its appearance marks a more distinct epoch in English literature than that of the poetry of its author. All previous attempts in the same school of fiction, — a school of English growth, — had been cramped by the limited information or talent of the writers. Smollett

had produced his spirited sea-pieces, and Fielding his warm sketches of country life, both of them mixed up with so much Billingsgate, as required a strong flavor of wit to make them tolerable. Richardson had covered acres of canvass with his faithful family pictures. Mrs. Radcliffe had dipped up to the elbows in horrors; while Miss Burney's fashionable gossip, and Miss Edgeworth's Hogarth drawings of the prose, — not the poetry, — of life and character, had each and all found favor in their respective ways. But a work now appeared, in which the author swept over the whole range of character with entire freedom, as well as fidelity, ennobling the whole by high historic associations, and in a style, varying with his theme, but whose pure and classic flow was tinctured with just so much of poetic coloring, as suited the purposes of romance. It was Shakspeare in prose.

The work was published, as we know, anonymously. Mr. Gillies states, however, that while in the press, fragments of it were communicated to "Mr. Mackenzie, Dr. Brown, Mrs. Hamilton, and other *savans* or *savantes*, whose dicta on the merits of a new novel were considered unimpeachable." By their approbation "a strong body of friends was formed, and the curiosity of the public prepared the way for its reception." This may explain the rapidity with which the anonymous publication rose into a degree of favor, which, though not less surely perhaps, it might have been more slow in achieving. The author jealously preserved his incognito, and, in order to heighten the mystification, flung off almost simultaneously a variety of works, in prose and poetry, any one of which might have been the labor of months. The public for a moment was at fault. There seemed to be six Richmonds in the field. The world, therefore, was reduced to the dilemma, of either supposing that half a dozen different hands could work in precisely the same style, or that one could do the work of half a dozen. With time, however, the veil wore thinner and thinner, until at length, and long before the ingenious argument of Mr. Adolphus, there was scarcely a critic so purblind as not to discern behind it the features of the mighty Minstrel.

Constable had offered seven hundred pounds for the new novel. "It was," says Mr. Lockhart, "ten times as much as Miss Edgeworth ever realized from any of her popular Irish tales." Scott declined the offer, which had been a good one for the bookseller had he made it as many thousand. But it passed the art of necromancy to divine this.

Scott, once entered on this new career, followed it up with an energy unrivalled in the history of literature. The public mind was not suffered to cool for a moment, before its attention was called to another miracle of creation from the same hand. Even illness that would have broken the spirit of most men, as it prostrated the physical energies of Scott, opposed no impediment to the march of composition. When he could no longer write, he could dictate; and in this way, amid the agonies of a racking disease, he composed "The Bride of Lammermoor," the "Legend of Montrose," and a great part of "Ivanhoe." The first, indeed, is darkened with those deep shadows that might seem thrown over it by the sombre condition of its author. But what shall we say of the imperturbable dry humor of the gallant Captain Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket, or of the gorgeous revelries of Ivanhoe, —

> "Such sights as youthful poets dream,
> On summer eves by haunted stream," —

what shall we say of such brilliant day-dreams for a bed of torture? Never before had the spirit triumphed over such agonies of the flesh. "The best way," said Scott, in one of his talks with Gillies, "is, *if possible*, to triumph over disease by setting it at defiance, somewhat on the same principle as one avoids being stung by boldly grasping a nettle."

The prose fictions were addressed to a much larger audience than the poems could be. They had attractions for every age and every class. The profits, of course, were commensurate. Arithmetic has never been so severely taxed, as in the computation of Scott's productions, and the proceeds resulting from them. In one year he received (or, more properly, was credited with, — for it is somewhat doubtful how much he actually received) fifteen thousand pounds for his novels, comprehending the first edition and the copyright. The discovery of this rich mine furnished its fortunate proprietor with the means of gratifying the fondest, and, indeed, most chimerical, desires. He had always coveted the situation of a lord of acres, — a Scottish laird; where his passion for planting might find scope in the creation of whole forests, — for every thing with him was on a magnificent scale, — and where he might indulge the kindly feelings of his nature in his benevolent offices to a numerous and dependent tenantry. The few acres of the original purchase now swelled into hundreds, and, for aught we know, thousands; for one tract alone

we find incidentally noticed as costing thirty thousand pounds. "It rounds off the property so handsomely," he says, in one of his letters. There was always a corner to "round off." The mansion, in the mean time, from a simple cottage *ornée*, was amplified into the dimensions almost, as well as the bizarre proportions, of some old feudal castle. The furniture and decorations were of the costliest kind; the wainscots of oak and cedar, the floors tesselated with marbles, or woods of different dyes, the ceilings fretted and carved with all the delicate tracery of a Gothic abbey, the storied windows blazoned with the richly colored insignia of heraldry, the walls garnished with time-honored trophies, or curious specimens of art, or volumes sumptuously bound, — in short, with all that luxury could demand, or ingenuity devise; while a copious reservoir of gas supplied every corner of the mansion with such fountains of light, as must have puzzled the genius of the *lamp* to provide for the less fortunate Aladdin.

Scott's exchequer must have been seriously taxed in another form, by the crowds of visitors whom he entertained under his hospitable roof. There was scarcely a person of note, or, indeed, not of note, who visited that country without paying his respects to the Lion of Scotland. Lockhart reckons up a full sixth of the British peerage, who had been there within his recollection; and Captain Hall, in his amusing Notes, remarks, that it was not unusual for a dozen or more coach loads to find their way into his grounds in the course of the day, most of whom found, or forced, an entrance into the mansion. Such was the heavy tax paid by his celebrity, and we may add, his good-nature. For if the one had been a whit less than the other, he could never have tolerated such a nuisance.

The cost of his correspondence gives one no light idea of the demands made on his time, as well as purse, in another form. His postage for letters, independently of franks, by which a large portion of it was covered, amounted to a hundred and fifty pounds, it seems, in the course of the year. In this, indeed, should be included ten pounds for a pair of unfortunate *Cherokee Lovers*, sent all the way from our own happy land, in order to be god-fathered by Sir Walter on the London boards. Perhaps the smart-money he had to pay on this interesting occasion, had its influence in mixing up rather more acid than was natural to him, in his judgments

of our countrymen. At all events, the Yankees find little favor on the few occasions on which he has glanced at them in his correspondence. "I am not at all surprised," he says, in a letter to Miss Edgeworth, apparently chiming in with her own tune, "I am not at all surprised at what you say of the Yankees. They are a people possessed of very considerable energy, quickened and brought into eager action by an honorable love of their country, and pride in their institutions; but they are as yet rude in their ideas of social intercourse, and totally ignorant, speaking generally, of all the art of good-breeding, which consists chiefly in a postponement of one's own petty wishes or comforts to those of others. By rude questions and observations, an absolute disrespect to other people's feelings, and a ready indulgence of their own, they make one feverish in their company, though perhaps you may be ashamed to confess the reason. But this will wear off, and is already wearing away. Men, when they have once got benches, will soon fall into the use of cushions. They are advancing in the lists of our literature, and they will not be long deficient in the *petite morale*, especially as they have, like ourselves, the rage for travelling." On another occasion, he does, indeed, admit having met with, in the course of his life, "four or five well-lettered Americans, ardent in pursuit of knowledge, and free from the ignorance and forward presumption, which distinguish many of their countrymen." This seems hard measure; but perhaps we should find it difficult, among the many who have visited this country, to recollect as great a number of Englishmen, — and Scotchmen to boot, — entitled to a higher degree of commendation. It can hardly be, that the well-informed and well-bred men of both countries make a point of staying at home; so we suppose we must look for the solution of the matter in the existence of some disagreeable ingredient, common to the characters of both nations, sprouting as they do from a common stock, which remains latent at home, and is never fully disclosed till they get into a foreign climate. But as this problem seems pregnant with philosophical, physiological, and, for aught we know, psychological matter, we have not courage for it here, but recommend the solution to Miss Martineau, to whom it will afford a very good title for a new chapter in her next edition. The strictures we have quoted, however, to speak more seriously, are worth attend-

ing to, coming as they do from a shrewd observer, and one whose judgments, though here somewhat colored, no doubt, by political prejudice, are, in the main, distinguished by a sound and liberal philanthropy. But were he ten times an enemy, we would say, "Fas est ab hoste doceri."

With the splendid picture of the baronial residence at Abbotsford, Mr. Lockhart closes all that at this present writing we have received of his delightful work in this country. And in the last sentence, the melancholy sound of "the muffled drum," gives ominous warning of what we are to expect in the sixth and concluding volume. In the dearth of more authentic information, we will piece out our sketch with a few facts gleaned from the somewhat meagre bill of fare, — meagre by comparison with the rich banquet of the true Amphitryon, — afforded by the "Recollections" of Mr. Robert Pierce Gillies.

The unbounded popularity of the Waverley novels led to still more extravagant anticipations on the part both of the publishers and author. Some hints of a falling off, though but slightly, in the public favor, were unheeded by both parties; though, to say truth, the exact state of things was never disclosed to Scott, it being Ballantyne's notion, that it would prove a damper, and that the true course was, "to press on more sail as the wind lulled." In these sanguine calculations, not only enormous sums, or, to speak correctly, *bills*, were given for what had been written, but the author's drafts, to the amount of many thousand pounds, were accepted by Constable in favor of works, the very embryos of which lay, not only unformed, but unimagined, in the womb of time. In return for this singular accommodation, Scott was induced to indorse the drafts of his publisher; and in this way an amount of liabilities was incurred, which, considering the character of the house, and its transactions, it is altogether inexplicable, that a person in the independent position of Sir Walter Scott, should have subjected himself to for a moment. He seems to have had entire confidence in the stability of the firm; a confidence, to which it seems, from Mr. Gillies's account, not to have been entitled, from the first moment of his connexion with it. The great reputation of the house, however, the success and magnitude of some of its transactions, especially the publication of these novels, gave it a large credit, which enabled it to go forward

with a great show of prosperity, in ordinary times, and veiled the tottering state of things, probably, from Constable's own eyes. It is but the tale of yesterday. The case of Constable & Co., is, unhappily, a very familiar one to us. But when the hurricane of 1825 came on, it swept away all those buildings that were not founded on a rock; and those of Messrs. Constable, among others, soon became literally mere *castles in the air*. In plain English, the firm stopped payment. The assets were very trifling in comparison with the debts. And Sir Walter Scott was found on their paper to the frightful amount of one hundred thousand pounds!

His conduct on the occasion was precisely what was to have been anticipated from one who had declared on a similar, though much less appalling conjuncture, "I am always ready to make any sacrifices to do justice to my engagements, and would rather sell any thing, or every thing, than be less than a true man to the world." He put up his house and furniture in town at auction; delivered over his personal effects at Abbotsford, his plate, books, furniture, &c., to be held in trust for his creditors (the estate itself had been recently secured to his son, on occasion of his marriage); and bound himself to discharge a certain amount annually of the liabilities of the insolvent firm. He then, with his characteristic energy, set about the performance of his Herculean task. He took lodgings in a third-rate house in St. David's Street; saw but little company; abridged the hours usually devoted to his meals and his family; gave up his ordinary exercise; and, in short, adopted the severe habits of a regular Grub Street stipendiary.

"For many years," he said to Mr. Gillies, "I have been accustomed to hard work, because I found it a pleasure; now, with all due respect for Falstaff's principle, 'nothing on compulsion,' I certainly will not shrink from work because it has become necessary."

One of his first tasks was his "Life of Bonaparte," achieved in the space of thirteen months. For this he received fourteen thousand pounds, about eleven hundred per month; not a bad bargain, either, as it proved, for the publishers. The two first volumes of the nine which make up the English edition, were a *rifacimento* of what he had before compiled for the "Annual Register." With every allowance for the inaccuracies, and the excessive expansion incident to such

a flashing rapidity of execution, the work, taking into view the broad range of its topics, its shrewd and sagacious reflections, and the free, bold, and picturesque coloring of its narration, — and, above all, considering *the brief time in which it was written*, — is indisputably one of the most remarkable monuments of genius and industry, — perhaps the most remarkable, ever recorded.

Scott's celebrity made every thing that fell from him, however trifling, — the dew-drops from the lion's mane, — of value. But none of the many adventures he embarked in, or rather set afloat, proved so profitable as the republication of his novels, with his notes and illustrations. As he felt his own strength in the increasing success of his labors, he appears to have relaxed somewhat from them, and to have again resumed somewhat of his ancient habits, and, in a mitigated degree, his ancient hospitality. But still his exertions were too severe, and pressed heavily on the springs of health, already deprived by age of their former elasticity and vigor. At length, in 1831, he was overtaken by one of those terrible shocks of paralysis, which seem to have been constitutional in his family, but which, with more precaution, and under happier auspices, might, doubtless, have been postponed, if not wholly averted. At this time he had, in the short space of little more than five years, by his sacrifices and efforts, discharged about two thirds of the debt for which he was responsible; an astounding result, wholly unparalleled in the history of letters! There is something inexpressibly painful in this spectacle of a generous heart thus courageously contending with fortune, bearing up against the tide with unconquerable spirit, and finally overwhelmed by it, just within reach of shore.

The rest of his story is one of humiliation and sorrow. He was induced to make a voyage to the Continent, to try the effect of a more genial climate. Under the sunny sky of Italy, he seemed to gather new strength for a while. But his eye fell with indifference on the venerable monuments, which, in better days, would have kindled all his enthusiasm. The invalid sighed for his own home at Abbotsford. The heat of the weather, and the fatigue of rapid travel, brought on another shock, which reduced him to a state of deplorable imbecility. In this condition, he returned to his own halls, where the sight of early friends, and of the beautiful scenery,

the creation, as it were, of his own hands, seemed to impart a gleam of melancholy satisfaction, which soon, however, sunk into insensibility. To his present situation might well be applied the exquisite verses which he indited on another melancholy occasion;

"Yet not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright hues that once it bore;
Though evening, with her richest dye,
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

"With listless look along the plain
I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruined pride.

"The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree, —
Are they still such as once they were,
Or is the dreary change in me?"

Providence, in its mercy, did not suffer the shattered frame long to outlive the glorious spirit which had informed it. He breathed his last, on the 21st of September, 1832. His remains were deposited, as he had always desired, in the hoary abbey of Dryburgh; and the pilgrim, from many a distant clime, shall repair to the consecrated spot, so long as the reverence for exalted genius and worth shall survive in the human heart.

This sketch, brief as we could make it, of the literary history of Sir Walter Scott, has extended so far as to leave but little space for — what Lockhart's volumes afford ample materials for — his personal character. Take it for all and all, it is not too much to say, that this character is probably the most remarkable on record. There is no man, that we now recall, of historical celebrity, who combined, in so emident a degree, the highest qualities of the moral, the intellectual, and the physical. He united in his own character, what hitherto had been found incompatible. Though a poet, and living in an ideal world, he was an exact, methodical man of business; though achieving with the most wonderful fertility of genius, he was patient and laborious; a mousing antiquarian, yet with the most active interest in the present, and whatever was going on around him; with a strong turn for a roving life, and military adventure, he was yet chained to

his desk more hours, at some periods of his life, than a monkish recluse; a man with a heart as capacious as his head; a Tory, brim full of Jacobitism, yet full of sympathy and unaffected familiarity with all classes, even the humblest; a successful author, without pedantry, and without conceit; one, indeed, at the head of the republic of letters, and yet with a lower estimate of letters, as compared with other intellectual pursuits, than was ever hazarded before.

The first quality of his character, or rather that which forms the basis of it, as of all great characters, was his energy. We see it, in his early youth, triumphing over the impediments of nature, and in spite of lameness, making him conspicuous in every sort of athletic exercise, — clambering up dizzy precipices, wading through treacherous fords, and performing feats of pedestrianism, that make one's joints ache to read of. As he advanced in life, we see the same force of purpose turned to higher objects. A striking example occurs in his organization of the journals and the publishing house in opposition to Constable. In what Herculean drudgery did not this latter business, in which he undertook to supply matter for the nimble press of Ballantyne, involve him! While, in addition to his own concerns, he had to drag along, by his solitary momentum, a score of heavier undertakings, that led Lockhart to compare him to a steam-engine, with a train of coal-wagons hitched on to it. "Yes," said Scott, laughing, and making a crashing cut with his axe, (for they were felling larches,) "and there was a cursed lot of dung-carts too."

We see the same powerful energies triumphing over disease, at a later period, when, indeed, nothing but a resolution to get the better of it enabled him to do so. "Be assured," he remarked to Mr. Gillies, "that if pain could have prevented my application to literary labor, not a page of Ivanhoe would have been written. Now if I had given way to mere feelings, and ceased to work, it is a question whether the disorder might not have taken a deeper root, and become incurable." But the most extraordinary instance of this trait, is the readiness with which he assumed, and the spirit with which he carried through, till his mental strength broke down under it, the gigantic task imposed on him by the failure of Constable.

It mattered little, indeed, what the nature of the task was,

whether it were organizing an opposition to a political faction, or a troop of cavalry to resist invasion, or a medley of wild Highlanders and Edinburgh cockneys to make up a royal puppet-show, — a loyal celebration, — for "His Most Sacred Majesty," — he was the master-spirit that gave the cue to the whole *dramatis personæ*. This potent impulse showed itself in the thoroughness with which he prescribed, not merely the general orders, but the execution of the minutest details, in his own person. Thus all around him was the creation, as it were, of his individual exertion. His lands waved with forests, planted with his own hands, and, in process of time, cleared by his own hands. He did not lay the stones in mortar, exactly, for his whimsical castle ; but he seems to have superintended the operation, from the foundation to the battlements. The antique relics, the curious works of art, the hangings and furniture, even, with which his halls were decorated, were specially contrived or selected by him ; and, to read his letters at this time to his friend Terry, one might fancy himself perusing the correspondence of an upholsterer, so exact and technical is he in his instructions. We say this not in disparagement of his great qualities. It is only the more extraordinary ; for, while he stooped to such trifles, he was equally thorough in matters of the highest moment. It was a trait of character.

Another quality, which, like the last, seems to have given the tone to his character, was his social or benevolent feelings. His heart was an unfailing fountain, which not merely the distresses, but the joys, of his fellow creatures made to flow like water. In early life, and possibly sometimes in later, high spirits, and a vigorous constitution, led him occasionally to carry his social propensities into convivial excess. But he never was in danger of the habitual excess to which a vulgar mind, — and sometimes, alas ! one more finely tuned, — abandons itself. Indeed, with all his conviviality, it was not the sensual relish, but the social, which acted on him. He was neither *gourmé* nor *gourmand ;* but his social meetings were endeared to him by the free interchange of kindly feelings with his friends. La Bruyère says, (and it is odd he should have found it out in Louis the Fourteenth's court,) "the heart has more to do than the head with the pleasures, or rather promoting the pleasures, of society" ; "Un homme est d'un meilleur commerce dans la société par le cœur que

par l'esprit." If report, the report of travellers, be true, we Americans, at least the New-Englanders, are too much perplexed with the cares and crosses of life, to afford many genuine specimens of this *bonhommie*. However this may be, we all, doubtless, know some such character, whose shining face, the index of a cordial heart, radiant with beneficent pleasure, diffuses its own exhilarating glow wherever it appears. Rarely, indeed, is this precious quality found united with the most exalted intellect. Whether it be that Nature, chary of her gifts, does not care to shower too many of them on one head; or, that the public admiration has led the man of intellect to set too high a value on himself, or at least his own pursuits, to take an interest in the inferior concerns of others; or, that the fear of compromising his dignity puts him "on points" with those who approach him; or, whether, in truth, the very magnitude of his own reputation, throws a freezing shadow over us little people in his neighbourhood; — whatever be the cause, it is too true, that the highest powers of mind are very often deficient in the only one which can make the rest of much worth in society, — the power of pleasing.

Scott was not one of these little great. His was not one of those dark-lantern visages, which concentrate all their light on their own path, and are black as midnight to all about them. He had a ready sympathy, a word of contagious kindness, or cordial greeting, for all. His manners, too, were of a kind to dispel the icy reserve and awe, which his great name was calculated to inspire. His frank address, was a sort of *open sesame* to every heart. He did not deal in sneers, the poisoned weapons, which come not from the head, as the man who launches them is apt to think, but from an acid heart, or perhaps an acid stomach, a very common laboratory of such small artillery. Neither did Scott amuse the company with parliamentary harangues, or metaphysical disquisitions. His conversation was of the narrative kind, not formal, but as casually suggested by some passing circumstance or topic, and thrown in by way of illustration. He did not repeat himself, however, but continued to give his anecdotes such variations, by rigging them out in a new "cocked hat and walking-cane," as he called it, that they never tired like the thrice-told tale of a chronic *raconteur*. He allowed others, too, to take their turn, and thought with the Dean of St. Patrick's;

> "Carve to all, but just enough,
> Let them neither starve nor stuff;
> And that you may have your due,
> Let your neighbours carve for you."

He relished a good joke, from whatever quarter it came, and was not over-dainty in his manner of testifying his satisfaction. "In the full tide of mirth, he did indeed laugh the heart's laugh," says Mr. Adolphus. "Give me an honest laugher," said Scott himself, on another occasion, when a buckram man of fashion had been paying him a visit at Abbotsford. His manners, free from affectation or artifice of any sort, exhibited the spontaneous movements of a kind disposition, subject to those rules of good-breeding, which Nature herself might have dictated. In this way he answered his own purposes admirably, as a painter of character, by putting every man in good humor with himself; in the same manner as a cunning portrait-painter amuses his sitters with such store of fun and anecdote, as may throw them off their guard, and call out the happiest expressions of their countenances.

Scott, in his wide range of friends and companions, does not seem to have been over-fastidious. In the instance of John Ballantyne, it has exposed him to some censure. Indeed, a more worthless fellow never hung on the skirts of a great man; for he did not take the trouble to throw a decent veil over the grossest excesses. But then, he had been the school-boy friend of Scott; had grown up with him in a sort of dependence; a relation which begets a kindly feeling, in the party that confers the benefits, at least. How strong it was in him, may be inferred from his remark at his funeral. "I feel," said Scott, mournfully, as the solemnity was concluded, "I feel as if there would be less sunshine for me, from this day forth." It must be admitted, however, that his intimacy with little Rigdumfunnidos, whatever apology it may find in Scott's heart, was not very creditable to his taste.

But the benevolent principle showed itself not merely in words, but in the more substantial form of actions. How many are the cases recorded of indigent merit, which he drew from obscurity, and almost warmed into life, by his own generous and most delicate patronage. Such were the cases, among others, of Leyden, Weber, Hogg. How often and how cheerfully did he supply such literary contributions as

were solicited by his friends,—and they taxed him pretty liberally,—amidst all the pressure of business, and at the height of his fame, when his hours were golden hours indeed to him. In the more vulgar and easier forms of charity, he did not stint his hand, though, instead of direct assistance, he preferred to enable others to assist themselves ; in this way fortifying their good habits, and relieving them from the sense of personal degradation.

But the place where his benevolent impulses found their proper theatre for expansion, was his own home ; surrounded by a happy family, and dispensing all the hospitalities of a great feudal proprietor. "There are many good things in life," he says, in one of his letters, "whatever satirists and misanthropes may say to the contrary, but probably the best of all, next to a conscience void of offence (without which, by the by, they can hardly exist), are the quiet exercise and enjoyment of the social feelings, in which we are at once happy ourselves, and the cause of happiness to them who are dearest to us." Every page of the work, almost, shows us how intimately he blended himself with the pleasures and the pursuits of his own family, watched over the education of his children, shared in their rides, their rambles, and sports, losing no opportunity of kindling in their young minds a love of virtue, and honorable principles of action. He delighted too to collect his tenantry around him, multiplying holidays, when young and old might come together under his roof-tree, when the jolly punch was liberally dispensed by himself and his wife among the elder people, and the *Hogmanay* cakes and pennies were distributed among the young ones ; while his own children mingled in the endless reels and hornpipes on the earthen floor, and the *laird* himself, mixing in the groups of merry faces, had "his private joke for every old wife or 'gausie carle,' his arch compliment for the ear of every bonny lass, and his hand and his blessing for the head of every little *Eppie Daidle* from Abbotstown or Broomylees." "Sir Walter," said one of his old retainers, "speaks to every man as if he were his blood-relation." No wonder that they should have returned this feeling with something warmer than blood-relations usually do. Mr. Gillies tells an anecdote of the Ettrick Shepherd, showing how deep a root such feelings, notwithstanding his rather odd way of expressing them, sometimes, had taken in his honest nature. "Mr

James Ballantyne, walking home with him one evening from Scott's, where, by the by, Hogg had gone uninvited, happened to observe, 'I do not at all like this illness of Scott's. I have often seen him look jaded of late, and am afraid it is serious.' 'Haud your tongue, or I 'll gar you measure your length on the pavement!' replied Hogg. 'You fause, down-hearted loon, that you are; ye daur to speak as if Scott were on his death-bed! It cannot be, it *must* not be! I will not suffer you to speak that gait.' The sentiment was like that of Uncle Toby at the bed-side of Le Fevre; and, at these words, the Shepherd's voice became suppressed with emotion."

But Scott's sympathies were not confined to his species; and if he treated them like blood-relations, he treated his brute followers like personal friends. Every one remembers old Maida, and faithful Camp, the "dear old friend," whose loss cost him a dinner. Mr. Gillies tells us, that he went into his study on one occasion, when he was winding off his "Vision of Don Roderick." "'Look here,' said the poet, 'I have just begun to copy over the rhymes that you heard to-day, and applauded so much. Return to supper, if you can; only don't be late, as you perceive we keep early hours, and Wallace will not suffer me to rest after six in the morning. Come, good dog, and help the poet.' At this hint, Wallace seated himself upright on a chair next his master, who offered him a newspaper, which he directly seized, looking very wise, and holding it firmly and contentedly in his mouth. Scott looked at him with great satisfaction, for he was excessively fond of dogs. 'Very well,' said he, '*now* we shall get on.' And so I left them abruptly, knowing that my 'absence would be the best company.'" This fellowship, indeed, extended much further than to his canine followers, of which, including hounds, terriers, mastiffs, and mongrels, he had certainly a goodly assortment. We find also, Grimalkin installed in a responsible post in the library, and out of doors pet hens, pet donkeys, and, — tell it not in Judæa, — a pet pig!

Scott's sensibilities, though easily moved, and widely diffused, were warm and sincere. None shared more cordially in the troubles of his friends; but on all such occasions, with a true manly feeling, he thought less of mere sympathy, than of the most effectual way for mitigating their sorrows. After a touching allusion, in one of his epistles, to his dear friend

Erskine's death, he concludes, "I must turn to, and see what can be done about getting some pension for his daughters." In another passage, which may remind one of some of the exquisite touches in Jeremy Taylor, he indulges in the following beautiful strain of philosophy. "The last three or four years have swept away more than half the friends with whom I lived in habits of great intimacy. So it must be with us

'When ance life's day draws near the gloamin','—

and yet we proceed with our plantations and plans as if any tree but the sad cypress would accompany us to the grave, where our friends have gone before us. It is the way of the world, however, and must be so; otherwise life would be spent in unavailing mourning for those whom we have lost. It is better to enjoy the society of those who remain to us." His well disciplined heart seems to have confessed the influence of this philosophy, in his most ordinary relations. "I can't help it," was a favorite maxim of his, "and therefore will not think about it; for that, at least, I *can* help."

Among his admirable qualities, must not be omitted a certain worldly sagacity or shrewdness, which is expressed as strongly as any individual trait can be, in some of his portraits, especially in the excellent one of him by Leslie. Indeed, his countenance would seem to exhibit, ordinarily, much more of Dandie Dinmont's benevolent shrewdness, than of the eye glancing from earth to heaven, which in fancy we assign to the poet, and which, in some moods, must have been his. This trait may be readily discerned in all his business transactions, which he managed with perfect knowledge of character, as well as of his own rights. No one knew better than he the market value of an article; and though he underrated his literary wares, as to their mere literary rank, he set as high a money value on them, and made as sharp a bargain, as any of the *trade* could have done. In his business concerns, indeed, he managed rather too much; or, to speak more correctly, was too fond of mixing up mystery in his transactions, which, like most mysteries, proved of little service to their author. Scott's correspondence, especially with his son, affords obvious examples of shrewdness, in the advice he gives as to his deportment in the novel situations and society, into which the young cornet was thrown. Occasionally, indeed, in the cautious hints about etiquette and social observances, we are reminded of that ancient "arbiter elegantiarum," Lord Ches-

terfield ; though it must be confessed, there is throughout a high moral tone, which the noble lord did not very scrupulously affect.

Another feature in Scott's character was his loyalty ; which, indeed, some people would extend into a more general deference to rank not royal. We do, indeed, meet with a tone of deference, occasionally, to the privileged orders, (or rather privileged persons, as the King, his own Chief, &c., for to the mass of stars and garters he showed no such respect,) which falls rather unpleasantly on the ear of a republican. But, independently of the feelings which should rightfully have belonged to him as the subject of a monarchy, and without which he must have been a falsehearted subject, his own were heightened by a poetical coloring, that mingled, in his mind, even with much more vulgar relations of life. At the opening of the regalia in Holyrood House, when the honest burgomaster deposited the crown on the head of one of the young ladies present, the good man probably saw nothing more in the dingy diadem than we should have seen, — a head-piece for a set of men no better than himself, and, if the old adage of a "dead lion" holds true, not quite so good. But to Scott's imagination other views were unfolded. "A thousand years their cloudy wings expanded" around him, and, in the dim visions of distant times, he beheld the venerable line of monarchs, who had swayed the councils of his country in peace, and led her armies in battle. The "golden round" became in his eye the symbol of his nation's glory ; and as he heaved a heavy oath from his heart, he left the room in agitation, from which he did not speedily recover. There was not a spice of affectation in this, — for who ever accused Scott of affectation ? — but there was a good deal of poetry, the poetry of sentiment.

We have said, that this feeling mingled in the more common concerns of his life. His cranium, indeed, to judge from his busts, must have exhibited a strong developement of the organ of veneration. He regarded with reverence every thing connected with antiquity. His establishment was on the feudal scale ; his house was fashioned more after the feudal ages than his own ; and even in the ultimate distribution of his fortune, although the circumstance of having made it himself relieved him from any legal necessity of contravening the suggestions of natural justice, he showed such attachment to

the old aristocratic usage, as to settle nearly the whole of it on his eldest son.

The influence of this poetic sentiment is discernible in his most trifling acts, in his tastes, his love of the arts, his social habits. His museum, house, and grounds were adorned with relics, curious not so much from their workmanship, as their historic associations. It was the ancient fountain from Edinburgh, the Tolbooth lintels, the blunderbuss and spleughan of Rob Roy, the drinking cup of Prince Charlie, or the like. It was the same in the arts. The tunes he loved were not the refined and complex melodies of Italy, but the simple notes of his native minstrelsy, from the bagpipe of John of Skye, or from the harp of his own lovely and accomplished daughter. So also in painting. It was not the masterly designs of the great Flemish and Italian schools, that adorned his walls, but some portrait of Claverhouse, or of Queen Mary, or of "glorious old John." In architecture, we see the same spirit in the singular "romance of stone and lime," which may be said to have been his own device, down to the minutest details of its finishing. We see it again, in the joyous celebrations of his feudal tenantry, the good old festivals, the Hogmanay, the Kirn, &c., long fallen into desuetude, when the old Highland piper sounded the same wild pibroch that had so often summoned the clans together, for war or for wassail, among the fastnesses of the mountains. To the same source, in fine, may be traced the feelings of superstition, which seemed to hover round Scott's mind like some "strange, mysterious dream," giving a romantic coloring to his conversation and his writings, but rarely, if ever, influencing his actions. It was a poetic sentiment.

Scott was a Tory, to the backbone. Had he come into the world half a century sooner, he would, no doubt, have made a figure under the banner of the Pretender. He was at no great pains to disguise his political creed; witness his jolly drinking song on the acquittal of Lord Melville. This was verse; but his prose is not much more qualified. "As for Whiggery in general," he says, in one of his letters, "I can only say, that as no man can be said to be utterly overset until his rump has been higher than his head, so I cannot read in history of any free state which has been brought to slavery, until the rascal and uninstructed populace had had their short hour of anarchical government, which naturally leads to the

stern repose of military despotism. . . . . With these convictions, I am very jealous of Whiggery, under all modifications; and I must say, my acquaintance with the total want of principle in some of its warmest professors does not tend to recommend it." With all this, however, his Toryism was not, practically, of that sort, which blunts a man's sensibilities for those who are not of the same porcelain clay with himself. No man, Whig or Radical, ever had less of this pretension, or treated his inferiors with greater kindness, and, indeed, familiarity; a circumstance noticed by every visiter at his hospitable mansion, who saw him strolling round his grounds, taking his pinch of snuff out of the mull of some "grey-haired old hedger," or leaning on honest Tom Purdie's shoulder, and taking sweet counsel as to the right method of thinning a plantation. But, with all this familiarity, no man was better served by his domestics. It was the service of love; the only service that power cannot command, and money cannot buy.

Akin to the feelings of which we have been speaking, was the truly chivalrous sense of honor, which stamped his whole conduct. We do not mean that Hotspur honor, which is roused only by the drum and fife, — though he says of himself, "I like the sound of a drum as well as Uncle Toby ever did," — but that honor which is deep-seated in the heart of every true gentleman, shrinking with sensitive delicacy from the least stain, or imputation of a stain on his faith. "If we lose every thing else," writes he, on a trying occasion, to a friend who was not so nice in this particular, "we will at least keep our honor unblemished." It reminds one of the pithy epistle of a kindred chivalrous spirit, Francis the First, to his mother, from the unlucky field of Pavia; "Tout est perdu, fors l'honneur." Scott's latter years furnished a noble commentary on the sincerity of his manly principles.

Little is said directly of his religious sentiments, in the biography. They seem to have harmonized well with his political. He was a member of the English Church, a stanch champion of established forms, and a sturdy enemy to every thing that savored of the sharp twang of Puritanism. On this ground, indeed, the youthful Sampson used to wrestle manfully with worthy Dominie Mitchell, who, no doubt, furnished many a screed of doctrine for the Rev. Peter Poundtext, Master Nehemiah Holdenough, and other lights of the Cove-

nant. Scott was no friend to cant, under any form. But, whatever were his speculative opinions, in practice his heart overflowed with that charity which is the life-spring of our religion. And whenever he takes occasion to allude to the subject directly, he testifies a deep reverence for the truths of revelation, as well as for its divine Original.

Whatever estimate be formed of Scott's moral qualities, his intellectual were of a kind which well entitled him to the epithet conferred on Lope de Vega, "monstruo de naturaleza," "a miracle of nature." His mind, indeed, did not seem to be subjected to the same laws which control the rest of his species. His memory, as is usual, was the first of his powers fully developed. While an urchin at school, he could repeat whole cantos, he says, of Ossian and of Spenser. In riper years, we are constantly meeting with similar feats of his achievement. Thus, on one occasion, he repeated the whole of a poem in some penny Magazine, incidentally alluded to, which he had not seen since he was a schoolboy. On another, when the Ettrick Shepherd was trying ineffectually to fish up from his own recollections some scraps of a ballad he had himself manufactured, years before, Scott called to him, "Take your pencil, Jemmy, and I will tell it to you, word for word;" and he accordingly did so. But it is needless to multiply examples of feats so startling as to look almost like the tricks of a conjuror.

What is most extraordinary is, that while he acquired with such facility, that the bare perusal, or the repetition of a thing once to him, was sufficient, he yet retained it with the greatest pertinacity. Other men's memories are so much jostled in the rough and tumble of life, that most of the facts get sifted out, nearly as fast as they are put in; so that we are in the same pickle with those unlucky daughters of Danaus, of schoolboy memory, obliged to spend the greater part of the time in replenishing. But Scott's memory seemed to be hermetically sealed, suffering nothing once fairly in to leak out again. This was of immense service to him, when he took up the business of authorship; as his whole multifarious stock of facts, whether from books or observation, became in truth his stock in trade, ready furnished to his hands. This may explain in part, — though it is not less marvellous, — the cause of his rapid execution of works, often replete with rare and curious information. The labor, the preparation, had

been already completed. His whole life had been a business of preparation. When he ventured, as in the case of "Rokeby" and of "Quentin Durward," on ground with which he had not been familiar, we see how industriously he set about new acquisitions.

In most of the prodigies of memory which we have ever known, the overgrowth of that faculty seems to have been attained at the expense of all the others. But in Scott, the directly opposite power of the imagination, — the inventive power, — was equally strongly developed, and at the same early age. For we find him renowned for story-craft, while at school. How many a delightful fiction, indeed, warm with the flush of ingenuous youth, did he not throw away on the ears of thoughtless childhood, which, had they been duly registered, might now have amused children of a larger growth. We have seen Scott's genius in its prime and its decay. The frolic graces of childhood are alone wanting.

The facility with which he threw his ideas into language, was also remarked very early. One of his first ballads, and a long one, was dashed off at the dinner table. His "Lay" was written at the rate of a canto a week. "Waverley," or rather the last two volumes of it, cost the evenings of a summer month. Who that has ever read the account can forget the movements of that mysterious hand, as descried by the two students from the window of a neighbouring attic, throwing off sheet after sheet, with untiring rapidity, of the pages destined to immortality? Scott speaks pleasantly enough of this marvellous facility, in a letter to his friend Morritt. "When once I set my pen to the paper, it will walk fast enough. I am sometimes tempted to leave it alone, and see whether it will not write as well without the assistance of my head as with it. A hopeful prospect for the reader."

As to the time and place of composition, he appears to have been nearly indifferent. He possessed entire power of abstraction, and it mattered little whether he were nailed to his clerk's desk, under the drowsy eloquence of some long-winded barrister, or dashing his horse into the surf on Portobello sands, or rattling in a postchaise, or amidst the hum of guests in his overflowing halls at Abbotsford, — it mattered not, the same well adjusted little packet, "nicely corded and sealed," was sure to be ready, at the regular time, for the Edinburgh mail. His own account of his composition, to a friend who

asked when he found time for it, is striking enough. "O," said Scott, "I lie *simmering* over things for an hour or so before I get up, — and there 's the time I am dressing to overhaul my half-sleeping half-waking *projet de chapitre*, — and when I get the paper before me, it commonly runs off pretty easily. Besides, I often take a doze in the plantations, and, while Tom marks out a dyke or a drain, as I have directed, one's fancy may be running its ain riggs in some other world." Never indeed did this sort of simmering produce such a splendid bill of fare.

The quality of the material, under such circumstances, is, in truth, the great miracle of the whole. The execution of so much work, as a mere feat of penmanship, would, undoubtedly, be very extraordinary; but, as a mere scrivener's miracle, would be hardly worth recording. It is a sort of miracle that is every day performing under our own eyes, as it were, by Messrs. James, Bulwer, & Co., who, in all the various staples of "comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral," &c., &c., supply their own market and ours too, with all that can be wanted. In Spain and in Italy, too, we may find abundance of *improvvisatori* and *improvvisatrici*, who perform miracles of the same sort, in verse, too, in languages whose vowel terminations make it very easy for the thoughts to tumble into rhyme, without any malice prepense. Governor Raffles, in his account of Java, tells us of a splendid avenue of trees before his house, which in the course of a year shot up to the height of forty feet. But who shall compare the brief, transitory splendors of a fungus vegetation with the mighty monarch of the forest, sending his roots deep into the heart of the earth, and his branches, amid storm and sunshine, to the heavens? And is not the latter the true emblem of Scott? For, who can doubt that his prose creations, at least, will gather strength with time, living on through succeeding generations, even when the language in which they are written, like those of Greece and Rome, shall cease to be a living language?

The only writer deserving, in these respects, to be named with Scott, is Lope de Vega, who in his own day held as high a rank in the republic of letters, as our great contemporary. The beautiful dramas which he threw off for the entertainment of the capital, and whose success drove Cervantes from the stage, outstripped the abilities of an amanuensis

to copy. His intimate friend, Montalvan, one of the most popular and prolific authors of the time, tells us, that he undertook with Lope once to supply the theatre with a comedy, — in verse, and in three acts, as the Spanish dramas usually were, — at a very short notice. In order to get through his half as soon as his partner, he rose by two in the morning, and at eleven had completed it; an extraordinary feat, certainly, since a play extended to between thirty and forty pages, of a hundred lines each. Walking into the garden, he found his brother poet pruning an orange tree. "Well, how do you get on?" said Montalvan. "Very well," answered Lope. "I rose betimes, — at five; and after I had got through, eat my breakfast; since which I have written a letter of fifty triplets, and watered the whole of the garden, which has tired me a good deal."

But a little arithmetic will best show the comparative fertility of Scott and Lope de Vega. It is so germane to the present matter, that we shall make no apology for transcribing here some computations from our last July number; and as few of our readers, we suspect, have the air-tight memory of Sir Walter, we doubt not that enough of it has escaped them by this time to excuse us from equipping it with one of those "cocked hats and walking-sticks," with which he furbished up an old story.

"It is impossible to state the results of Lope de Vega's labors in any form that will not powerfully strike the imagination. Thus, he has left twenty-one million three hundred thousand verses in print, besides a mass of manuscript. He furnished the theatre, according to the statement of his intimate friend, Montalvan, with eighteen hundred regular plays, and four hundred *autos* or religious dramas, — all acted. He composed, according to his own statement, more than one hundred comedies in the almost incredible space of twenty-four hours each; and a comedy averaged between two and three thousand verses, great part of them rhymed, and interspersed with sonnets, and other more difficult forms of versification. He lived seventy-two years; and supposing him to have employed fifty of that period in composition, although he filled a variety of engrossing vocations during that time, he must have averaged a play a week, to say nothing of twenty-one volumes, quarto, of miscellaneous works, including five epics, written in his leisure moments, and all now in print!

"The only achievements we can recall in literary history, bearing any resemblance to, though falling far short of this, are

those of our illustrious contemporary, Sir Walter Scott. The complete edition of his works, recently advertised by Murray, with the addition of two volumes, of which Murray has not the copyright, probably contains ninety volumes, small octavo. [To these should further be added, a large supply of matter for the Edinburgh Annual Register, as well as other anonymous contributions.] Of these, forty-eight volumes of novels, and twenty-one of history and biography, were produced between 1814 and 1831, or in seventeen years. These would give an average of four volumes a year, or one for every three months during the whole of that period; to which must be added twenty-one volumes of poetry and prose, previously published. The mere mechanical execution of so much work, both in his case and Lope de Vega's, would seem to be scarce possible, in the limits assigned. Scott, too, was as variously occupied in other ways as his Spanish rival; and probably, from the social hospitality of his life, spent a much larger portion of his time in no literary occupation at all."

Of all the wonderful dramatic creations of Lope de Vega's genius, what now remains? Two or three plays only keep possession of the stage, and few, very few, are still read with pleasure in the closet. They have never been collected into a uniform edition, and are now met with in scattered sheets only on the shelves of some mousing bookseller, or collected in miscellaneous parcels in the libraries of the curious.

Scott, with all his facility of execution, had none of that pitiable affectation, sometimes found in men of genius, who think that the possession of this quality may dispense with regular, methodical habits of study. He was most economical of time. He did not, like Voltaire, speak of it as "a terrible thing that so much time should be wasted in talking." He was too little of a pedant, and far too benevolent, not to feel that there are other objects worth living for, than mere literary fame. But he grudged the waste of time on merely frivolous and heartless objects. "As for dressing, when we are quite alone," he remarked one day to Mr. Gillies, whom he had taken home with him to a family dinner, "it is out of the question. Life is not long enough for such fiddle-faddle." In the early part of his life he worked late at night. But subsequently, from a conviction of the superior healthiness of early rising, as well as the desire to secure, at all hazards, a portion of the day for literary labor, he rose at five, the year round; no small effort, as any one will admit, who has seen

the pain and difficulty which a regular bird of night finds in reconciling his eyes to daylight. He was scrupulously exact, moreover, in the distribution of his hours. In one of his letters to his friend Terry, the player, replete, as usual, with advice that seems to flow equally from the head and the heart, he says, in reference to the practice of *dawdling* away one's time, "A habit of the mind it is which is very apt to beset men of intellect and talent, especially when their time is not regularly filled up, but left to their own arrangement. But it is like the ivy round the oak, and ends by limiting, if it does not destroy, the power of manly and necessary exertion. I must love a man so well to whom I offer such a word of advice, that I will not apologize for it, but expect to hear you are become *as regular as a Dutch clock, — hours, quarters, minutes, all marked and appropriated.*" With the same emphasis he inculcates the like habits on his son. If any man might dispense with them, it was surely Scott. But he knew that without them the greatest powers of mind will run to waste, and water but the desert.

Some of the literary opinions of Scott are singular, considering, too, the position he occupied in the world of letters. "I promise you," he says, in an epistle to an old friend, "my oaks will outlast my laurels ; and I pique myself more on my compositions for manure, than on any other compositions to which I was ever accessary." This may seem *badinage*. But he repeatedly, both in writing and conversation, places literature, as a profession, below other intellectual professions, and especially the military. The Duke of Wellington, the representative of the last, seems to have drawn from him a very extraordinary degree of deference, which, we cannot but think, smacks a little of that strong relish for gunpowder, which he avows in himself.

It is not very easy to see on what this low estimate of literature rested. As a profession, it has too little in common with more active ones, to afford much ground for running a parallel. The soldier has to do with externals ; and his contests and triumphs are over matter, in its various forms, whether of man or material nature. The poet deals with the bodiless forms of air, of fancy lighter than air. His business is contemplative ; the other's is active, and depends for its success on strong moral energy, and presence of mind. He must, indeed, have genius of the highest order, to effect his

own combinations, anticipate the movements of his enemy, and dart with eagle eye on his vulnerable point. But who shall say that this practical genius, if we may so term it, is to rank higher in the scale, than the creative power of the poet, the spark from the mind of divinity itself?

The orator might seem to afford better ground for comparison, since, though his theatre of action is abroad, he may be said to work with much the same tools as the writer. Yet, how much of his success depends on qualities other than intellectual. "Action," said the father of eloquence, "action, action, are the three most essential things to an orator." How much, indeed, depends on the look, the gesture, the magical tones of voice, modulated to the passions he has stirred; and how much on the contagious sympathies of the audience itself, which drown every thing like criticism in the overwhelming tide of emotion. If any one would know how much, let him, after patiently standing

> "till his feet throb,
> And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
> Of patriots bursting with heroic rage,"

read the same speech in the columns of a morning newspaper, or in the well concocted report of the orator himself. The productions of the writer are subjected to a fiercer ordeal. He has no excited sympathies of numbers to hurry his readers along over his blunders. He is scanned in the calm silence of the closet. Every flower of fancy seems here to wilt under the rude breath of criticism; every link in the chain of argument is subjected to the touch of prying scrutiny, and if there be the least flaw in it, it is sure to be detected. There is no tribunal so stern as the secret tribunal of a man's own closet, far removed from all the sympathetic impulses of humanity. Surely there is no form in which *intellect* can be exhibited to the world so completely stripped of all adventitious aids, as the form of written composition. But, says the practical man, let us estimate things by their utility. "You talk of the poems of Homer," said a mathematician, "but, after all, what do they *prove?*" A question which involves an answer somewhat too voluminous for the tail of an article. But, if the poems of Homer were, as Heeren asserts, the principal bond which held the Grecian states together, and gave them a national feeling, they "prove," more than all the arithmeticians of Greece, — and there were many

cunning ones in it, — ever did. The results of military skill, are, indeed, obvious. The soldier, by a single victory, enlarges the limits of an empire ; he may do more, — he may achieve the liberties of a nation, or roll back the tide of barbarism, ready to overwhelm them. Wellington was placed in such a position, and nobly did he do his work, — or rather, he was placed at the head of such a gigantic moral and physical apparatus, as enabled him to do it. With his own unassisted strength, of course, he could have done nothing. But it is on his own solitary resources, that the great writer is to rely. And yet, who shall say, that the triumphs of Wellington have been greater than those of Scott, — whose works are familiar as household words, to every fireside in his own land, from the castle to the cottage ; have crossed oceans and deserts, and, with healing on their wings, found their way to the remotest regions ; have helped to form the character, until his own mind may be said to be incorporated into those of hundreds of thousands of his fellow-men ? Who is there, that has not, at some time or other, felt the heaviness of his heart lightened, his pains mitigated, and his bright moments of life made still brighter, by the magical touches of his genius ? And shall we speak of his victories as less real, less serviceable to humanity, less truly glorious, than those of the greatest captain of his day ? The triumphs of the warrior are bounded by the narrow theatre of his own age. But those of a Scott, or a Shakspeare, will be renewed, with greater and greater lustre, in ages yet unborn, when the victorious chieftain shall be forgotten, or shall live only in the song of the minstrel, and the page of the chronicler.

But, after all, this sort of parallel is not very gracious, nor very philosophical ; and, to say truth, is somewhat foolish. We have been drawn into it by the not random, but very deliberate, and, in our poor judgment, very disparaging estimate by Scott, of his own vocation ; and as we have taken the trouble to write it, our readers will excuse us from blotting it out. There is too little ground for the respective parties to stand on, for a parallel. As to the pedantic *cui bono* standard, it is impossible to tell the final issues of a single act ; how can we then hope to, those of a course of action ? As for the *honor* of different vocations, there never was a truer sentence than the stale one of Pope, — stale now because it is so true, —

> "Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

And it is the just boast of our own country, that in no civilized nation is the force of this philanthropic maxim so nobly illustrated, as in ours ; — thanks to our glorious institutions.

A great cause, probably, of Scott's low estimate of letters, was the facility with which he wrote himself. What costs us little, we are apt to prize little. If diamonds were as common as pebbles, and gold dust as any other, who would stoop to gather them? It was the prostitution of his muse, by the by, for this same gold dust, which brought a sharp rebuke on the poet, from Lord Byron, in his "English Bards" ;

"For this we spurn Apollo's venal son ;"

a coarse cut, and the imputation about as true as most satire, — that is, not true at all. This was indited in his lordship's earlier days, when he most chivalrously disclaimed all purpose of bartering his rhymes for gold. He lived long enough, however, to weigh his literary wares in as nice a money-balance, as any more vulgar manufacturer ever did. And, in truth, it would be ridiculous if the produce of the brain should not bring its price, in this form, as well as any other ; — there is little danger, we imagine, of finding too much gold in the bowels of Parnassus.

Scott took a more sensible view of things. In a letter to Ellis, written soon after the publication of the "Minstrelsy," he observes, "People may say this and that of the pleasure of fame, or of profit, as a motive of writing, I think the only pleasure is in the actual exertion and research, and I would no more write upon any other terms, than I would hunt merely to dine upon hare-soup. At the same time, if credit and profit came unlooked for, I would no more quarrel with them than with the soup." Even this declaration was somewhat more magnanimous than was warranted by his subsequent conduct. The truth is, he soon found out, especially after the Waverley vein had opened, that he had hit on a gold mine. The prodigious returns he got, gave the whole thing the aspect of a speculation. Every new work was an adventure ; and the proceeds naturally suggested the indulgence of the most extravagant schemes of expense, which, in their turn, stimulated him to fresh efforts. In this way, the "profits" became, whatever they might have been once, a principal incentive to, as they were the recompense of, exertion. His productions were cash articles, and were estimated by him

more on the Hudibrastic rule of "the real worth of a thing," than by any fanciful standard of fame. He bowed with deference to the judgment of the booksellers, and trimmed his sails dexterously, as the "aura popularis" shifted. "If it is na weil bobbit," he writes to his printer, on turning out a less lucky novel, "we'll bobb it again." His muse was of that school who seek the greatest happiness of the greatest possible number. We can hardly imagine him invoking her, like Milton,

> "Still govern thou my song,
> Urania, and fit audience find, though few."

Still less can we imagine him, like the blind old bard, feeding his soul with visions of posthumous glory, and spinning out epics for five pounds apiece.

It is singular that Scott, although he set as high a money value on his productions as the most enthusiastic of the "trade" could have done, in a literary view, should have held them so cheap. "Whatever others may be," he said, "I have never been a partisan of my own poetry; as John Wilkes declared, that, 'in the height of his success, he had himself never been a Wilkite.'" Considering the poet's popularity, this was but an indifferent compliment to the taste of his age. With all this disparagement of his own productions, however, Scott was not insensible to criticism. He says somewhere, indeed, that "if he had been conscious of a single vulnerable point in himself, he would not have taken up the business of writing." But on another occasion he writes, "I make it a rule never to read the attacks made upon me." And Captain Hall remarks, "He never reads the criticisms on his books; this I know, from the most unquestionable authority. Praise, he says, gives him no pleasure, and censure annoys him." Madame de Graffigny says, also, of Voltaire, "that he was altogether indifferent to praise, but the least word from his enemies drove him crazy." Yet both these authors banqueted on the sweets of panegyric as much as any who ever lived. They were in the condition of an epicure, whose palate has lost its relish for the dainty fare in which it has been so long revelling, without becoming less sensible to the annoyances of sharper and coarser flavors. It may afford some consolation to humble mediocrity, to the less fortunate votaries of the muse, that those who have reached the summit of Parnassus, are not much more con-

tented with their condition, than those who are scrambling among the bushes at the bottom of the mountain. The fact seems to be, as Scott himself intimates more than once, that the joy is in the chase; whether in the prose or the poetry of life.

But it is high time to terminate our lucubrations; which, however imperfect and unsatisfactory, have already run to a length that must trespass on the patience of the reader. We rise from the perusal of these delightful volumes, with the same sort of melancholy feeling with which we wake from a pleasant dream. The concluding volume, of which such ominous presage is given in the last sentence of the fifth, has not yet reached us; but we know enough to anticipate the sad catastrophe it is to unfold, of the drama. In those which we have seen, however, we have beheld a succession of interesting characters come upon the scene, — and pass away to their long home. "Bright eyes now closed in dust, gay voices for ever silenced," seem to haunt us, too, as we write. The imagination reverts to Abbotsford, — the romantic and once brilliant Abbotsford, — the magical creation of *his* hands. We see its halls radiant with the hospitality of *his* benevolent heart; thronged with pilgrims from every land, assembled to pay homage at the shrine of genius; echoing to the blithe music of those festal holidays, when young and old met to renew the usages of the good old times.

"These were its charms, — but all these charms are fled."

Its courts are desolate, or trodden only by the foot of the stranger. The stranger sits under the shadows of the trees which his hand planted. The spell of the enchanter is dissolved. His wand is broken. And the mighty Minstrel himself now sleeps in the bosom of the peaceful scenes, embellished by his taste, and which his genius has made immortal.

ART. VII. — *Documentary History of the American Revolution. Published in Conformity to an Act of Congress.* By MATTHEW ST. CLAIR CLARKE and PETER FORCE. Fourth Series. pp. 1886.

DOCUMENTARY history is to our merchants no unaccustomed thing. The careful man of business keeps a record of every transaction. Not a penny is received or expended, without a memorial; not an ounce of sugar, not a grain of coffee is imported, but the history is preserved of the harbour where it was freighted, of the ship in which it sailed, of the port where it came to hand; and should a *millionaire* who has kept his files of papers amuse himself with considering the sources of his wealth, he might trace it back to its feeblest springs; might know what sums he had derived from lending, and what from profits in exchanges; might follow his operations not merely into the bank or the counting-house, but to those primary elements of increase, the workshop and the field.

Or look at the navigation of the country, where already a larger public interest exists. There is not a ship built upon any portion of our seacoast, on any little river, or inlet, but its name, and age, and character, and owners, are made the subject of registry; and not a share in a sloop can change its proprietor without becoming chronicled.

If we turn to the great agricultural interest, the case is the same. The history of the ownership of every foot of land is carefully preserved; and, with the exception of a very few litigated cases, every farm and every building in the country can be traced back to its earliest occupant and its builder.

Thus careful are we of every thing which relates to our material interests. Books are kept by double entry, that not a cent may stray into the obscure limits of conjectural reasoning; ships are registered in public offices; and deeds of lands and wills are saved from seizure or loss by becoming a matter of public record. The muse of history is charged with keeping the number of fishing smacks that go out for cod or herring, and will be denounced as false to her trust, if a cornfield changes owners without a deed and a copy of it.

Let us not then be indifferent to a documentary history of

our freedom. If noble thoughts have risen in men's souls, and filled them with an enthusiasm which would not rest, till it had infused their conceptions into the fundamental legislation of the country, let us trace those conceptions to the statesmen in whose minds they sprung up, and to the moving causes which called them into being. When the farmers and mechanics of New England rushed to Bunker's Hill, and bade defiance to all the means, which monarchy and feudalism, and the European commercial aristocracy, could bring against them, they have a right that we should be curious to investigate the causes of so strange an event; that we should trace their activity to their farms and firesides, to the hum of village politics, to the aspirings of the great agricultural class, to the doings of their modest, unpretending committees, to the resoluteness of their uncelebrated Hampdens, to the vigorous daring of their rural captains. Let us look really into the life of the country; let us know, of a very truth, how the great deeds which make our land the hope of the nations, were generated and matured. History has hitherto haunted the recesses of palaces, has pryed into the mysteries of cabinets, has studied the jealousies of king's wives and king's mistresses; let us send her now into the country to study man in his simplicity, to seek the earliest and humblest expressions of natural principles and feelings. Our freedom in the days of our struggle was safe; for it had struck deep; let us know into what soil its roots have penetrated, and how deeply and how widely they extend.

New England people, especially those of Massachusetts and Connecticut, have always been a documentary people. Here we have our records that go back to the meetings of our fathers at Mr. Cradock's in London; and our first governor kept a faithful diary of the great events, of which he in part comprehended the greatness. Excellent WINTHROP! In him, a yielding gentleness of temper was secured against weakness by deep but tranquil enthusiasm. Lavish of fortune and health in the public service, and, for the welfare of Massachusetts, cheerfully encountering poverty and premature age, his lenient benevolence could temper, if not subdue, the bigotry of his times. An honest royalist, averse to pure democracy, yet firm in his regard for existing popular liberties; in England a conformist, yet loving "gospel purity" even to Independency, in America mildly aristocratic, advocating a govern-

ment of "the least part," yet desiring that least part to be "the wiser of the best"; disinterested, brave, and conscientious; his character marks the transition of the reformation into avowed republicanism; when the sentiment of loyalty, still sacredly cherished, was gradually yielding to the irresistible spirit of civil freedom.

Nor was Winthrop alone anxious to retain the memory of the past. The General Court, and our public men of old time, always cherished the desire, that the wonderful kindness of Providence to our people, in the days of their weakness, should be duly recorded and perpetuated. The elder Mather must have seen Winthrop, and known Hubbard well; the younger Mather kept up the zeal of research till the better days of Prince; and the enlightened critical curiosity of Prince was followed by the histories of Hutchinson, Trumbull, and Belknap.

The fate of Hutchinson was a strange one. He loved his native commonwealth; but, unhappily for himself, was at once ambitious of power and distrustful of popular influences. The only monument of his mind is his History of Massachusetts, written with lively inquisitiveness and a lawyerlike criticism; though without a glimpse of the great truths, which were the mighty causes of the revolutions he describes. He was philosophic, if to know somewhat of the selfish principles in man be philosophy; otherwise he was blind, except to facts. He felt himself that he had not solved the problem of the causes, which gave being and progress to Massachusetts; and it is said that tears used to gush from his eyes as he reflected on his career, and yearned for the land from which his blindness to popular life had estranged him.

Next in character, if not in time, came the History of Connecticut by the accurate, pains-taking, scrupulous Trumbull. It excels Hutchinson in spirit, and equals it, nay, surpasses it in research. Its author lived in the scenes which he describes; his heart was with the fathers of his commonwealth; he held with them one faith and one hope; he revered them as they appeared in the trainbands of the militia, or in the meetinghouse; at their village toils, or in their rural legislature. A true Connecticut feeling tingled in all his veins, and animated all his thoughts. He read all sorts of records; he picked up and tested traditions; he was wise in the theology of Hooker and Stone; he knew the hills and the valleys, the towns and

the villages of his commonwealth, and in fact he got Connecticut by heart before he began writing its history. Europe he knew but little of; and in reference to it he makes mistakes or betrays ignorance; but Connecticut he knew thoroughly. He could tell the name, birthplace, and career of every minister that had preached a good sermon, and every militia-man that had done a notable thing. Not a savage was overcome, not a backslider censured by the church, but he knew it all. His History is Connecticut put into a book; and done, not by a philosopher with wise arrogance, not by a heretic scoffing at men who followed somewhat the laws of Moses, not by a lawyer showing with what indifference to precedent the New England fathers were perpetually entering upon untried experiments; but by an honest, true-hearted Connecticut man.

The exact accuracy of Trumbull, always excepting his references to European matters, merits the highest encomium. He that thinks of contradicting one of Trumbull's statements, will do well to consider twice before publishing his thought. On two points his statements have been questioned. One relates to witches; of whom he insists strongly, not one was ever hanged in Connecticut. Winthrop hints the opposite; Hutchinson quotes Goff's journal to prove a particular hanging. Now the execution of a witch was in those days a great event, likely to create the widest interest, to be repeated by Cotton Mather, and to brand itself indelibly on the popular mind in the town where it happened. We have taken a good deal of pains to find any sufficient ground for distrusting Trumbull; not forgetting to examine the records in the State House; and we are inclined to adhere to his opinion. A fact which knocks at the gate of history must show its passport, before it ought to get in; and the tales of witches hanged in Connecticut are not duly authenticated. It may possibly have been so; there is no evidence of any thing, but that once upon a time such a rumor reached Boston, and upon another time, a like rumor reached the poor fugitive at Hadley. Both rumors appear to have been unfounded.

On one other point Dutch honor was testy; and honest Knickerbocker cavilled loudly at Trumbull for insisting, that during Cromwell's war with Holland, the Dutch of New York planned a conspiracy of the Indians for the massacre of the people of New Haven. Both parties in the controversy are very positive. Had either examined the records at Albany

they might have found there the positive instructions of the Dutch West India Company to Stuyvesant, charging him to set the savage tribes upon poor Connecticut. Reason enough, such instructions, for all the shrieks of the historians. How far negotiations with the tribes proceeded, their belts of wampum tell not; but the proposition itself was quite enough to startle men who loved their wives and children.

The common reader would be repelled from Trumbull's book by the diffuseness with which he details the church histories of his villages. All knotty controversies in theology are duly canvassed; the half-way covenant and the inroads of sectarianism; the momentous incidents of church reproof and discipline; the merits of ministers; these are all considered with elaborate monotony. But then the subject required it. Will you trace Connecticut liberties and laws and courage to their source? You will ascend directly to Puritan churches and Puritan ministers. Let those who will, rummage the old papers to find accounts of ridiculous things, that were said and done in the past days of piety and steady habits. We join not the scoffers. In the constitution and laws of Connecticut, as much as in any legislation, the wisdom and tolerance and freedom of that day culminated; and we are none the less disposed to admire, because these great results were achieved by ministers who could feed their own cattle, or by legislators who in quiet times knew how to hold the plough. After all, the petty religious controversies of Connecticut had intrinsically as much grandeur as the palace imbecilities of the court of Louis the Fourteenth; we respect Davenport more than we can Archbishop Laud; and know no cardinals of that day so worthy of reverence as Hooker and Stone.

Moreover, this ministerial, orthodox coloring was necessary to a faithful picture of Connecticut. In the first large group of emigrants to Hartford, Hooker the minister is the prominent figure. Or look at the colonists of the New Haven section of the State, first claiming possession of the soil. Without straining your eye, you may see a gathering of every soul under a large tree; and may hear a minister take for his text, "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil"; and the members of the young commonwealth which listened, agreed that they too were come into the wilderness to be tried. So with one heart they resolved to obey the Bible. The Bible was their constitution and code

of laws, as well as rule of faith and practice. What is the next thing to be seen there? The farmers fell trees; erect shelters; and lo! the frame-work of a barn is raised. The sight awakens to activity the innate love of constitution-making which the transcendentalists ascribe to man; and forthwith the followers of him who was cradled in a manger hold their constituent assembly in a barn. The minister preaches "Wisdom hath builded her house; she hath hewn out her seven pillars"; and straightway seven men are elected to be columns in the glorious fabric that was to be reared; the seven men proceed to constitute the church; and out of the sermons, and the seven men, and the church, the spirit of liberty passed forth to embody itself in a constitution. These were great men; great in their purity; great in their aspirations; great in their singleness of purpose. They raised a noble building near the sea-side at New Haven; God be praised, the pillars are standing yet.

Next to be named is the amiable Belknap, who was cut short in his career at an earlier age than Trumbull. His History of New Hampshire would do credit to the literature of any nation. Such was his resoluteness at research, such the accuracy of his critical judgment, that he has left few errors for the severe skepticism of Savage to detect, and but few facts for the persevering industry of Farmer to supply. His style is neat, and flowing; not adorned, yet not barren; always clear and always appropriate. The tone of feeling which pervades his volumes, is truly American; national, yet candid. He knew how to exhibit the faults of our ancestors without impairing admiration for their virtues. In his writings the new spirit in literature, which naturally grew out of our revolution, began to appear; and he united happily the earnestness of old times with the liberal purposes of free inquiry. It would not be easy to name any local history in any European language, superior to the History of Belknap. Of the separate states of Germany, of the separate cantons of Switzerland, we doubt if one so good has been produced. He has done his work so well, that thus far the public seems satisfied with a few additional notes, and a few corrections by his editor.

But Belknap did more than write a good book. When he made Boston his place of residence, he carried there into a fruitful soil his love of historic research; Minot was already imbued with the taste for such pursuits, and snatched hours

from his profession to finish the history of our commonwealth; a band of worthy men founded our Historical Society, confessedly the most industrious of all in the country; and in Holmes a natural fondness for history was quickened into activity by the sympathy which surrounded him.

The name of Holmes ought not to be mentioned without a tribute to his memory. No student of our history, but owes him gratitude. The accomplished annalist feared no labor; he was indefatigable in his love of truth. He had seen much of the country; his correspondence was wide; his zeal untiring. A slight bias from his religious prepossessions is sometimes, yet not often apparent; he sometimes, when doubt was not excited, repeats an error, giving the authority on which it rests. But when his skepticism was aroused, he was unwearied in his pursuit of the right solution; and reasoned closely and candidly. The inequality of his work resulted not from himself; what relates to the South is not always well told, nor developed with equal fulness; but for that we must chide our southern friends, who have failed to gather together the memorials of their fathers. Take it all in all, the "Annals" of Holmes constitute a work, which in its kind has never been equalled among us, and has few parallels anywhere.

It was but the other day, that the admirable annalist ceased to be mortal. He, in connexion with the exact editor, the interesting and copious annotator, on the New England Memorial, who we trust may for yet many years be detained from the sky, is the link that connects the men of an earlier generation, Belknap, Hutchinson, Stiles, Trumbull, and the rest, with the scholars of our own. To the editors of Winthrop and of Morton, the common voice, by a unanimous suffrage, awards the highest praise. Snatching intervals from active pursuits, in the spirit of friendly emulation and mutual support, they have contributed materially to advance the study of New England history. For resolute accuracy Savage is *introuvable*; his like* will not soon be found; as we read his notes, we

* Mr. Savage will himself delight to recognise a kindred spirit in the editor of the "Journal of the First Provincial Congress of Massachusetts." Mr. Lincoln loves historic science. It is to him, what the arts of design were to Michael Angelo. He gives his heart to it. Mr. Force includes the journal among his papers; but in the monograph Mr. Lincoln is able to apply greater critical skill and exact attention. We venture in advance to ask the public regard for his edition of this most interesting

sometimes wish he had hated fanaticism a little less, and been a little more tolerant of bigotry. But on that matter opinions will be divided. The editor of Morton gives his whole heart to the fathers of the Old Colony, as with a pious hand he reverently deepens the lines on their monument. He knows the people of whom he writes, as one knows his own family; and conducts us through the halls of the Old Colony, as familiarly as a hospitable man would open his chambers to a cherished guest. Not that he has yielded historic exactness to affection for Plymouth. Far otherwise. He reconciles, in a most pleasing manner, the full sincerity of the critic who disguises nothing, with the reverence which we all cherish towards the Pilgrims. And he enjoys his reward. The pursuit of letters is an honor to manhood, and a solace to old age; in him the Scripture promise is beautifully fulfilled. He has honored his ancestors; and his days are long, may they be very long, in the pleasant land of his heritage.

Thus was historic criticism, coeval with New England, never without its votaries. To-day its service is thronged. In each of our older New England States, the last years have seen many diligently exploring every form of ancient records, gleaning hints from minutes of trials, extracting a fact from the registry of a will, tracing measures to their primary sources in the journals of our towns, or collecting the inscriptions in grave-yards. Among the crowd of honored names, there are two, to whom, above all others, the public gratitude is due.

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document. It will appear in a few weeks, under the auspices of our Massachusetts legislature.

But Mr. Lincoln must not stop there. He must perfect his collections of all that was said and done and written in our New England villages, in revolutionary times. Let us have the votes of our towns; let us know, town by town, what spirit they were of; what moneys they contributed; what men they furnished. Give us the inner organization, which sustained the revolution. Let us trace the spirit of life as it circulated through all the veins of the community. Mr. Lincoln is able to give a collection, which would brand with infamy the man that should dare to insult New England; he can present to the world materials more minute, more various, more touching, more lively, than those which made John von Müller so famous with regard to Switzerland. Could we hope our remarks would reach the Executive Council, we should respectfully but earnestly urge the furtherance of publications, which the public curiosity demands, and which public honor and gratitude must regard as a debt and a duty; and which a wise order of the legislature has provided the means of effecting at the pleasure of the executive. It is not in reference to the honor of their fathers, that the yeomanry of Massachusetts demand severe economy. They love a liberal expenditure to protect the fame of their ancestors.

No living authors have done so much to advance the science as the Historian of the United States, and the Editor of Washington. To the excellence of Mr. Bancroft's great work, still in progress, we bore our testimony, at length, on the appearance of its first volume.* The voice of scholars, and of the public, at home and abroad, has confirmed the judgment then expressed, of its rare merit. The completion of this work, which will take a permanent place among classical histories, is looked for with impatience by every lover of the country and of letters.

To judge of the service which Mr. Sparks has rendered the country, we must compare the previous accounts of Washington's career, with that which we now possess. All that is contained in Marshall is meagre and incomplete in comparison with the copious details and ample illustrations with which we are at present furnished. We have Washington to the life, from boyhood to the last hour; narrating his own career; explaining himself the formation of his own character; and promulgating his views on every question of his day. And these letters are not left unexplained. The editor has gathered collateral aid from every quarter; and sparingly yet clearly and admirably illustrated the whole work by researches of the deepest interest. As a critic, the mind of Mr. Sparks seems to know no bias. He pursues the truth, and is enamoured of inquiry; and, where explanation is needed, he does not rest satisfied, till he has exhausted every source of information.

The great merit of Mr. Sparks, giving him the first rank among the critical students of our history, consists in his candor and his completeness. In the selection of documents he appears ever to have been guided by the highest reverence for historic truth. But more than all, he perceived clearly, that the history of our revolution, the life and character and influence of Washington, could not be derived from American sources alone; and with a wide grasp, which proves his mind to be enlarged not less than accurate, he has sought materials in England and on the continent of Europe. He saw clearly the momentous importance of the diplomatic connexions of our country; and would not rest satisfied, till, at a vast expense of time and fortune, he had culled the most interesting memoirs from the archives of London and Paris, and, through

* North American Review, Vol. XL. p. 99.

friends, from the papers of the Spanish court. And he has in consequence been able to accomplish a great work. He has published such an edition of Washington's works, as is never likely to be excelled ; thus winning a claim to regard by his zealous care for the remains of our greatest benefactor, and permanently connecting himself with a name that will never perish.

The admirable fund of historic information which Mr. Sparks has acquired, and holds in his own mind, ought not to rest unemployed. It would take an apprenticeship of many years for a new critic, — and a critic of equal natural endowments is a rare phenomenon, — to attain the position which Mr. Sparks occupies. His judgment is disciplined ; his acquisitions, such as to save him from imperfect conceptions or undue estimates of the importance of new documents ; familiar with the relative merits and activity of the men of the revolution, we cannot too strongly desire, that his mind may continue to be bent upon illustrating the history of his country.

The works to which we have alluded, were executed by individuals single-handed and unaided. It was chiefly the energy of his own character, which sustained Mr. Sparks in a course of investigations, more varied and thorough, than had been undertaken by his predecessors. The work which particularly engages our attention, and which may in some measure be ascribed to the honorable emulation, that was kindled by the example of Mr. Sparks, appears under national auspices.

During the administration of General Jackson, whose fame is closely blended with the history of his country, by the particular coöperation of the gifted Livingston, Congress entered upon the magnificent design of publishing a documentary history of the American Revolution. The volume which is before us, is the fourth of the intended series ; and is published partly as a specimen of the work, partly as evidence of the sincerity and diligence with which its materials are preparing.

The former clerk of the House of Representatives, Mr. Matthew St. Clair Clarke, was joined in the commission with Mr. Peter Force. It is however the latter, to whom the editorship of the present volume is mainly, almost exclusively to be ascribed.

The American Revolution is rightly esteemed one of the greatest events in the history of man ; the dawn of a new era. On us, who inherit the benefits of that popular freedom which

it generated, devolves the duty of gathering together every thing which can illustrate it. We therefore rejoice that Congress has been true to its duty in providing liberally for the commencement, at least, of that purpose. We trust nothing will be wanting towards its perfect accomplishment.

The volume before us, a folio of nearly nineteen hundred columns, extends from March 2, 1774, to May 2, 1775, a period of fourteen months. It includes all the debates in the English House of Lords and in the Commons, with examination of witnesses, documents, bills, and resolutions during the whole period; a most interesting collection, where the eloquence of Burke, and Fox, and Barré, the Bishop of St. Asaph, and how many others, appear in contrast with the policy of North and the invectives of Wedderburn. It is a documentary history, such as never before existed, where the greatest minds of the age were brought into collision, and met to discuss the doctrines and the rights, which were effecting a change in the destiny of the race. It embraces, moreover, the most important political pamphlets, published in England during the year; as, for example, those of Montague, of the historian Sir John Dalrymple, and of Dr. Johnson, as well as a few memorials of Wilkes.

In connexion with the journals of the English parliament, we have the doings of our American colonial legislatures; but here, alas! the reports of speeches were imperfect; and the accounts that have been preserved are meagre in comparison with what we could desire. They are perhaps too diffuse for the careless; but they are less copious than will be desired by the inquisitive. Mr. Force has, we presume, gleaned every thing that could be found; his collections include every thing of moment; we could wish for more details only to increase the life of the picture, and to stamp individuality upon its character.

The results of public bodies are always accessible; great as are the merits of bringing them conveniently together, the chief value of this volume does not, in our opinion, lie there. Mr. Force has gone out into the streets and villages; he has looked for meetings of merchants, for meetings of mechanics; for meetings of planters; has gathered letters from every direction; has entered the halls of petty committees, and has endeavoured to sweep the land for every document of a public nature, that tended to prepare the revolution. It is the rich-

ness of his collection of these small things, that constitutes in our judgment the chief historic attraction of his enterprise. It is the analysis of the country ; the exposition of all the primary elements which composed the mind of the people and prepared it for resistance ; the gathering together of the mass of individual facts upon which a safe generalization can be founded.

Nor let it detract from the generous praise to which Mr. Force is entitled, that most of the documents which he has collected, had one day appeared already in print. They never before have been published in a form accessible to the student. He who before this must have wandered over our whole land in quest of materials, may now quickly turn alchymist in his closet, and extract truth from the documents which the judicious industry of Mr. Force is heaping up in one commodious pile. Before this, nine lives at least were necessary to gather together the materials of history ; here are the clay, and the straw, every thing necessary but the forming hand ; here are the sand and the ashes, and all that is needed for the pure crystal, save only the creative fire which is to fuse the base materials into beauty, transparency, and harmony. If any should undertake to stop the gathering together of these memorials of the revolution, may their minds be haunted by the hobgoblins of imperfect conceptions ; may their midnight slumbers be disturbed by the ghosts of the heroes of '76, clamoring for just honors to glorious deeds ; and when they come to die, may oblivion hide their shame, and their names perish from among men.

The point of view, from which this work should be estimated, is, the degree in which it advances the science. And we must say, that the advance is exceedingly great. Doubtless some things remain to be discovered and introduced. The work of Mr. Force is far superior to any thing that had been undertaken among us, is full of the richest and most pregnant and interesting materials, and, if executed with equal diligence, will, when completed, form a series of folios to which we look forward with anxiety and hope ; and for which we would cheerfully exchange any folios in our library.

Yet why do we say, with anxiety ? Let us not admit a fear for the patriotism of Congress. Let us not doubt, that they will persevere in the enterprise which they have thus far shown a disposition to encourage most liberally. Our Independence

was the fruit of centuries ; the whole previous civilization of the world was the condition, under which the glorious event was possible. Let us gather up every fragment of its history ; let us allow nothing to be lost. Beautiful was the dawn of freedom upon our hills, when the nations of the earth sung for joy at the promise of a new civilization. Let us not allow the light of that morning, as it made the sky brilliant with gladness, to perish from the memory of man. Let us fix indelibly on enduring monuments a fit representation of even the most evanescent hues. Let us count every sunbeam that quickened, every drop of dew that refreshed the immortal tree, which our fathers planted. Let us encourage our own hearts, and cheer our children, by the bright examples of every one among the crowd of messengers, who announced to mankind the glad tidings of the separation of our country from the forms, the superstitions, and the compacts of the Past.

Art. VIII. — *A Complete Hebrew and English Dictionary on a New and Improved Plan, containing all the Words in the Holy Bible, both Hebrew and Chaldee, with the Vowel Points, Prefixes, and Affixes, as they stand in the Original Text ; together with their Derivation, Literal and Etymological Meaning, as it occurs in every Part of the Bible, and illustrated by numerous Citations from the Targums, Talmud, and Cognate Dialects.* By W. L. Roy, Professor of Oriental Languages in New York. New York ; Collins, Keese, & Co. 8vo. pp. 740.

The study of Hebrew, once so extensive among the primitive clergy of this land, and pursued by them with great ardor and no little success, had, until within a few years, fallen so completely into desuetude in our country, that scarcely an individual was to be found, unless educated in Europe, who possessed any knowledge of the Old Testament language, except barely to distinguish, perhaps, a ב from a כ, or a ר from a ך, and by the aid of Parkhurst's Lexicon without vowels, to make out the literal meanings of אָמַר, דָּבָר, שָׁמַיִם, אֶרֶץ, and other like words. A new impulse has been given, of late, to this study. It is spreading far and wide. Hebrew is taught, more or less,

as we believe, in nearly every respectable theological seminary of the land. It has found its way into a number of the Colleges, and not a few of the higher Academies. Private individuals are busying themselves with it. Females, even, in not a few cases, have been stimulated by curiosity, and by a desire to enjoy the original beauty of the Scriptures, to engage in the study of this tongue, once deemed so formidable, and given over only to those who were supposed to have no other talent than that of learning conjugations and declensions.

Sympathizing as we sincerely do with this promising state of things, we are loth to move a finger which might seem designed to retard the good work. Most heartily will we welcome every well-aimed and judicious, although humble publication, which is adapted to promote such a work. But the feelings, which would lead us to do this, are the very feelings which constrain us to warn the public against any work on subjects of this nature, which we deem to be useless, or worse than useless, to the Hebrew students in our community. Such, we feel compelled to say, we believe the work before us to be; and, after a declaration of such a nature, we will offer to the public, as we feel bound in duty to do, some of the reasons on which we ground our critical judgment.

We shall confine ourselves mainly to a review of the topics suggested in the Introduction of this new work, in connexion with the work itself, as an exhibition of the manner in which they are handled. We do this, because the author has here stated his reasons for publishing his book, and the grounds why he thinks his Lexicon is superior to all works of this nature which had preceded his. If we can show that not one of these grounds is tenable, we shall then have shown that there was at least no need of Mr. Roy's Lexicon. We expect to do more than this. We believe that it would be utterly impossible for any student of Hebrew to use this lexicon only, and to obtain from it any tolerable knowledge of the Hebrew. Nay, more; he must learn many, very many, things which are positively insignificant, unphilological, or erroneous in every important respect.

We begin with the *Introduction.* We are told at the outset, in order to magnify the importance of the Hebrew language, that "it was the primitive language of man." The argument for this is, that "the names of many ancient cities, towns, and nations, are, in general, purely Hebrew."

Where these cities, towns, and nations were, the author does not tell us. We had ever supposed, that names of such a nature were confined almost entirely to *hither* Asia, and the places which the Carthaginians (descendants of the Phenicians who doubtless spoke the Hebrew) occupied on the northern coast of Africa. The world over, these regions excepted, we find no more proof that the Hebrew was the original language, than that the Zend, or the Sanscrit, or the Chinese has the like claim.

Besides, the author himself states merely, that *many* of the ancient cities, etc., bore names of Hebrew origin. From what language, then, were derived the names of other cities, etc., equally ancient, but not related to the Hebrew?

Has Mr. Roy not read the *names* of the Hebrew alphabet itself? If he has, then he must have seen, that these very names, exhibiting *Segholate* forms different from any that belong to the proper Hebrew, indicate an origin from a tongue that differed from the Hebrew. It is not probable, then, that literature, or the art of writing, commenced among those who spoke the Hebrew dialect, but was adopted by them from some language perhaps still more ancient.

As to the Hebrew roots that are found in other languages, which afford another of Mr. Roy's arguments, one may say, that Zend and Sanscrit roots are also found in all the languages of Europe, and also of Asia, yea, in the Hebrew itself; and that, at the best, this argument is a weapon which may always recoil upon the owner. Why might I not argue, that the English language is the original one, because I find, in every language of Europe and of hither Asia, roots which appear to be the same as those of our own English words?

The next step of our author is, to show us, that the original Scriptures of the Old Testament are not all Hebrew, but a part of them Chaldee. His statement runs thus; "A small part of Jeremiah, the *whole* of Ezra, and part of the book of Daniel, are written in Chaldee;" p. v.

Truly has he said, "a *small* part of the book of Jeremiah is Chaldee." Out of one thousand three hundred and sixty-four verses (if we have counted rightly), and most of them very long ones, contained in this book, there is one solitary verse, and one only, of two lines in length, which is in the Chaldee. This is Jer. x. 11. It is intended for an address to the idolatrous heathen neighbours of the Jews, and is therefore directed to them in their own vernacular tongue.

Now our present Greek Gospel of Matthew consists of only twenty-eight chapters (Jeremiah has fifty-two). In Matt. xxvii. 46, there is a Hebrew (i. e. Hebrew such as was spoken in the Saviour's time) sentence, viz. *Eli, Eli, lama sabacthani.* Supposing now, in treating of the original language of Matthew's Gospel, we should say; "A small part of it is written in Hebrew;" what kind of impression would our readers receive from our learned remark? Just the same as the public, we mean such of them as are capable of judging, will receive from Mr. Roy's account of the Chaldee part of Jeremiah. But we should have more justice on our side than he has on his, because the proportion of Hebrew in Matthew is greater than that of Chaldee in Jeremiah.

But Mr. Roy's next statement is more singular still: "The *whole* of Ezra is written in Chaldee."

Now every student, on opening his Hebrew Bible, finds nothing but Hebrew in Ezra until he reads on to chap. iv. 8; thence to chap. vi. 18, he finds Chaldee; then comes Hebrew again until he advances to chap. vii. 12; and this is followed by sixteen more verses of Chaldee; and thence all is Hebrew to the end of the book. In the whole book there are, if we have rightly counted, two hundred and fifty verses; of these one hundred and nine are Chaldee, leaving one hundred and forty-one verses written in Hebrew; that is to say, the larger part of the book.

In regard to the book of Daniel, our author is less adventurous. He states only, that "a part of it is written in Chaldee." It is so; but here, out of three hundred and thirty-seven verses in the whole book, two hundred are Chaldee. Would Mr. Roy's readers be led to suppose such a proportion, from the statement which he has made?

Thus much for critical acumen and knowledge of the plainest facts, in order to prepare us for the work which is to eclipse all its competitors, and to throw them into the shade of neglect.

In order to justify the attempt which the author has made to promote the study of the Hebrew, he tells us, that "there is no Hebrew lexicon that contains all the words in the language, arranged in alphabetical order, with their exact and literal meaning." And could he say this, with Mr. Frey at his side in Brooklyn, whose Hebrew Dictionary is arranged on the same general plan with his own, although in all respects a

more respectable and better digested performance, printed with more correctness, and entitled to more praise, because the author has walked all the way, step by step, in the path of good old Avenarius and others? And does not the Lexicon of Gesenius, or of Professor Gibbs, "contain *all the words* of the Hebrew language, arranged in their alphabetical order"? But more of this in the sequel.

How this author comes to be so much more full and copious than his brethren of the same *Fach* we shall see in the sequel. At present we pass on to other matters.

Gesenius comes in, as might be expected from such a scholar as our author, for a portion of his unqualified reprobation. He speaks of his "peculiar and absurd notions" [in *philology* be it remembered], and "the injurious tendency of his writings." He declares, that "his Lexicon does not contain one half of the words in the Hebrew language," and avows that his own work is "designed to counteract his German Neology."

We had supposed, that a lexicon is not the appropriate place for polemics in theology. Not so Mr. Roy. He avows, distinctly, that his work is *designed* to counteract Gesenius. Now as Gesenius has but little indeed, in his Lexicon, which savours of his theology, Mr. Roy would find but moderate employment in looking to his errors, and need not have written such a large book, for the sake of counteracting Gesenius's influence.

Another reason given by Mr. Roy for publishing his work, is, that "the *definitions* [of Hebrew words] are rendered into another language, and so are completely useless to hundreds of students." He designs to say, as we suppose, that the *meanings* of Hebrew words are, in many lexicons, given in the Latin language, and therefore are not accessible to those who are not acquainted with this language. But he goes on further still and says, that even to those who do understand Latin, "such lexicons are comparatively useless, as it is often difficult to find a correspondent word in Latin, that will fully convey the sense of the Hebrew."

Now we do not mean to call the fact here stated in question; viz. that the Latin language does not, and in some cases cannot, express all the meaning of the Hebrew. But the implication which Mr. Roy must necessarily intend to make by this statement, in the connexion in which it stands, is, that

what the Latin language cannot do, the English can; i. e. what the writers of Hebrew-Latin dictionaries have not done and could not do, he has done in his Hebrew-English dictionary. But, even conceding that he has done his work well, it would not establish the implication which he intended to make. There are some points, in respect to which the English tongue certainly approaches nearer to the Hebrew than the Latin. On the other hand, there are other things in which the Latin idiom can express the peculiar power of the Hebrew more briefly and energetically than the English. There are others still, which neither Latin nor English can express; and all that remains for the translator is, periphrasis, or approximation to an expression of the meaning of the original by circumlocutory explanation. Every Hebrew student must surely know all this. It is a matter which falls within his daily experience and observation. Yet Mr. Roy's statement would imply, that what the Latin cannot do, the English can; and that, in his Lexicon, no failures to express fully and exactly the original Hebrew are to be met with.

The author, a little farther on, expresses his hope of a favorable reception of his work on the part of the public, on the ground, that "it is the first and only original English and Hebrew lexicon ever published in the United States." We had supposed, however, that the Lexicon of Mr. Gibbs, not to mention others, although professing to be compiled from the works of Gesenius, still contained as much fruit of his own proper study and investigation as most works of the like kind are wont to do at the present day, certainly very much more than Mr. Roy's. But the modesty of the author prevented him from stating all which he had done. Mr. Roy does not seem to be under any bondage from such ties as those of authors like Mr. Gibbs;

Our author next proceeds to state *sixteen* grounds on which his Lexicon deserves the preference above all others which have been published. We shall follow him, step by step, in regard to his principal grounds, and subject them to examination. Our readers, however, must not be alarmed at such a promise on our part. We engage to be as brief as any justice to the subject will permit, and on most of the heads to occupy but very little of the reader's time. We commence with Mr. Roy's leading particular:

(1) "It is more correct and complete in its definitions, and

contains several thousand more words, than Hebrew lexicons in general." — p. vi.

As these are fundamental qualities of a good lexicon, we shall find indulgence here, we hope, to be somewhat particular in our examination.

It will be seen, at once, however, by every reader who understands the nature of this subject, that we can do nothing more, in a review like the present, than to select a few specimens, and then leave him to judge by analogy.

We begin then with the first verbal root which occurs, viz. אָבַד. In *Kal* this has two meanings, *to lose one's self*, or *to become lost*, with particular reference to losing one's self by wandering out of the right path, or in a desert place, etc. As connected with this a secondary and more frequent sense is, *to perish*, *pereo*, *intereo*. A third meaning, somewhat less certain, is, *to become unhappy or wretched*; and this must be considered rather as a tropical than a literal sense of the word.

These several meanings exhaust the senses of the word in its first conjugation. Some slight variations these receive, from the objects with which the verb stands connected in different passages.

The first of these senses, however, our author does not give, unless he means that the reader shall suppose it to be implied in No. 2, *went astray*, *departed from God*. Now, as we read this "definition," (to use Mr. Roy's phrase,) we can receive no other impression from it, than that אָבַד means, *to go astray from God*, *to depart from God*. But the word is applied in the Scriptures, to *sheep wandering* away from their pasture or owner, Ps. cxix. 176, Jer. l. 6, Ezek. xxxiv. 4, 16. Are we then to suppose that the *sheep* have departed from God? Or are we, as Gesenius has done, to understand that *wander* is generic in its meaning, and may be taken in a literal or a tropical sense, as the exigency of the case may demand?

The secondary meaning, *to perish*, our author places first, thus showing that he does not understand how to distinguish the natural order of meanings according to their obvious philological sequency.

But we have a third meaning, as given by Mr. Roy; viz. *to become vain*, *empty*, *desolate*, *destitute*. Now it is possible, we admit, to make out of the meaning *perish*, something kindred to *becoming desolate* or *destitute*; but in what tolerable

way we can make out the meaning of *becoming vain* or *empty* for אָבַד, it would, as we believe, be somewhat difficult to show.

Thus is the verb אָבַד despatched, excepting with some account of a few of its formative suffixes; of which notice will be taken under another head. The meanings thus given by Mr. Roy are followed by a reference to some eleven passages of Scripture, in which *Kal*, *Piël*, and *Hiphil*, are all intermingled without any distinction; although the *Piël* of this verb has a *causative* sense, viz. *to cause to wander*, *to cause to perish*; and *Hiphil* has an active *transitive* sense, (for *Kal* has only an *intransitive* one,) viz. *he destroyed*, etc. All this, too, when the author tells us, in No. 11. of his Preface, that he "has taken *particular care* to distinguish the active, passive, and causative sense of verbs, and the distinctions necessary to be observed in their conjugations." But here we see them all intermingled, as examples of the sense which he has assigned to the verb in *Kal*, without any notice at all to the learner, that any distinction is to be made between them.

Nor is this all. He presents us with three classes of meanings to the verb. According to his own showing, however, he should have made at least four, or perhaps five; for his "definitions" are so loose, that we confess ourselves to be at a loss how we should classify them. His texts to support or exemplify these meanings, are, on the other hand, all commingled, so that no one can even guess which meaning is designed to be confirmed by any particular text, until he opens his Bible and hunts it out, and then judges for himself in the best manner he may be able. A more chaotic mass, therefore, cannot be even imagined, than we have here. *Kal*, *Piël*, and *Hiphil*, all ranged under the *Kal* meanings; all the different meanings professedly exemplified by a mass of texts thrown together promiscuously without the least distinction; and the poor learner left, like a real אֹבֵד, to wend his way through a thicket from which all sun-light is excluded, not only without a path, but without a star or a compass to guide him.

Nor is this all. The author tells us in his Preface, that "the various passages are referred to, where each word occurs in the Bible. This will, therefore, serve as a *Concordance*, and *save considerable expense.*"

The *argumentum ad crumenam* is sometimes a weighty

argument, with a part of our community. The author has here made his appeal to it. Let us see with what reason.

The word אָבַד, (with pause-accent) אָבָד, and, with ו prefixed, וְאָבַד, (which Mr. Roy has not put down in his lexicon,) occurs, according to Buxtorf's Hebrew Concordance, thirty-two times in the Hebrew Scriptures, in the third person singular, Præter of *Kal*. Mr. Roy has given us *seven* references in *Kal* for this word. These comprehend not only the Præter, but the Future, the Infinitive, and the Participle. If we go now to Buxtorf for all these forms, we find some hundreds of instances of this nature. But as Mr. Roy will doubtless say, that he has elsewhere given the *derived* forms of *Kal*, we will limit ourselves here to the third person Præter. Out of his seven references in *Kal*, the three first are palpable errors; viz. Num. xvii. 12, Ps. ix. 67 (the whole Psalm has twenty-one verses), Deut. xxxii. 28. Of the remaining *four*, two (Job iii. 3, xx. 7) are of the future tense, one is in the Infinitive mode, and the other a Participle. So then, out of thirty-two cases in which the word אָבַד occurs in the third person Præter *Kal*, in the Hebrew Scriptures, we have not one single exemplification or proof in Mr. Roy's work. The learner might conclude, therefore, that Mr. Roy has got up a mere imaginary *Kal* Præter form, and that the good book does not at all exhibit it.

Add to all this, that the references in question are designed as a proof that the author has rightly assigned the various meanings of the word, — and the reader has the case fairly before him. A more complete exhibition of want of discrimination, carelessness, and unpardonable negligence, we may challenge the whole circle of lexicography to produce. And yet this is the book, which has the only claim to perfect and complete "definitions" of words, and which, as the reader is solemnly assured, is to supersede all necessity of a Hebrew Concordance.

We can assure the reader, that this is a fair sample of the work, so far as verbs are concerned. We took אָבַד because it is the first actual verbal root that occurs in a Hebrew dictionary, and because we wished it to be apparent, that we did not busy ourselves in searching eagerly after the author's errors or failures. If any one, however, is dissatisfied with the exhibition of a single case, we can only ask him to open Mr. Roy's book, and search for himself. We say to him,

after an extensive examination, that there is scarcely a verb in the Hebrew language, which is an important or a difficult one, with regard to which Mr. Roy has not committed more or less of the same errors. Nothing *distinctive* can possibly be learned from him. All the meanings are put down in a succession, which appears to be more the result of accident than any thing else. Where there is any appearance of order, it is evidently the mere result of having copied some other lexicon. A philosophical and orderly deduction and sequency, with respect to the meaning of words, we are quite sure is an affair to which Mr. Roy's mind is an utter stranger.

But our readers, such of them as have any knowledge of Hebrew, need not take our word for this. Let them look into the lexicon itself. For example; under אָבַל he ranges *eleven* classes of significations. Among these he gives us "*tore in pieces, cut off, reduced, defrauded, sustained, supported, set, placed, raised up,* as a gallery or upper story;" all of which meanings have other appropriate words in the Hebrew, and therefore they need not be forced upon אָבַל. As to some of these significations, however, they are as foreign to this word as they are to בָּרָא. What could have induced our lexicographer to guess that אָבַל means *set, placed, raised up* like a gallery? Having a kind of birthright to guess, we venture ourselves upon the exercise of our notorious faculty, and *guess* that אָבַל comes about as near to designating these meanings, as it does to meaning *bless*, or *read*, or *travel.*

We have been through with all the references here, as exemplifications of the meanings assigned by our lexicographer to this Hebrew word. They are thirteen in number. But by several of these, as usual, we are "sent to April," as our learned cousins often say. In Gen. v. 8, Ex. xxii. 6, Job xx. 6, Ezek. li. 28 (Ezekiel has forty-eight chapters only), we can find no traces of אָבַל. Of the remaining nine cases, two are in *Pual* and one in *Hiphil*, and therefore inapposite. But admitting that they are all rightly placed here, we find in them but three out of the eleven significations assigned to the word; viz. *to eat* as food; *to devour*, i. e. eating in a figurative sense, i. e. destroying, found in Ex. iii. 2, Is. i. 20; and *to detract from* or *diminish*, i. e. eat away, in the ἅπαξ λεγόμενον (in this sense) of Ezek. xlii. 5. There our English translators have indeed rendered the Hebrew thus; "Now the upper chambers were shorter, for the galleries were higher than

these"; whereas the meaning plainly is: "Now the upper chambers were shorter, because the beams (columns) *detracted* from them;" a sense of the word אָבַל nowhere else found in the Bible, but not an improbable sense, compared with *eating away*, etc. However, it is plain enough that our lexicographer drew here from our English version, and thence made out his No. 11, *set*, *placed*, *elevated*, *raised up*, as a gallery or upper story; (are *set* and *placed* of the same meaning as *elevated* and *raised up?*) This comes well nigh to a *deducere aliquid ex aliquo*. It is, at least, a very easy and a very notable way of making lexicons.

But how is the poor tyro, who is endeavouring with tottering steps to make his way in Hebrew, to know that Mr. Roy has at all exemplified his meanings of *set*, *placed*, *raised up*, *elevated?* There is not the least *order*, in his references to the Scriptures. For example, the meaning of אָבַל which the author has numbered *eleven*, in the exemplifications, follows next after his references to confirm the signification, No. 1. First, he makes four references, all of which relate to *eating* in the common sense of this word (No. 1); then the fifth reference is to Ezek. xlii. 5, where signification eleventh is supposed to be exemplified. What is this but to mock the hopes of the poor tyro, who expects of course to find No. 2 (*he tore in pieces*), exemplified next after No. 1?

Yet this is not all. Under the root he has given us only *Kal* significations; yet in the exemplifications we find *Kal*, *Niphal*, *Piël*, *Pual*, and *Hiphil*, all commingled, without any order and without any distinction as to the sense. *Hiphil*, *to supply with food*, is sufficiently diverse from *Kal* to demand notice; still it has none. And if the wondering tyro turns on and seeks for an explanation of it under הַאֲכִיל, where he might surely expect to find it, after the declarations in the Preface to which we have already adverted, he will seek in vain.

The same is the case with *Niphal* (נֶאֱבַל), with *Piël* (אִבֵּל), with *Pual* (אֻבַּל), not one of which will the learner find in a place of its own, nor any distinction of their significations from those in *Kal*.

All this, too, after solemnly assuring us in the Preface, that "the meaning of *each* word is given us, as it occurs in every part of the Bible," and that this Lexicon will "serve as a Concordance."

If the reader wants more, let him, *qui possit rectum dignoscere curvo*, examine אור, with ten classes of meanings, and three references in *Kal* to establish them; with all the conjugations mixed together as to meaning under the form *Kal*, and in the references entirely undistinguished as to any classification conformable to the meaning; and then read the speculations which make up the rest of the article. Let him examine בָּא, which Mr. Roy makes a *root*, as well as בּוֹא; then turn on to אָשַׁר, בָּרַךְ, or any other important verb in the whole extent of the Hebrew language. In all, we can assure him, he will find more or less of the like palpable errors and egregious omissions. The *tout ensemble* of the work is a real תֹּהוּ, i. e. *without form;* it is in an almost equal degree a veritable בֹּהוּ, *void;* and at all events, חֹשֶׁךְ עַל פְּנֵי תְהוֹם, *darkness is on the face of the deep.* In one respect, however, the original chaos differed widely from Mr. Roy's book; it contained the *material* out of which a beautiful new world could be constructed; Mr. Roy's chaos scarcely exhibits the ruins of an old one.

Upon one thing more we must bestow our attention, before we quit the subject of the verbs. Mr. Roy has told us, in No. 11. of his Preface, that "particular care has been taken to direct the attention to the *active*, *passive*, and *causative* sense of verbs, and the distinctions necessary to be observed in their conjugations." These, he adds, "have in some degree, been disregarded by translators," and "many important mistakes have been made in translating passages by the oversight of them." What his view of this subject is, he tells us by exemplifying it. *Kal* is simply *active; Niphal*, *passive; Piël*, *intensitive*, e. g. פִּעֵל, *he diligently wrought; Pual*, the *passive* of this; *Hiphil*, *causative;* (what *Hophal* is, he does not tell us;) *Hithpaël*, *reflexive*. He then refers us to יִגְבָּא and יְהוּדָה, as exemplifications of what he has achieved in amending the common errors.

We have turned, according to his direction, to these words, expecting some new light upon them. When we had searched out יִגְבָּא, we found the following rare discovery; "*He*, or *it shall be caused to be introduced*, *presented*, *brought in.*" The exemplification is to be found in Lev. vi. 30, "Every sin-offering which *shall be caused to be introduced* into the tabernacle, etc."; for which our common version has modestly said, *is brought*, etc. In the name now of common sense,

what is added to this by translating, *shall be caused to be introduced ?*

But let us look at יְהוּדָה. We find it ranged under יָדָה, (contrary to what we should expect, from what is said in the Preface,) and this is translated; *He shall cause to praise.* This is somewhat of a discovery, as we may easily see by asking, What then is the Hebrew simple *active* form, meaning *he shall praise ?* for the Hebrews must, it would seem, have had something besides *causative* forms of this verb. Yet there is nothing, if Mr. Roy is in the right. In *Kal*, יָדָה means *to cast, jacere.* The only example of *Kal* in the Scriptures, is in Jer. l. 14; but this is a clear one. In *Piël* the verb in like manner means, *projecit, he threw.* In *Hiphil* do we find the first evidences of such a meaning as *praise;* which meaning is also designated, without any sensible variation, by the forms in *Hithpaël.* But, according to Mr. Roy, we have no simple active sense of the verb in question, no form of the verb which designates the meaning *to praise;* and according to him, also, *Hithpaël* must of course mean, *he praised himself.* So then, in 2 Chron. xxx. 22, (which describes the joyful sacrifices and thanksgiving of the Hebrews in the days of Hezekiah,) where the writer says מְהַלְלִים לַיהוָה (they praised Jehovah), we must translate this, as it seems, in the following manner; *they praised themselves instead of Jehovah;* or, at any rate, *they praised themselves to Jehovah,* which would not much mend the matter.

Such are the absurd consequences of an adherence to *conjugation,* like that which Mr. Roy proposes. He does not indeed seem to know any thing which is accurate, respecting the true use of conjugations or voices in the Oriental languages. If he did, he could never advance such school-boy emendations as those proposed above; much less propose them as important corrections of the errors of those who have preceded him, and as important in order to establish the right meaning of the Scriptures.

Who, that knows any thing of the Arabic, Syriac, or Chaldee languages, does not know, that not unfrequently particular forms of words belonging to one conjugation or species, designate the meanings of other conjugations ? This always takes place as a matter of course, when a particular conjugation (from any cause) has become obsolete, and the meaning it would naturally convey must be expressed. Another conju-

gation is then employed; and the context is the reader's guide in assigning the sense to a particular word, whatever may be its form. So in Greek; the first Aorist passive has often an *active*, often a *middle* sense; and the like is true of some other tenses. The middle voice has often an active sense, and sometimes a passive one. Indeed, the present, imperfect, perfect, and pluperfect, in the passive and middle voices, are identical as to form. Yet this occasions little or no confusion to the reader. And the same is the case with the use of all the various forms of the preterites, which are often commuted for each other, specially in the active voice; and so of the futures in other voices. But Mr. Roy does not seem even to imagine, that there can be any such commutations in the Hebrew language. *Piël* must ever be, *to do a thing diligently; Hiphil, to cause another to do it;* and *Hithpaël* must be *reflexive*. And what is rather trying to our patience is, that all this is advanced with so grave an air, and accompanied, as it would seem, by such claims to the honour of having made an important discovery in Hebrew grammar and exegesis, which will correct a multitude of errors committed by his predecessors, — errors which are of no small importance.

We must delay, therefore, a few moments, and dwell a little upon this head, because of the assuming air of Mr. Roy in respect to this matter. What we intend to do, is merely to produce a few examples of Hebrew verbs, which will show the reader how utterly unfounded, and savouring of real ignorance respecting the nature of Hebrew conjugations, are the pretensions of Mr. Roy.

According to him, *Niphal* is simply the *passive* of *Kal*. Yet every well-grounded Hebrew scholar knows, that *Niphal* is the passive not of *Kal*, but of *Piël*, or of *Hiphil*, or of both, when *Kal* has an *intransitive* meaning, and these other conjugations a transitive one. Thus כָּבֵד, *to be heavy, weighty, great, copious;* but the *Piël* and *Hiphil* forms mean *to honor*, and *Niphal* therefore means *he was honored;* or else this conjugation takes a *reflexive* sense, (one which is very common to *Niphal*,) and means *he honored himself*. It were easy to give the exemplifications, but our limits forbid us, and also the nature of our publication, from making out mere lexicographal articles. We must therefore simply refer the reader to the proofs or exemplifications adduced in the case

before us, in Gesenius's Hebrew Lexicon; and if he distrusts this, he can look the cases out in his Hebrew Bible, and thus judge for himself.

Take other examples in order to judge of this alleged, exclusively *passive*, signification of *Niphal*. In *Kal*, חָלָה means *to be sick;* in *Niphal*, נֶחֱלָה has just the same sense. In *Kal*, נָגַשׁ means *to draw near;* in *Niphal*, נִגַּשׁ has the same meaning. In *Kal*, הָלַךְ, among other meanings, has that of *abiit, decessit, went off, departed;* in *Niphal*, נֶהֱלַךְ has the same meaning, Ps. cix. 23. In *Hiphil* and *Piël* of יָחַל, the meaning is, *to hope, wait for, expect;* in *Niphal* it is the same. In *Niphal* we have נִבָּא, *he prophesied;* and so exclusive is this *Niphal* form, that *Kal* is not at all employed in such a sense. *Hithpaël* again has the same meaning here as *Niphal*, i. e. *he prophesied* or *predicted*. What, in the name of all reason, would result from Mr. Roy's great discovery, in this case? *Niphal* according to this must mean, *he* or *it was prophesied;* but, inasmuch as the verb has a proper *person* for its subject, the meaning must therefore be, *he was prophesied*, etc. In *Hithpaël* the meaning according to Mr. Roy must of course be, *he prophesied himself*.

By the same rule נִלְחַם must mean *he was fought;* and yet the *Kal* form of this verb commonly means *to eat*, very rarely *to fight*. *Niphal* is almost always used in the latter active sense; and never, we believe, does it in a single instance designate a passive sense. But Mr. Roy has put down all the senses of this verb together, in all its forms, under the root לָחַם, and has not even referred to *Niphal* for an exemplification of the sense *to fight*. On looking out the word נִלְחַם, however, in the dictionary of Mr. Roy, the student will there find, that he has translated it, *he fought;* but without a word of remark, either there or elsewhere, as to the peculiar usage of the verb. But what now, according to his own showing, has become of his exclusive *Niphal* sense?

Take the verb נִשְׁבַּע, *he swore;* it has no *Kal*, and its *Hiphil* is used in the *causative* sense. How are we to manage, in this case, in the translation of the Hebrew? Must we make the nonsense which would be made, by rendering this verb *he was sworn?* And thus might we go on and put unnumbered questions, selected from the wide extent of Hebrew verbs.

At this time of day, no one pretending to a knowledge of

the Hebrew should be ignorant of the fact, that *Niphal* is not only a passive of *Kal*, but sometimes of *Piël* and *Hiphil*. It has often a reflexive meaning; often a reciprocal one; sometimes it has a meaning like the middle voice in Greek, and designates the doing of an action *for one's self;* often it has a simple neuter or intransitive meaning; and sometimes it denotes the *must*, *could*, *should*, etc., of our English tongue. Yet Mr. Roy confounds all these together, just as he does his references in the *Concordance*-part of his lexicon. He has doubtless an adequate reason for so doing; but we do not choose to name it.

A word or two on some of the other conjugations. *Piël*, according to him, means to do a thing *diligently*. Yet its predominant sense in Hebrew is *causative;* e. g. לָמַד, *to learn*, *Piël* לִמֵּד, *to cause to learn*, i. e. to teach, but according to Mr. Roy it must be *to learn diligently*. Not unfrequently this conjugation has a *privative* sense; e. g. חָטָא, *to sin*, in *Piël* חִטֵּא, *to expiate*, *to make atonement for sin*, and thus take it away; סָקַל, *to stone* any one, סִקֵּל, *to gather out stones and remove them* as from a field, Is. v. 2; but, according to Mr. Roy, *diligently to stone* any one, or *diligently to throw stones into* a field. Not unfrequently *Piël* has the same sense as *Kal* itself; e. g. in *Kal*, קָבַר, *to bury*, *Piël*, the same. The *diligent* doing of a thing is merely one among the many senses of this conjugation, and by no means the leading one.

In *Hiphil*, which Mr. Roy represents as exclusively *causative*, he is quite as wide of the mark as in the other cases. Here we can merely say, that the predominant meaning is *causative*. Often it has an *intransitive* meaning; e. g. חָרַשׁ, *to be silent*, in *Hiphil*, הֶחֱרִישׁ, the same; לָבַן, *to be white*, in *Hiphil* the same. And thus of many other verbs.

As to *Hithpaël*, Mr. Roy has gone still further, if possible, from a correct representation of the case. He represents in his Preface, that this conjugation is a simple *reflexive* of *Kal*. Yet the very form of it (with a *Daghesh forte* in the middle radical) shows, that it is a passive or a reflexive of *Piël*, and not of *Kal*. But this is not all. *Hithpaël* means, *to exhibit one's self*, *to show off one's self*, as doing, or, *to devote one's self* to doing, what the verb indicates. It sometimes designates reciprocal action; sometimes (like the middle voice in Greek) the doing of things *for one's own advantage;* and such is its active nature, not unfrequently, that it even admits of a passive form (*Hothpaël*) which is derived from it.

We deem it superfluous to produce examples of all these meanings in *Hithpaël*, as they must be known even to tyros in the Hebrew language. They cannot be reasonably questioned.

What perfect nonsense, then, would a multitude of passages in Scripture make, if translated as Mr. Roy bids us to translate them! The student who depends on the Lexicon before us, must be misled by it almost in every verse that he reads.

We have thus, as summarily as possible, disposed of the most important particulars in Mr. Roy's Preface. But we have yet touched only upon *verbs*. Nouns and particles must be glanced at, before we quit this part of our review.

Mr. Roy professes to give "all the various forms of verbs and nouns . . . at one view . . . so that the student may decline the noun and conjugate the verb." Let us see, in respect to nouns at present, how this promise is performed.

The noun חֹק, *decree*, *statute*, *custom*, when in regimen and with a *Maqqeph*, is written with short *ŏ*, חָק; with a suffix it receives a *Daghesh*, as חֻקּוֹ, besides changing its vowel from a *Hholem* to a *Qibbuts* or short *ŭ*; and so, in all cases of the plural. Yet of all or any of these essential changes by declension and suffix, and construct state, in the form of the word, we have not a single intimation by Mr. Roy. Nay, the root itself or ground-form is written by him thus, חָק, instead of חֹק the true ground-form.

We looked a long time in vain for the word שָׂדֶה, *field;* but at length, when we had given over in despair, we accidentally discovered it thrown into a paragraph with the word שָׂדַד, a verb *Ayin doubled*. We could not possibly expect to find such a form as שָׂדֶה under a verb of this class, inasmuch as these verbs give rise to no such forms. We sought, therefore, for the word, but yet in vain, under the root שָׂדָה, to which it surely belongs as a derivate. Still, no relics of this word could we find anywhere. Finally, we discovered שָׂדָהּ, *her field*. This, and the שָׂדֶה thrust in at the close of the article on שָׂדַד, are the only notices of the word in our Lexicon. Yet the word occurs at least three hundred times in the Bible, and in all the different forms, singular and plural, with suffixes, in regimen, etc. But not one of these forms is presented to the student, although in the suffix state one vowel and one radical is dropped, and the word therefore

much transformed, besides that the vowels undergo an entire change in some of the suffix and regimen states; (e. g. in regimen שְׂרֵה, plur. suff. שְׂרֵיכֶם, etc.) This is giving "an account of the various forms of nouns at one view, so that the student may decline them," with a witness. And this too is rendering a *Hebrew Concordance* superfluous, by a perfect Lexicon "which refers to each word where it occurs in the Bible"! A word that occurs some three hundred times, stuck in under a root where no one who understands the Hebrew language would ever think of looking for it, and where one who did not understand it must blunder upon it by mere accident, if ever he found it! And respecting all its forms, suffix states, plurals, changes of vowels, excepting the solitary שָׂרָה, — *ne unum verbum.* Truly it needs some patience to follow out and expose such empty pretences and intolerable mistakes as these!

The reader may open now where he pleases, in any part of the Lexicon, and he will find these or the like errors everywhere repeated. Open at דָּבָר, *word*, and we find it, not standing in a paragraph by itself, as it should be, but worked in with the verb דָּבַר. When at last we have discovered it, it is no longer our old acquaintance דָּבָר, but our old friend with a new face, viz. דָּבַר as a *noun*. The construct and suffix forms, the plural forms, with all their mutations of vowels, we are left to guess out as we can. There is a dead silence as to any thing of this sort. But we are told, that one of the meanings of דָּבָר (Roy, דָּבַר) *is the Messiah;* and, as a common specimen of the *etymology* in this work, we are reminded, at the close, that דָּבַר is derived from דָּבַר! Under the verb here, *he spake* is put down as a common meaning of the *Kal* form; one which it never has, the present participle only excepted. But the student need not expect any information of such a nature from Mr. Roy. He will search in vain for it. Here, in this plain and palpable case, not a word is said. Mr. Roy goes on in the usual track, as to exemplification, just as if the *Kal* form bore the *twelve* classes of meaning which he assigns to the word. When he has passed through the *Kal* exemplification, he comes next to a new conjugation of this verb, at least new to us, and that is *Paal.* On looking at Proverbs xxv. 11, to which he refers, we conjecture that he might mean *Pāūl*, i. e. the passive participle.

But it is in vain for any one to attempt to look up and follow out all the errors of this lexicographer. Every page, and every paragraph on each page where there is any room for errors, exhibits them in overflowing abundance, — *scatet erroribus.* We do not remember to have met in the whole range of our reading, with any thing like the book before us in this respect.

Will our readers have patience while we say one word more about this very simple and easy word דָּבָר? We have seen above, that one meaning given to it is *the Messiah.* When we read this, we cast about us for some time, to discover how this could be made out. Finally we concluded, that Mr. Roy had been reading some of the writers of ages gone by, on the text in Ps. xxxiii. 6, "By the *word* of the Lord were the heavens made." This we supposed he had, like them, compared with λόγος in John i. 1 et seq., and so he gave the signification of *Messiah* to דָּבָר in that Psalm. Yet he does not refer to this Psalm; and if he has read it, we should be pleased to know, how he understands the second στίχος in Ps. xxxiii. 6, which is evidently synonymous with, or exegetical of, the first στίχος already quoted, and which runs thus; "And all the host of them by *the breath of his mouth.*" We should wish to know, whether the Logos is indeed *the breath of the mouth.*

But this mystery is further unveiled, and we hasten to gaze upon it. Mr. Roy has a separate head for דְּבַר־יְהוָה, standing out by itself in prominence. Here he tells us, that it is a *proper name*, distinguished by *the dropping of the definite article.* This last piece of intelligence is very extraordinary. We had ever supposed, and such has been our experience in reading the Hebrew, that we should always find the article omitted when the noun is in *regimen*, for the simple reason that this state does itself mark definiteness and so supersedes the use of the article. It is the common law of the Hebrew language; and, as we believe, the universal law, the few cases of apparent departure from it being merely cases in which ה is employed as a *pronoun*, (as it often is,) and not as an article. Yet, as to the phrase before us, we are now told, that it is distinguished as a *proper name*, because the article is omitted! Just as if proper names, moreover, do not often take the article. But we have ceased to be surprised at any thing which this writer can say. He appears

to be ignorant of even the first principles of Hebrew Syntax.

But what follows is equally wonderful. The דָּבָר (*Word*) in this case, he says, "must be of the same nature and duration with Jehovah, as the noun is in the Genitive case and joined by *Makkaph.*" What noun, we ask, is in the Genitive case? Not דָּבָר surely, for this *precedes* the Genitive. But he goes on; "Nouns which are related to each other are either in the Genitive case, or joined by a *Makkaph;*" i. e. in case a *Maqqeph* is put between them, they are *related*, but not in the Genitive. What then is גֶּבֶר־דָּוִד? Here is Genitive and *Maqqeph* both. And what does all this mean?

The remainder of the article is as extraordinary in logic, as the part already exposed is in philology. "A son," says he, "is of the same nature [with his father], but not of the same duration; but as the Word is of the same nature with Jehovah, he must be of equal duration with him also, because the divine nature is eternal and unoriginated." This, to us, is darkness visible and palpable. It puts completely at defiance what little powers of logic we possess; and so we give it over to our readers.

Enough of the *grammatical* and *concordantial* exhibitions of Mr. Roy. A few more specimens of the meaning assigned to the nouns we must produce, or we should fail to do justice to our subject.

The word אֶבֶן (*stone*) he tells us, among other things, means *member of a family, believer, Messiah.* The word אָדָם, which he writes אֲדָם, (and which means *man*, or, when used as a proper name, *Adam*), he tells us, means *an earthly man* (who are the men that are not *earthly?*), or, what seems to be altogether equivalent in his view, *a red* or *dark brown man.* What is the proof of this? It is, that Josephus affirms, that Adam was created *from red earth.* Our Aborigenes, then, in this country, would seem to be the true and only descendants of this *red man;* at least, they only bear the true image of the original prototype. For ourselves, we have been accustomed to suppose, that, inasmuch as man is repeatedly said to have been formed in the *image* of God, or in his *likeness*, and since דָּם (from דָּמָה) means *likeness* or *similitude*, and א *prosthetic* is often employed in Hebrew as a prefix formative, — אָדָם comes from דָּם (*likeness*); if indeed it be a derivate at all, which is somewhat questionable.

We open our Lexicon next at אוֹפָן, *wheel.* Here we are told, that the word means, "*figuratively, the apostles of our blessed Saviour*, Ezek. i. 15, 16. Christ is the chariot of his salvation, his ministers are his *wheels*, who carry him round the circle of the world." Mr. Roy tells us in his Preface, that "the *spiritual* meaning, has, in some lexicons, to a great degree been neglected." Here then this great defect is, in one instance at least, remedied, and we obtain the full measure of *spiritual* meaning, pressed down and running over.

A little further on we are told, among other things, that אִישׁ (*man*) means *noble, great, a believer.* Under the word אֱלֹהִים we have, as might be expected, some rare information. "It is compounded," our lexicographer says, "of אֵל *almighty, omniscient, omnipresent, pure and perfect being*, [are all these words then to be taken as synonymous ?] and יְהוָה, *the self-existent, unoriginated, independent, and eternal Jehovah.*" Now as to אֵל, we are aware, that it means *strong, powerful;* but as to יְהוָה, we know of no other meaning for this Hebrew word except *calamity, misfortune*, Is. xlvii. 11, Ezek. vii. 26. Yet this is not all which is *new*, respecting this word. We are told, also, that "*Jehovah* [יְהוָה] was the name by which Deity was known *before* creation, and Elohim that by which he was designated after it." It seems, then, that Hebrew was spoken before the creation; if so, Mr. Roy will probably tell us, in the next edition of his work, who it was that spoke it.

Under אַרְיֵה, *a lion*, we are told, that one meaning is *the devil.* We have read, in respect to this malignant being, that "he goes about like a roaring lion;" but we had never before learned that he was actually called *a lion.*

Under the word בֵּן, *son*, we are told, among other things, that it means *a disciple, a follower, a scholar, a believer, a splinter of a rock, a dart.* As to this last meaning, we suppose that Mr. Roy had somewhere met with בֶּן־קֶשֶׁת, *the son of a bow*, (Job xli. 20,) a poetical expression for *an arrow;* which, by the way, Mr. Roy converts into a *dart.* So then בֵּן means *a dart.* This is exactly as if we were to say, *a son of Erin* means *a Hibernian*, therefore one meaning of the English word *son*, is—*an Irishman.*

Again; כֶּלֶב, (which our author writes כָּלֵב, the proper name of Joshua's distinguished companion,) means not only a *dog*, but a great many other bad things, and among the rest,

the *Devil.* This latter personage seems to have been rather too busy around Mr. Roy, or at any rate to have made himself too notorious in his Lexicon. But what would the distinguished and noble *Caleb*, the companion of Joshua, say, should he be informed that his name meant *devil?*

Under the verb כָּרַב, we find thrust in the word כְּרוּבִים, *Cherubim.* Our expectations were of course raised, when we approached a word that has given endless trouble to speculators in language, and spiritualizing (so called) interpreters. Nor have we been in any measure disappointed. First, the etymology; and here we are told, that the ו in the word is a *radical* letter, and the כ a *prefix.* The word, it seems, comes, according to Mr. Roy, from ריב, which, as he affirms, means *to contend; intercede, supplicate; to become great, head, chief; to be an archer; to multiply, become fruitful, prosperous.* After such an exhibition of the power of ריב, we could hardly wonder that *Cherubim* might be reputed the offspring of it. Thus deduced, Mr. Roy says that it means, (1) *Angels.* (2) *Apostles and genuine ministers of the Gospel;* and this, "because they are the epistle known and read of all men." There is one thing, however, Mr. Roy has not told us, and which we trust he will add in his second edition; this is, that in Ezekiel i. the Cherubim have each *four* faces; in Rev. iv. 7, they are presented with only *one* face each. Now in case they designate a real order of actual beings, what must we say? Had their natures so changed, as to throw off three fourths of their former physiognomy between the time of Ezekiel and John? We mean by this question, merely to expose the absurdity of representing them as an order of real angels. What shall we, on such ground, make out of David's declaration in Ps. xviii., "*He rode upon a cherub*"?

Under קֹהֶלֶת, we have some grammatical logic, which claims a passing notice. After giving the signification of *preacher* in English, Greek, and German, Mr. Roy tells us, that "the noun is of the feminine gender, to show that the church is to travail in birth continually for poor perishing sinners." But here, as he is quite beyond our depth, we can only give him over again to the reader.

We have had the curiosity to look at the word לְמוּאֵל, the name of an unknown king mentioned in Prov. xxxi. 4. This name, (which as לְמוֹ often stands in poetry for the simple לְ, probably signifies *of God*, or *by God*, i. e. created by him,)

Mr. Roy has translated, *taught of God*, or *a disciple of God*. But as immediately after this name in Prov. xxxi. 1, the words מַשָּׂא occur, disregarding the accent *Athnach* on מֶלֶךְ, which here equals our semicolon as a pause, Mr. Roy joins the two words together just as if they belonged to a construct state, and translates thus; *Lemuel, king of Massa*. But where is this place, or country, which had so famous a king? Mr. Roy tells us; "Massa is the name of a country situated on the borders of Egypt, and extending from Havilah to Shur, toward Assyria, Gen. xxv. 14, xvi. 18." We have examined the references, and for the first we find *Massa* to be the name of one of the sons of Ishmael. The second exists not, as Gen. xvi. has only sixteen verses. But on turning to Gen. xxv. 18, we found there a *Havilah* and a *Shur* mentioned, as border-towns of the country inhabited by the descendants of Ishmael. The former probably lay near the Persian Gulf, and the latter not far from the present Suez, at the head of the Red Sea. But as to *Massa*, a *country*, we can find no trace of such a thing. All that we have been able to discover is, that there was a *river* in Libya Interior, which bore the name of *Massa*. We must conclude, then, that the Lemuel in question was *the king of a river*.

So much for our author's knowledge of geography. But this is not all. We have some rare specimens of the like nature in other parts of his book. Thus, under פְּרָת, *the Euphrates*, we are told, that this river "takes its rise in the mountains of Armenia to the south of Babylon, joins with the Tigris, and empties itself into the Persian Gulph." We have copied Mr. Roy *punctatim* as well as *literatim*. The mountains of Armenia then are *south* of Babylon! Of course, as Babylon was on the Euphrates, this river must have first taken a long sweep northward, and then have turned south again, for the accommodation of the inhabitants of that famous city.

He gives us other information of various kinds, which is of much the same importance and accuracy as all this. Under the word הֶבֶל, *Abel*, i. e. *vanity*, he tells us, the early death of Abel was "a fit emblem of the Messiah, who was cut off from the land of the living in the vigor and bloom of life, and this by his own brethren." He then adds; "It is remarkable, that the same punishment which was inflicted on Cain, was also inflicted on his [Christ's] murderers." That is, as

we suppose, Cain was *banished* from his native place, and the murderers of the Saviour also suffered *exile*. But then, there is a small parachronism in the case. The crucifixion is commonly thought to have been in A. D. 32 or 33; the destruction of Jerusalem and the dispersion of the Jews, as late as A. D. 70. Were the great body of the murderers of the Saviour alive at this time, so as to go into exile? And was exile the only punishment inflicted, in case they were alive at that period?

Moses directs, that the paschal lamb should be killed בֵּין הָעַרְבַּיִם, *between the two evenings*, Ex. xii. 6. Mr. Roy tells us, that the first of these "began immediately after twelve o'clock, . . . the second after the sun had set." According to him, therefore, "the paschal lamb was killed at three o'clock in the afternoon, precisely the hour when Christ, our passover, was sacrificed for us." All this is told with an air of certainty, as though it were a matter of plain and undoubted fact. Yet it seems to be almost if not quite certain, that *between the evenings* does not mean three o'clock in the afternoon. In Ex. xxix. 39, 41, and Num. xxviii. 4, the evening sacrifice of the Hebrews is directed to be offered *between the evenings;* which is the same expression, that is employed in relation to the time when the paschal lamb was to be killed. If any doubt could arise whether the *evening* sacrifice was offered at three o'clock in the afternoon, that doubt would seem to be removed by Deut. xvi. 6, where it is said, "Thou shalt sacrifice the passover at even, *at the going down of the sun*, at the season that thou camest forth out of Egypt." These passages taken together, and the nature of the case as to the *evening* sacrifice being considered, we do not think there is any room for doubt, that *between the two evenings* means, between the going down of the sun and its becoming dark. This was the time when the passover was killed, after which it was eaten as soon as it could be properly prepared. Nothing can be more certain than that it was killed and eaten on the same night; viz. the night which according to our mode of reckoning *preceded* what we should call the fourteenth day of the Jewish first month, but which, according to the Jewish manner of reckoning, constituted the beginning of that fourteenth day. Now this could not be, in case it was killed at three o'clock in the afternoon; we mean it could not be, and yet other things be as Moses has represented them.

If Mr. Roy means by the "hour when Christ was sacrificed for us," the exact time of his death merely, then three o'clock is the right time ; but if *sacrificed* means the crucifixion, or what the Jews did on their part to take away the Saviour's life, then this continued from nine o'clock in the morning to three in the afternoon. But we suppose Mr. Roy, in his eagerness to find out "spiritualizing" coincidences, did not stop to make any such calculations as we have undertaken to make in the preceding paragraph.

These are only a sample of what is to be found in Mr. Roy's Lexicon, which, he says, is "more correct and complete in its definitions" than our other Hebrew dictionaries.

We must spend a few moments on the *Particles*, those "joints and bands of discourse," as they have been very appropriately named.

Recent lexicographers, such as Winer and Gesenius for the Hebrew, and Passow for the Greek, have thought it important to expend some of their best efforts on the little words in question. This they have done to great purpose, and have thus given to their respective Lexicons, in regard to these words, a great and very decided preference over all the older works of the like nature. But in Mr. Roy's work we look in vain for any effort of this sort ; yea, in vain for even the ordinary measure of a tyro's knowledge on this important subject. We will establish by proof palpable, what we have thus ventured to assert.

Under the head of the letter מ, as a letter of the alphabet, we are told, that it is a *preposition*, and means *by*, *at*, *near*, *against*, *for*, *on account of*, *between*, *before*, *after*, *besides*, *toward*, etc. What then is the *etc.* meaning ; or how many senses does it embrace ? One is left of course to conjecture ; and the tyro who uses Mr. Roy's Lexicon, may as well guess one thing as another. At all events, he can guess as well as Mr. Roy has. The alphabetic letter מ is a *preposition ;* and then it means *against* or *for*, *before* or *after*, *toward* or *from*. What a convenient word the Hebrews must have had in this simple alphabetic letter, which thus gives all possible, even directly contrary, meanings, and therefore never could be employed amiss !

Now, as we have learned Hebrew, מִ, as a preposition, is neither more nor less than an abridged form of מִן, the final נ of the original particle being often dropped or assimilated, in which cases it always has a compensation by a prolonged

vowel under it, or by a *Daghesh forte* in the succeeding letter. To place this word, therefore, under the alphabetic letter מ, and to make a preposition of it out of the alphabetic letter, is as good etymology and lexicography as it would be in English, if we were to say, under the letter J, at the head of that class of words which begin with this letter; "J, a letter of the alphabet; also the name of a bird that is frequent in our forests; also the name of a distinguished statesman during the American Revolution." Or, to proffer another example; "T, a letter of the alphabet; also the name of a fragrant plant from which a common drink is made for breakfast and supper."

The particle עַל gives no such chance for etymology; but here we have *from* and *although* among the meanings assigned to it.

The like to this is exhibited throughout, under all those particles where there is any room for error. For example, under כ, the alphabetic letter, we have first a noun, כַּף, *the hollow of the hand*, then a particle of comparison, *as*, *like*; and are finally told, that "it forms the *gerund* when prefixed to verbs." This last piece of information is new to us. We had supposed that כְּ, כֶּ, לְ, מִ, were all united with gerundial forms or significations of a verb, and were not aware that a verb must take on a כ in order to form *the gerund*. Not a word here, neither, to inform the student that כֵּן, as a particle, is probably an abridgment of כֵּן *so*.

Thus, wherever we cast our eye, there is error upon error, omission upon omission, ignorance upon want of knowledge. What an *ignis fatuus* chance must the poor tyro have, who pursues Hebrew under such a guide!

We must spend a moment more upon some of the rare *etymologies* of this peculiar book.

Under אָבַק, *to struggle* (but used only in *Niphal*), we have an example; "Hence דָּבַק, *to cleave to*, *unite*." Verbs then, with א for their first radical, give birth to verbs with ד for their first radical; and this when the significations are entirely diverse!

The word אוֹת, *sign*, *token*, is the original of תָּוַה, (Mr. Roy writes it תָּוָה, leaving out both *Daghesh* and *Mappik*,) which means, *to be astonished*, *terrified*, etc. Now it so happens, that there is no such Hebrew verb, but only a Chaldee תְּוַה (entirely diverse from the verb which he has designated),

which has such a sense. We suppose he would have written תָּוָה, which means *to mark, to make a sign*, &c.; but, inasmuch as the two verbs stood side by side in the Lexicon, he has copied one part of the form of one, and another part of the form of another, and assigned a sense to the derivate verb, which makes it utterly incongruous with its supposed origin. Even if he had copied correctly, there is no probability in the derivation which he would then have asserted.

Job, אִיּוֹב, is compelled to undergo some new sufferings in the hands of Mr. Roy. This word, he says, "is a contraction of אָב, [we suppose he means אָב,] *a father*, and יוֹבָב, *an Arabian tribe of the race of Joktan;* or, it may mean the same as אוֹב, *apparition, skeleton, ghost.*" Now we had learned to translate אוֹב, *necromancer;* we had never dreamed of having to do with *skeletons* or *ghosts*, when we met with it. But, to return to the patriarch, we think those who named him in early youth, must have had some fearful apprehensions of his future doom, to have called him *ghost.* — As to *the father of the race of Joktan*, the story stands well on a par with the ghost-story.

From אָנַשׁ, *to be wretched, miserable*, Mr. Roy tells us, first, that נָשָׂא, *to bear, lift up*, etc., is derived; i. e., a verb, with שׂ, as a radical, gives birth to a verb with שׁ. Yet more; "hence נָשָׁה, *a woman*, who introduced sin and death into the world by her disobedience." This, i. e., *wretched, miserable*, is rather an appropriate appellation, to be sure, in respect to such demeanor; but the misfortune is, that we can find no נָשָׁה, as a noun, in the Hebrew language.

The father of the faithful does not, as we should naturally suppose, escape the *spiritualizing* process of Mr. Roy. He says that אַבְרָהָם, means, *father of an innumerable multitude.* If the reader should ask, how the word *innumerable* finds a place in the meaning of this name, Mr. Roy informs him, that "ה, one of the radical letters of the word Jehovah, being added to his name, indicated the number to be *indefinite.*"

This, then, we suppose, is what he means, when he tells us in his Preface, that "where the signification is at all doubtful, reference is made to the Targums, Talmuds, etc." He has not, indeed, put down the reference for us in this case; but, the very *physiognomy* of the progeny betrays its origin. It was ushered into the world, undoubtedly, from some of the

fetid lagoons of Rabbinism. We cannot believe that Mr. Roy has invention enough to excogitate such a matter.

One of the most extraordinary etymologies, after all, that we have met with, is, that "נָבָא [we suppose he means נִבָּא] *to prophesy*, comes from בָּא *to go*."

The alphabetic letter ה, he says, means *lo, behold, look;* (we had supposed this meaning belonged to הִנֵּה.) But this is not all. This same letter is the definite article, a relative pronoun, an interrogative; it forms the vocative case, besides forming several conjugations, persons, etc., of verbs. As to what *vowels* are under it, or what forms it assumes, in all this manifold process, we have not a hint to enlighten us. But this is nothing strange.

We have a new improvement in the art of pronouncing Hebrew, proffered in Mr. Roy's account of the letter ח. He says, "It must be sounded as if an obstruction was in the throat, and we wished to discharge it." Rather a nauseous letter, we must concede! — But we are wandering away from our etymology.

From כּוּשׁ, *black* or *dark brown*, (this is new to us, but he ablegates us to Tal. Sucha. and Bava Bathra, to prove it,) — from this said כּוּשׁ, a proper name, and used only as such, we have, as he says, the verb קָשָׁה, *to use harshly;* i. e. a word *Ayin Vav*, with a כ for its first radical, gives birth to a verb *Lamedh He*, with a ק for its first radical.

Sed — pudet has nugas! We are wearied with them, and we are in great danger of wearying out our readers. We assure them, that they may open any part of the Lexicon under review, which offers a chance for error, and they will be certain to find it. Open the book for one more example, at אַהֲרוֹן, which Mr. Roy writes אָהֳרֹן, (with two wrong vowels, and one consonant left out,) and there may be seen a notable derivation; "Probably from אַב, [we suppose he means אָב,] *a father*, and הֹרֹן, [הֵרוֹן] *conception.*" He then goes on to give us an example of the *spiritual* sense, in which other lexicographers have so egregiously failed. "His rod produced conception, it budded, blossomed, and brought forth fruit. The end or design of gospel-preaching, is, that ministers should bring forth fruit, and that their fruit should remain." Aaron's rod "produced conception!" "The design of gospel-preaching, is, that *ministers* should bring forth fruit!" We had imagined, that ministers preached to others in

order that they also should bring forth fruit. But we stand corrected. We can only exclaim, Must not the reader be singularly edified by such spiritual instruction?

But Mr. Roy must not claim the merit of originality in many cases of this nature which he has exhibited. In fact, great as he may suppose his deserts to be, on the score of such interpretation, we can assure our readers, if they do not already know it, that some of the older writers have even surpassed him in this his favorite business. We recollect, among the reading of our by-gone days, to have met with an example of this nature, in respect to that very word שָׂדֶה, *field*, which Mr. Roy has treated with so little deference, as we have seen above. In the next edition of his book, by way of supplying the deficiencies of the present one with respect to this word, perhaps Mr. Roy may be disposed to avail himself of the profound remark of a predecessor, which we are going to mention. The remark is introduced immediately after a clause in Gen. xxix. 2; "And he [Jacob] looked, and behold, *a well in a field.*" After repeating this, the commentator gravely and most profoundly subjoins; "What a mercy that the field was not in the well!"

In connexion with remarks of such a nature as those in the paragraphs immediately preceding, we may as well say a few words on "the Talmud," which the author professes to have so familiarly consulted, and which, as he says, "is an excellent auxiliary to a critical understanding of the Holy Scriptures." To remedy the evils and defects resulting from the neglect of other lexicographers to consult this authority, and also to give more fully the *spiritual* meaning of many passages, seem to have been two very favorite objects of our lexicographer.

After reading such remarks of his, as have just been quoted, we turned with eager expectation to the two controverted, and to some minds, very mysterious words, בְּהֵמוֹת, and לִוְיָתָן, *Behemoth* and *Leviathan.* We expected to find him here sailing, as Jerome says of Origen's Commentary on Canticles, *cum pleno velo.* But to our disappointment he has not launched forth upon the great Rabbinic deep; he only cruises in the bays and harbours. He tells us, that בְּהֵמוֹת, in Ps. l. 10, must mean *cattle*, because they are *scattered on a thousand hills*, which is well enough. But we wonder he did not consult his trusty friends the Rabbies here, for reasons which

we shall see in the sequel. Again, he *defines* the word by *elephant*, and refers us to Job xl. 16, as the proof. But in the context there, it is said of the Behemoth, that "he lieth . . . . . in the covert of the reed and fens . . . . . the willows of the brook compass him about;" which makes it quite probable that some amphibious animal, e. g. the hippopotamus, is meant, and not the elephant.

Leviathan, לִוְיָתָן, we found, after a long search, thrust into the middle of a copious paragraph under the verb לָוָה. Notwithstanding this position, he still tells us, that it does not belong to this root, as a derivate from it, but comes from the verb לָיָה, *to adhere*, and יתן, *to yield, give.* We looked for לָיָה in vain. No such verb belongs to Hebrew. But in respect to לִוְיָתָן, Mr. Roy tells us, it means the *crocodile* or *hippopotamus.* Which, we naturally ask? for the two animals are not remarkably alike. Or does the word, like the alphabetic ב, mean two things the opposite of each other? If it means, as Mr. Roy seems to believe, *crocodile*, then one cannot help thinking how remarkably the *etymology* suits the case. A part of the composite name comes from יתן, *to yield.* To those who know the flexibility of the crocodile, all this must appear particularly striking.

As we do not expect to write any Hebrew lexicons, and as Mr. Roy has not gone quite deep enough in this case, into the *Mare Rabbinicum*, we take the liberty modestly to propose, for a future edition of Mr. Roy, some lexicographal emendations in regard to the names of these two terrific animals, drawn from the comments of his favorite friends and authorities, the Talmudists and other Rabbies.

In speculating on the days of the Messiah, when the Rabbies expect that their nation will all be made literally "kings and princes in all the earth," they tell us, among many other things equally pertinent and credible, of a famous feast to be held, which they usually name *the feast of Leviathan.* "The dishes of this feast," as Corrodi observes, "excite in us an astonishment, the like of which can be created by nothing else, except by the appetite of the Jews to eat them."

The place where this famous feast is to be held, is *Paradise.* The expectation of such a feast has been so confident, that it has mingled itself with a common formula of a most solemn oath. "May I never eat of Behemoth, if such a thing is not so or so!" says the Rabbi, when he intends to make sure and credible his declaration.

As to *Behemoth* himself, he is to be the leading dish of the great feast. The story of him, in Targum Jonathan on Gen. i. 21, and in Mr. Roy's favorite *Bava Bathra* on the same passage, is, that God at first created two Behemoths, a male and a female. But finding that each devoured the pasture upon a thousand hills every day, [see Ps. l. 10, the בְּהֵמוֹת upon a thousand hills,] in order to prevent them from eating the world up, by an increase of progeny, the Creator destroyed the female, and performed a spadonic operation on the other. The grass which the single Behemoth ate on the thousand hills by day, was made to grow up again by night. The female thus killed, was salted down, and is to be kept for a *rasher* at the dinner on the great feast day. The male will live until the Messianic day, and is to be killed at that time, and served up for the roast beef of the table.

Astonishing as such an animal is, still it is quite a small affair in comparison with *Leviathan.* The *Jalkuth* on Job says, that he carries the world on one of his fins; Pirke Eliezer (cap. 9) says, that the world rests between his two fins. Of such exquisite beauty and symmetry is this great fish, that the Rabbins represent the Almighty (we shudder to repeat the thought) as sporting with it; so strong is it, that all the angels could not take it or destroy it; not even Gabriel himself, until Shaddai came to his aid. As to its size, Rabbi Siphra tells us, in the famous Cod. Bava Bathra, (Mr. Roy's favorite Talmudic authority,) that once, when he was sailing on the ocean, a fish met him with horns, on which were inscribed the words "I am the smallest creature of the sea which God has made." It was three hundred miles [three hundred German miles, about twelve hundred of ours] long; and yet Leviathan swallowed him. Rabbi Asse assures us, that Leviathan eats at the rate of one such fish a day. But the famous Rabbi Bar Bar Hanna (in the same Codex), has clearly outstripped all his compeers. "As I was going down to a ship," says he, "the ocean cast out a fish, which I and my companions saw. Its fall on the earth dashed in pieces sixty maritime cities. Sixty more cities obtained from it all the fresh fish they wanted; sixty others salted up and kept what they desired; with one of his eyes [i. e. the moisture of it], three hundred casks were filled. And when we returned to that place, a year

afterwards, the sixty crushed cities had been built up again out of the bones of this fish."

The same Rabbi tells us, "that in sailing upon the ocean, he passed a fish, and, although the ship was going swifter than an arrow shot from a bow, yet it took up three days' sail to get along from the head to the tail of the fish."

"One is ready to wonder," says Corrodi, "that the Rabbins did not bring in the famous Sandalphon, instead of Gabriel, to attack this Leviathan, since this angel is represented as reaching from earth to heaven, and being taller by the distance of fifteen hundred years' journey, than other angels around him." See Talmud Codex Chagiga.

So much for the *size* of Leviathan. On the feast day aforesaid, for the entertainment of the Jews before they sit down to their famous dinner, Leviathan and Behemoth are to have a battle. This is to end in the death of both; after which, they are to be cut up and cooked. We forgot to say, that at the beginning, two Leviathans, in the same manner as two Behemoths, were created, according to the authorities before quoted; but the Creator, finding that the sea would be too narrow for them and their progeny, one of them was killed and salted down, and the other disposed of in like manner with the male Behemoth.

Flesh and fish, then, fresh and salt, will be plenty, it would seem, at the *feast of Leviathan.* But as yet, *fowl* appears to be wanting. The Talmudic doctor last mentioned, however, has provided well for this. In the same Bava Bathra he tells us, that, as he was sailing on the ocean, "he saw a sparrow whose head reached to the skies, and whose feet stood in the sea, but the water reached only to its ancles. Being about to bathe, he was admonished by a Bath Kol [divine voice]; 'Do it not;'" the meaning was, that the ocean was too deep, and it would be hazardous. But how deep? The same Bath Kol tells him; "A hatchet fell into it seven years ago, and has not reached the bottom yet." So then, as this water, deep as it must have been, reached only to the ancles of the sparrow, the bird, one would think, would make rather more copious provision for *fowl* at the feast of Leviathan, than the Behemoth and the Leviathan together, both salt and fresh, would make for flesh and fish.

Such, then, are some of the famous commentators and philologists to whom we are to be referred, in order to establish

the meanings of Hebrew words which former lexicographers have neglected to establish. If the reader wishes for more instruction of this sort, let him look into the first volume of "Corrodi's *Kritische Geschichte des Chiliasmus*," where he will find it in abundance.

But enough. We have fairly outdone Mr. Roy himself, as he, perhaps, will be ready to concede. May not the tyros who are to use his Lexicon, be edified, by having our article struck off as a supplement to בְּהֵמוֹת and לִוְיָתָן, to which Mr. Roy has done such imperfect justice?

One or two things more, and we have done with the Rabbins, and with Mr. Roy's Rabbinical lore.

We naturally felt somewhat anxious to see what Mr. Roy had said respecting *Og*, the famous giant king of Bashan. We looked in vain for this name in his proper place, great as this personage was. At length we found it stuck in at a corner of a paragraph, under עוּג, *a cake*. We had read of עֻגָה, *a cake*, but never before discovered that עוּג meant *a cake*; nor can we divine what the parents of him whose bedstead was of iron, nine cubits long, and four cubits broad, could mean by naming him *cake*. All this, however, is in Mr. Roy's usual fashion.

But not a word of Rabbinic lore on this *great* subject, in our lexicographer. At this we really wonder, for there are some things respecting him, rife among the Rabbins, which are rather remarkable. One is, that he was an antediluvian; and after the flood came up so high as to begin seriously to annoy him, he strode to Noah's ark, and mounted upon the upper deck of it, and there rode out the storm. Another is, that when Og advanced to invade the Israelitish camp, he took a huge mountain on his head, in order to throw it upon them. Seeing this, the Guardian of Israel created some animals to dig out a burrow directly over the top of Og's head, just big enough to let it through. This they did with wonderful rapidity; so that in a short time, the hero of Bashan found his head above the mountain, and the mountain around his neck and on his shoulders, and all so adjusted, that his vision of the earth was entirely intercepted. Moses, seeing this, took his sword, leaped toward his feet, and cut down his legs; by reason of which, Og fell down, mountain and all, and the contest was thus ended. How Moses made his escape from the impending and falling mass, the commentators do not satisfactorily disclose to us.

But our story is not yet quite finished. The remainder comes nearly to a par with the account given by the inimitable Bar Bar Hanna respecting Leviathan, and the sparrow that stood ancle deep in the ocean. A Rabbi tells us, that he once upon a time was travelling in a valley where Og was supposed to have fallen; and that, soon after arriving there, he found a bone of vast dimensions, (how big he could not exactly tell, inasmuch as it was partly buried in the earth,) which appeared to be a shin-bone. He kept along by it on a lively pace for three hours, and as yet he had not arrived at the joint. Finally, being wearied, and withal being afraid of getting lost, as the day was near the close, he gave up the chase in despair, although he had hoped to reach at least to the knee joint.

The name of this famous rival of Bar Bar Hanna, we have unfortunately mislaid, and also the place from which the story is quoted. It is among our papers, but we have not been able, in the present exigency, to lay our hands upon it. We can only assure our readers, that the story itself is none of our own contriving. Our genius is not adequate to the performance of such a task. To chant in strains so elevated, needs a singer who can fully obey the mandate, *Paulo majora canamus.* It may be, after all, that the incomparable Bar Bar Hanna himself is entitled to the merit of the Og-story. If not, then he has a rival here, who bids fair to compete, *non sine gloriâ.* If, however, the matchless Bar Bar himself was the author of this, (and it looks like the other narrations of his travels,) then does he deserve to be crowned with fresh and full-blown night-shade, and to be hailed by a new name of high distinction, מֶלֶךְ כֻּוָּב.

Mr. Roy will perhaps begin to suspect, by this time, that we too have been sipping a little at the fountain of Rabbinism. If he has not before met with these wonderful narrations, however, he must doubtless swim in an ocean of delight, when he comes to the perusal of these our pages.

Enough of the high authorities, by which the doubts and difficulties of all our former lexicographers are to be solved. Our readers will merely call to mind, that the Bava Bathra is one of the authorities to show that כּוּשׁ means *black* or *brown;* and that this *Non Pareil* of a Bar Bar Hanna, is one of the principal characters who figure in the piece.

We hasten to other alleged grounds of preference in Mr.

Roy's Lexicon. "1. It contains several thousand more words than Hebrew lexicons in general." "2. The various affixes that distinguish the different inflexions of words, are placed in the same paragraph with the words. This will bring all the various forms of verbs and nouns before the student at one view . . . . . and instruct him how to decline and conjugate the noun and the verb."

We put these two things together, because the former is entirely dependent on the latter. Former Lexicons contained all the ground forms of words in the Hebrew language; some of them all the derivate ones. Mr. Frey's, for example, contains a great number omitted by Mr. Roy.

We were curious to know how the promise of Mr. Roy, in the passages just quoted, could be kept in a Lexicon which should be any thing short, in point of extent, of "Buxtorf's Hebrew Concordance," which is a folio of some eighteen hundred or two thousand pages; while Mr. Roy proffers us an octavo of seven hundred and forty pages, sparsely printed. We must present our readers with the result of our examination.

We begin with the first page. The verbal root אָבַב he gives as Hebrew, tells us what it means in Chaldee, Syriac, and Arabic, but does not even hint to the student, whether it actually occurs at all as a verb in Hebrew, nor does he give us a single form of it besides the root.

The next verb is אָבַד. After referring us to a few passages (about one half of which are wrong) where it is employed, he gives us the formative suffixes in the præter tense, viz. —ָה, —ָת, —ִתִי, —וּ, —ֶם, —נוּ. Even here he has mixed the order together (which we have righted), and omitted the second person feminine, singular and plural, —ְתְּ, —ֶן. Nor is this all. Not a word of suffixes or prefixes, for the whole of the future tense. Not a word to tell the student whether אָבַד is of the class of verbs which employ א as a guttural or a quiescent in the future, etc. No form of the Infinitive, Imperative, or Participle. All these the student must guess out, if he can; and if not, he must remain ignorant of them, until chance throws them in his way, in the reading of the Hebrew Scriptures.

If Mr. Roy should here allege, as he probably will, that all these latter forms are to be found in their proper place in his Lexicon; we reply, first, that this is not so; and secondly,

that if they were, he might just as well leave the various persons of the Præter to be found in this way, as those of the Future, Imperative, etc.

Pass we on to the next root, אָבָה. Here we have no forms at all, notwithstanding nearly a hundred instances of this verb, in various forms, are found in the Hebrew Scripture. Under the root אָבַל he gives us two formatives only, ־ָה, ־וּ, although the word is used some sixty or seventy times, and in many different forms. And thus he proceeds with all the others; sometimes giving a number of formatives in the præter, sometimes none at all; for in far the greater part of the verbs examined by us, (and this is not a small number,) he gives none. In no case have we met with the formative prefixes and affixes of the future.

Nor is even this all. From the nature of his representation, the student must necessarily be led to suppose, that ־ָה, ־תֶם, ־תֶן, etc. are simply attached to the third person præter, in order to constitute the different persons of the verb which they mark. We should have then, according to him, from פָּקַד, the feminine, פָּקָדָה, second person plural פְּקַדְתֶם, פְּקַדְתֶן, all of which are palpable monstrosities.

But let us now turn to some of the irregular verbs. We open at סָבַב, our old acquaintance in the paradigms of Hebrew Grammar. Here we meet with not a single formative; not a word to tell the tyro that it is even an irregular verb. He gives סָבַב just as though it were the real præter, and states it to be so in his remarks. And this is all that can be gathered from the paragraph on this word, excepting that the student meets with four or five erroneous meanings among the twelve given, and finds the references in a state of perfect chaos. And so of the rest, almost without exception.

The first moment of examination discloses a total want of symmetry, order, discrimination, — every thing that belongs to a good Lexicon. We cannot even imagine a case, where the learner could be more completely "sent to April," than by the present Lexicon. Nouns regular and irregular are all confounded together, by the same mode of representation. There is no declension; no formation of suffix or regimen forms; no plurals; no changes of vowels; nothing to discriminate such nouns as on accession receive a *Daghesh* in their final letter; nothing to tell us respecting nouns in general, how, why, when, and where, they do or do not change, drop,

or retain their vowels; no distinction of pure and impure vowels; in a word, nothing almost which we want; or if any thing, it is merely accidental. Besides all this, there are many words for which one may look into Mr. Roy's Lexicon in vain; and as to all the various forms of them which he promises to give, scarcely a fiftieth part are actually given.

This is truly making a Lexicon that is different from all others, to say the least; at all events, it is such an one as it has never been our fortune to examine before. But as to making a book which rectifies the errors or omissions of other Lexicons, — nothing can be more delusive than the pretences of our author in the Lexicon before us.

Even if he had carried his proposed plan into execution, — to what could it have amounted? We will show our readers, if they do not already know, by proffering them a complete *analogon* in the English language.

We will suppose ourselves to turn lexicographers for our vernacular tongue. We tell our readers, to begin with, that we are going to give them many thousand words more than any former lexicographer has given them. Great expectations, it may be, are excited, and we obtain many subscribers to our proposed work.

In the sequel we come out with a dictionary arranged on the following plan. Under the verbs, we give all the formatives, which vary either the person, mode, or tense. Under the nouns, we give all the pronoun-adjectives which can be attached to them, or (in English) connected with them, in some such way as the following;

LOVE, a verb. *Infinitive*, to love.

Present.	*Future.*
1 sing. I love	I shall love
2 sing. Thou —st	Thou shalt —
3 sing. He —th	He shall —
1 plur. We —	We shall —
2 plur. Ye, You —	Ye or you shall —
3 plur. They —	They shall —

Not content with this, we go on and put down all the different persons and forms with *may*, *can*, *might*, *could*, *should*, *would*, *must*, etc., until we have exhausted every form of the verb, possible in our language. And this same thing we repeat, with every verb of the English tongue.

Then as to the *nouns*. A specimen like the proposed one of Mr. Roy would be as follows ;

Book, a noun, used with various prefixes ; viz.

Sing.	*Plur.*
My book	My books
Thy book	Thy books
His book	His books
Her book	Her books
Our book	Our books
Your book	Your books
Their book	Their books

Now would not this be a performance of our promise, to the *letter?* And would it not open the eyes of all men to the grandeur, the beauty, and the *copiousness*, of the English language ?

Yet this is neither more nor less than what Mr. Roy proposed to do ; (not what he has done, except in part — a very small part) and is, in all respects, as important as what he promised to do. There is no earthly difference between the two cases, excepting that in English we write our pronouns (designating the various persons of the verbs) separately from the verbs ; and so our pronominal adjectives qualifying the nouns ; while in Hebrew, the corresponding forms are incorporated with the verbs or nouns, and suffixed or prefixed to them. But this makes not a jot of difference as to the principle concerned. Our proposed English lexicon would, in all respects, be as good a model as Mr. Roy's Hebrew one, if he had fully executed his plan.

What useful end could any man have in view, by filling a dictionary with such forms as those which spring from the addition of the Hebrew formatives and suffixes ? No other than he could have, by putting them into an English dictionary, according to the example as given above. The prefixes and suffixes formative for one verb in Hebrew, are the prefixes and suffixes for all verbs. And so with the pronouns suffixed to nouns. When the learner has mastered the model forms, he has the whole in his possession. It is worse than idle, therefore, to repeat all these in a dictionary. Consequently, the plan of Mr. Roy is essentially a bad one ; but the execution is still worse.

We must say a word on the lure held out to tyros, that the dictionary before us is "a *pronouncing* dictionary, and the first

of the kind ever published." The standard among the Jews, the author says, "is precisely the same laid down in this work."

Among *what* Jews, we ask? The Jews of Palestine and other Oriental countries practise one mode of pronunciation; the Moorish, Spanish, and Portuguese Jews another; the Dutch, German, and French Jews another; the Polish Jews another; and (we doubt not) the Chinese and Tartar Jews another. Which of all these is "precisely the same" with that in the work of Mr. Roy?

Let us next see what kind of a guide the beginner in Hebrew has, who is just making his first efforts to lisp its difficult and nicely distinguished sounds? The very first column in Mr. Roy's Lexicon presents us with *Qamets*, *Pattahh*, and *Hhateph Qamets*, all sounded alike, and of the same length, and all represented by the English *a*. Which, of at least four sounds that this letter has in English, does Mr. Roy intend that the student shall employ? And are the long, short, and half-vowels of Hebrew all of one sound, and of one length?

The ח and כ (col. 4) are both represented by *ch*. Is the tyro to sound both alike? And is *ch* to be sounded, as it commonly is in English, like *k*, or as *ch* in *choose*? Or is it to be pronounced as a German *ch*? Not a word on this subject from Mr. Roy.

The ה at the end of words, where it is a mere *Quiescent*, he represents by *h*. Is the reader to give this an aspirated sound, or is it a silent *h*? Nothing in Mr. Roy's book distinguishes between the two.

The ד with or without *Daghesh lene* he represents by *d*; are the two forms of the letter possessed of the same power? Yet he distinguishes כ from ב; also כ from בּ, פּ from פ, etc.; why not then carry this through the *Beghadhkephath*?

When an Aspirate has a *Daghesh forte* in it, he sounds the first of the two letters as aspirated, the second as unaspirated; e. g. בַּבַּר *bav-bar*, instead of *băb-băr*; a mode of pronouncing, which is contrary to all good usage. *Vav*, as a consonant, he sounds *w*; *Tseri* he expresses by *ai*, etc.

With Mr. Roy all vowels are of the same length; none of them are marked as to quantity. Moreover, the student is never told, which of the many sounds that all the English vowels have, resembles that of the Hebrew vowel which it is intended to represent.

Is not this like the blind leading the blind? And can it be possible, that the beginner, guided by Mr. Roy, should not speak a language which even the exquisite Bar Bar Hanna himself would not be able to understand?

He tells us, in his Preface, that "the change of vowels and omission of consonants" are explained, so that the difficulties of the student in this important respect are removed. And yet, extensively as we have examined his work, we have not met with a single instance where this is done to any purpose, nor with any intelligence of the true nature of the case. On the contrary, the student who follows him, cannot fail of being misled. E. g. in אָבֹא (which he has put next after אָב, and therefore entirely out of its proper place), he says the *second* radical is dropped, and that this is compensated by *Qamets* [under the א]. What in the name of all which is sense, this does or can mean, we are not able even to guess. We had supposed, as בּוֹא is the root of this word, and as אָבֹא (1 person singular future) stands for אָבוֹא, the final *Aleph* being dropped in the abridged form because it is *otiant*, that in such a case the *third* radical is dropped, and not the second. But what *the compensation by Qamets* has to do with all this, or how *Qamets*, the common vowel of the præformative here, whether the word is written *plenè* or *defectivè*, is any compensation for the omitted א, — is a matter appropriate to be unravelled by the writer of the Leviathan-story, and not by us.

Bad, intolerably bad, as all this is, yet we can assure the reader, that it is a fair specimen of most of the remarks of this nature, in Mr. Roy's Dictionary.

We could extend our remarks to other "preferences" alleged in the Preface of Mr. Roy. But we have done. We have wearied ourselves out, and our readers also. There is nothing to be gained, by travelling any longer over this Great Zahara, in which there is not a single oasis to meet and cheer the eye. All, — all, is תֹּהוּ וָבֹהוּ.

But we know well, that there is a graver side on which a part of our subject should be viewed; and to this, with no small reluctance, we must now come.

We highly commend the enterprising publishers of this work, because they meant it for good, and embarked much property in order to accomplish this good. They were doubtless led to do what they have done, by the recommen-

dations of Mr Roy's labors, which were proffered to their inspection. On these, therefore, delicate as the subject is, we must bestow a little of our attention.

First we will take some notice of the *Rabbinical* commendations, which are presented to the reader in order to sanction and commend the work of Mr. Roy.

The first Rabbi is J. B. Seixas, Chief Rabbi of the Synagogue of New York. Of him we have no particular knowledge. We can only say, that if he is the son of the late Rabbi Seixas of New York, who understood the Hebrew well, we cannot imagine by what fatality he could have been led to profane a scholarly name, by attaching it to such a testimonial.

But there is another Rabbi here, who stands by himself; and although we are strangers to him also, yet Mr. Roy has given us some opportunity of forming a little acquaintance with him. This gentleman's name is Enoch Zundel. He tells us, in his short recommendation, that he comes from the Holy Land, even from the city of Jerusalem; and that Mr. Roy is one of the most critical Hebrew scholars that he has met with, — Gesenius not excepted; also, that Mr. Roy's Lexicon "will be a great acquisition to American literature."

Laudari a laudato viro has always been accounted an honorable thing; and that we might not be ignorant of the high acquisitions and critical powers of Master Zundel, Mr. Roy has let us into an important secret, in the body of his Lexicon.

Under עזר, a Hebrew word, we find snugly crowded in the Chaldee name of the famous scribe Ezra, עזרא. After paying a tribute to his memory, Mr. Roy tells us several things. (1) "that the Jews were indebted to their return from the Babylonish captivity to this pious and distinguished scribe." Now the return of the Jews was in the first year of Cyrus, i. e. 536, A. C.; and Ezra came up to Jerusalem, with a small retinue, in the seventh year of Artaxerxes Longimanus, i. e. 457, A. C. See Ez. vii. 1 et seq. In other words, Ezra went up from Babylon to Palestine, some eighty years after the main body of the Jews had quit their exile.

Thus much for the commencement of the paragraph respecting Ezra. The sequel surpasses even this. It is enclosed within marks of quotation in Mr. Roy's Lexicon, and printed in Italics, so that the reader might not unluckily overlook it.

"*A manuscript of the book of Ezra, in his own handwriting, is said to be still preserved in the German Synagogue at Jerusalem.* Rab. Enoch Zundel."

That there may be a Synagogue of German Jews, at Jerusalem, we will not deny; although we do not recollect to have before met with any particular notice of them as separate from other Jews. But as to *the manuscript in the handwriting of Ezra*, — this story is not a whit behind the ineffable Bar Bar Hanna himself. No wonder such a critic as Rabbi Zundel should give a hearty recommendation to Mr. Roy's book, and believe him to be a better scholar than Gesenius.

Pasted on the inner page of the cover, we find another recommendation from that extraordinary personage, the Rev. Joseph Wolf. We had heard of Mr. Wolf's talent for learning languages, and we had not been disposed before to discredit the report. Mr. Wolf says; "It [the Lexicon of Mr. Roy] is superior to any work of the kind ever published." Had he said; "It is such a work as never was before published," we should give him full credit for true criticism. But we have laid this subject pretty fully before the mind of the discerning reader, and wish to say no more to defend our own judgment of the case.

A more difficult and graver task we have, in disposing of the other commendations of this book. With some of the gentlemen, whose names appear as applauding it, we have the honor of a little acquaintance. The number of clergymen, including the different denominations, is no less than twenty-one. Many of these gentlemen, to our certain knowledge, are highly respectable men in their profession; others, with whom we are not acquainted, we doubt not are worthy of the same commendation. How much all or any one of them knows of the Hebrew, we do hope and trust will not be judged of from the opinion they have given of Mr. Roy's book.

We suppose, that Mr. Roy carried to them his specimen sheet; that they looked hastily over it; that Mr. Roy gave them some of the details of his plan, and urged on them the dangers of neology in Gesenius; and that, to get rid of his importunity, they gave him their names. When the Chancellor of New York University had done this, what hazard could there be, if others followed his example? Besides,

they felt kindly disposed to patronize literary efforts in our own land, and this was in itself a commendable motive for giving their names.

We do not know these facts; but we reason from analogy that they are probable. We have had the fortune, be it good or ill, to be besieged at times by authors, who have managed matters as above described; nay, this very same book has been urged on us in this way. We conclude, therefore, that others may have been treated in like manner.

But what will these gentlemen now say, in view of facts respecting this worse than worthless book, which are developed in the preceding pages? We could fill a volume with other facts equally disgraceful to a book that wears the name of a Lexicon. Facts, too, are stubborn things. If these gentlemen have in reality any good acquaintance with Hebrew, they must know, from the bare presentation of such facts as we have detailed, that the book is really worse than useless, and that it will serve only to mislead the tyro in every step that he takes. If they are not acquainted with Hebrew, then we have a right to ask, and to urge the question in a serious manner, too, How came they to commend a work which they had not examined, and which they were unable to appreciate?

We do seriously think, much as we respect them, that the public have a right to ask, and probably will ask these questions; certainly, that part of the public who can do what Mr. Roy, as it would seem, cannot, i. e. distinguish a *Qamets* from a *Qamets Hhateph.* The reputation of the city of New York, the great metropolis of our country as to population and trade, and nobly striving to become so as to literature, is deeply implicated and committed by this act of so many of her clergy. What will England and all Europe think of such an imposing phalanx of metropolitan clergy, highly recommending a book which would do dishonor to a student of three months' standing in Hebrew? We do not misrepresent the book. We appeal to facts now before the reader. We affirm, in view of them, that such a book would disgrace a student of common sense and information, who had been three months devoted to the Hebrew. Let this be contradicted upon good grounds, if it can.

These gentlemen, the recommenders, have so given their names, as to mislead many hundreds (we believe as many as

five hundred, at least) of subscribers, who have paid an enormous price for a book, that cannot possibly do any thing for them, but plunge them into error, and keep them ignorant of the true nature and meaning of Hebrew words, just as long as they use it. Without intention, doubtless, but still in fact, a wrong, — a great wrong, — has been done to the interests of individuals, to the sacred literature of our land, and to the good name of our country. What must the English and German philologists think of such a book as this Lexicon?

The gentlemen concerned with these remarks, and implicated in them, owe it to themselves, to the subscribers for the work, to the country, and to the name and interests of sacred literature, to undo, so far as may be now, the mischiefs which they have inadvertently been doing. We cannot for a moment think, that they can endure the thought of having their names go down to posterity in connexion with such an indescribable mass of blunders as this Lexicon exhibits. If not, let them right the wrong which has been done; come out and abjure such a book; and make some atonement to the injured subscribers, and to our injured name, and to the reputation of our great metropolis.

It is time that clergymen should look well to this subject of giving their names to books before they have read them; or, if they have read them, and are not able to form an enlightened judgment respecting them, let them beware how they give their names. We do not mean this latter part to be understood of the gentlemen in New York, whose names are given to Mr. Roy's Lexicon; for we do not know enough of their Hebrew acquisitions, to be able to judge how far they might rightly decide respecting this book. But we do say, and with all the serious conviction of truth that we can have, that, to recommend a book which we do not verily believe to be a good one, from thorough examination, and from ability to judge, is not doing as we would be done by, nor dealing fairly and uprightly with the public.

As to Mr. Roy, we have no personal knowledge of him, and no prejudices against him. But the empty pretences of his Preface have filled us with serious dissatisfaction; especially his pretensions to Rabbinic literature, by which he professes to correct the errors of other lexicographers. Rabbinic literature! Why, there are scarcely a dozen places in his Lexicon, where there is any ground to suppose he consulted

the Rabbins; and even in these, we strongly suspect that he merely repeats what others had furnished to his hand. We believe him to be quite as innocent of *Rabbinism*, (so far as respects his own personal reading and investigation,) as Jerome was of *Ciceronianism*. The Romanists tell us, that Jerome was severely flogged by an angel, for being too *Ciceronian;* in the opinion of Erasmus, this castigation was quite undeserved. Mr. Roy is equally guiltless of Rabbinism, excepting the taste for its crudities, and the desire to pass these off upon the world as profound matters.

Mr. Roy gives us, as his title, "Professor of Oriental Languages in New York." Does he mean, of the State or of the City? If of either, let New York look well to her appointment. If of neither, then whose professor is Mr. Roy? The name is full enough of sound; how much must we now suppose it actually to signify?

There is one gentleman, to whom we are strangers, whose name appears first in the American Baptist; then, among Mr. Roy's particular eulogists on page 9 of his Lexicon; and again on the back part of the front cover, where he tells us, that having examined the "whole work," he can say of all of it, what he had before said of a specimen. He tells us, that he is "authorized to say, that this work is not merely a *Lexicon*, but, in regard to the use of numerous words, a *Concordance* also of the biblical Hebrew." He is not content with even this, but goes on to tell us of "new significations" of words discovered by the author, and the distinguished advantages to be enjoyed in consequence of the writer's having plunged so deep into Talmudic and Rabbinic authorities. How much there is in all this on which the reader can depend, we have given him an opportunity to judge, in the preceding pages.

One circumstance, on the very first reading of the list of recommendations, struck us as very singular. There are at least four Professors of Hebrew in the city of New York, (not Professors *of New York*, but of some of its highly respectable institutions,) whose names are not on the list of recommendations. These gentlemen are Professors Turner, Robinson, Bush, and Nordheimer. Of the qualifications of these gentlemen to judge of Mr. Roy's work, we entertain not the slightest doubt. We are acquainted with them all, and can vouch for their scholarship. The public would naturally expect to see their names attached to such a novel and com-

manding exhibition of lexicographical ability, published in the city of New York. But not a word from them; and the reader has already been put in possession of facts, which, as we trust, will easily enable him to divine the reason. These gentlemen know better than to commit their reputation by such a hazardous act as recommending such a book. The gentlemen who have ventured to do so, we do hope and trust, will seriously reconsider this matter; for it is a graver one than might at first be apprehended. The solid interests of Hebrew literature are at stake in this country. They are greatly hazarded by such a book. The purchasers who have thus been taken in, will be slow to repair the mischief by another and a better purchase. They will naturally fear that they may again be deceived.

We have adverted to the fact, that Mr. Roy openly proclaims in his Preface, that this work "is designed to counteract the German Neology of Gesenius." Mr. Wolf says, that "Gesenius' Hebrew Lexicon is a dangerous book to put into the hands of any student of theology, as the author is an infidel, and his opinions are interspersed through *every page* of his work." This last statement is so utterly groundless, that we are thrown into some perplexity respecting either the sanity or the veracity of Mr. Wolf, and left to a painful alternative. We enter upon no contradiction of such an affirmation. The Lexicon of Gesenius is before the world; it has passed through the hands of Professor Robinson, who has, to say the least, as little zeal as Mr. Wolf to propagate neology.

What progress such a scholar as Mr. Roy can make in opposing the Coryphæus of Hebrew literature in Germany, cannot be doubtful for a single moment to any intelligent and well-informed reader. If we wished for neology to triumph, we should wish it to have such opponents as Mr. Roy. Every man in our community, who understands the true nature of the case, and who wishes that neology may never make incursions upon our lexicography or theology, will spontaneously say, respecting such a work as Mr. Roy's,

> "Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis,
> Tempus eget."

Art. IX. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Some Inquiries in the Province of Kemaon relative to Geology and other Branches of Natural Science.* By Assistant Surgeon John McClelland, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, &c. Calcutta, 1835. 8vo. pp. 384. With 10 Colored Plates.

It was always to us a matter of great regret, that we had no means of knowing any thing certain respecting the structure and composition of the famous Himalaya Mountains. High mountains present admirable facilities for ascertaining the relative situation and age of the rocky layers which repose upon their sides; and we justly supposed that the giant Himalaya had opened wide the book of nature, and left its pages for the instruction of man. At this time, while public attention in Europe and America is devoted to the interesting subjects of geological research, and the sublime revelations discovered on "*tables of stone,*" call forth our feelings of admiration and delight, we cannot fail to rejoice to receive from the distant mountains of India, such evidence as is now before us, of the wide spreading of science in that portion of the world.

It is surprising, that the British government has never ordered a regular geological survey of its valuable possessions in India. It would seem, that a country teeming with mines of gold and diamonds, besides many other more useful minerals, should have called forth a most minute scrutiny, even were there nothing more to be gained than mere commercial wealth. In the few instances where the government has patronized the travels of scientific men, our author observes, that "the motives have been, rather the extension of commerce than the promotion of science; and often so exclusively, as was calculated to defeat, rather than to serve, even the mere object in view;" for they were generally so overloaded and crippled with instructions, that they were unable to make such explorations as would turn to any account. Such instructions are altogether useless, and worse than useless; for the scientific explorer knows best what ought to be done, while those who give the instructions perhaps know nothing about the country in question, and are wholly incompetent to direct a complicated and difficult survey.

The author visited India as an Assistant Surgeon in the army, and while performing the arduous and responsible duties

of his station, found time also to explore the geology and natural history of the country over which his detachment marched. His observations appear to have been made with care, and are very numerous and varied. At one time he is on the mountain-top with his hammer, examining the rocks and minerals; next we find him investigating the causes which produce some of the peculiar diseases of the country. Yet the work is reduced to a perfectly scientific form, and shows correct judgment in its arrangement.

Among the topographical remarks, we observe that he has ascertained the limits of perpetual snow on the Himalaya mountains to be at the altitude of 12,000 feet; and the highest peak of those mountains he estimates at 24,000 feet above the sea level, thus making it from 1,500 to 2,000 feet lower than it has formerly been reckoned.

It would be interesting to *know* by *exact barometrical measurements and triangulation, what is the true altitude of those mountains.* It is also very desirable, that some geologist should ascertain, whether there are any geological proofs that the diluvial waters had ever swept over their summits. We are aware, that those frozen regions would present almost insurmountable obstacles in searching into the evidence of such a catastrophe; but if it can be ascertained, the fact in itself would well be worth the labor and expense that would be required in determining its truth. How delightful must it be to the geological traveller, to stand on one of these lofty pinnacles, whence he could take in, at a single view, the conformation of the various mountains around, and see at a glance the manner in which they were raised to their present elevation through prodigious incumbent strata!

We beg leave to quote the following passage for the lovers of the picturesque. Those who have seen the roseate sky of Mt. Blanc at sunset, will be reminded of Alpine scenery.

"The hour of the day, at which these awfully interesting altitudes (the Himalaya Mountains) are seen most to advantage, is either before sunrise or after sunset, when their soft crimson forms are barely relieved from the glowing tints of the sky by the golden lights that play along their varied outlines."—pp. 29, 30.

"In the infancy of civilization (says Humboldt) high places were chosen by the people to offer sacrifices to their gods; the first altars, the first temples, were erected on mountains." So our author found, that in India, almost every mountain was distinguished by some traditional name, derived from a sacred rock, or ancient temple, which usually caps their summits. Occasionally the poor Hindoos sacrifice their lives, in attempting to scale

some inaccessible summit, where a grotesque form is considered an emblem of the Deity.

We shall not have room, in this short notice, to give the reader an account of the remarkable rocks and curious minerals described in detail by the author. We must content ourselves with the remark, that the mountains described are extremely similar to those of the Tyrolese Alps, and, like those remarkable peaks, consist of a great variety of stratified and unstratified rocks, such as gneiss, talcose, mica, slates, hornblende, rock-greenstone-trap, granite, dolomite, and various limestones. The formations called primary, transition, secondary, tertiary, and alluvial, are all distinctly recognized in the descriptions before us.

The dolomite mountains are the most remarkable, and, like those of the Tyrol, consist of lofty cones and precipitous masses of a white granular kind of magnesian limestone, which rise to a considerable elevation, and present escarpments that defy the feet of the mountaineer, and do not even support a sufficiency of soil to nourish vegetation.

Rocks of an ancient igneous origin evidently abound; but no recent volcanoes are described as occurring among the Himalayas. A few mines of copper and iron were visited by our author, who found cause severely to censure the system of tyrannical abuse practised by the native contractors or Teekedars and the owners of slaves. It seems, that the method of mining practised in obtaining copper ores, is such, that only a very low and narrow drift, called by miners a *creep*, is opened, which is merely wide enough to admit the body of a man. Into these low, dark, and muddy excavations, troops of children are driven, and are forced to labor during their whole lives in carrying out bags of the ore.

> "At two of the mines there are from thirty to fifty children, under the age of twelve years, thus employed, without the hope of release during the period of their natural lives; but, if incapable of farther employment, they are left perfectly destitute." — p. 175.

The geological portion of the work closes with an account of numerous Earthquakes, that have taken place in Kemaon. They appear to have been more violent within a few years, no less than eight shocks having taken place between December, 1831, and January, 1835. It is supposed that they are produced by violent subterranean movements of pent up gas or steam, and that they are the phenomena preceding or accompanying the eruptions of volcanic mountains. No volcanoes occur in the Himalaya chain, although there are abundance of hot springs that burst forth from their sides. The nearest volcanoes are those of

the Celestial Mountains, which lie to the North 720 miles distant, and have two cones, one of which is in active eruption, while the other is nearly extinct. The volcanic islands of the China Sea are 1,800 maritime miles distant. Our author is disposed to believe, that the abovementioned earthquakes proceed from the Celestial Mountains, but supposes that the shocks must necessarily augment in intensity as we approach the volcanic region. This is by no means necessary, at least within certain limits. An earthquake is as liable to be violent at a considerable distance from the chimney of its volcanic outlet, as at the very base of the volcano itself. At least such have been the results of our researches in Italy and Sicily.

We have not room to notice the catalogue of animals found in Kemaon, which is appended to this work, nor to enter into an analysis of the very interesting chapter on the causes of Goitre and Cretinism. The author has treated this latter subject in a manner that does him great credit as a medical philosopher; and every physician who reads his observations will at once perceive that there is such a science in nature as Medical Geology. We extract the following brief statement of some of his results.

"The proportion of the inhabitants of each rock, who are affected with Goitre and Cretinism, will stand to the healthy in the following order:

"Granite and gneiss — Goitre, $\frac{1}{500}$; Cretins, none.
"Mica-slate and hornblende-slate — Goitre, none; Cretins none.
"Clay-slate — Goitre, $\frac{1}{1336}$; Cretins, none.
"Transition-slate — Goitre, $\frac{1}{2479}$; Cretins, none.
"Steatitic sandstone — Goitre none; Cretins, none.
"Calcareous rocks — Goitre, $\frac{1}{3}$; Cretins, $\frac{1}{32}$.

"Are we to suppose that these interesting results are the effects of chance, or of an accidental association of circumstances confined to a particular spot? When we recollect, that a space of upwards of a thousand square miles has been made subject to the inquiry, and that in every portion of this space, the same invariable circumstances attended the presence of the disease, and that its absence was invariably distinguished by the absence of those circumstances, it is more philosophic to view them in the light of cause and effect."— pp. 310, 311.

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2. — *Historical Sketch of Amherst, in the County of Hillsborough, in New Hampshire, from its first Settlement to the Year* 1837. By John Farmer, Corresponding Secretary of the N. H. Historical Society. Second Edition, enlarged. Concord. 1837. 8vo. pp. 52.

Mr. Farmer, the author of the above history, is well known as one of the most indefatigable and accurate antiquaries in the

country. As a genealogist, we suppose no one would presume to dispute the palm with him. Cut off by his infirm state of health from much intercourse with the world, and debarred the privilege of personally visiting the memorable scenes in our annals, he has still succeeded in accumulating a mass of materials relating to the history, population, and statistics of the country, which is truly astonishing. His contributions from this stock to the Collections of the Massachusetts and New Hampshire Historical Societies, have been numerous and valuable; and his Genealogical Register of the First Settlers of New England, an octavo volume of 350 pages, published in 1829, is a monument of his patient and minute research. We hope that ere long the public will be favored with a revised and enlarged edition of this useful work.

We are glad to find such men as Mr. Farmer, — men whose experience and accuracy are a guaranty that their relations can be depended upon, — engaged in collecting and preserving the fading memorials of our little democracies. Every new village chronicle we regard as an addition not only to the stock of our national history, but to the materials of poetry and romance; for there is hardly one of them, that does not contain some event or tradition capable of being wrought up by a skilful hand into a tale of fancy. We have only to regret, that works of such a permanent interest and value should appear in the perishable form of pamphlets. It seems highly desirable, that there should be some general repository, where these local histories may be brought together, so as to be easily found and consulted; and the Collections of the various Historical Societies throughout the country appear to us to furnish the very receptacle that is needed.

The History of Amherst contains its full share of remarkable incidents and adventures, and is executed in a manner highly creditable to its learned author. We were a little surprised, however, that a writer of so much accuracy as Mr. Farmer, should (page 3) call Philip "the celebrated *Narraganset* sachem." We had always supposed that Philip was the sachem of the *Wampanoags*, an entirely distinct tribe from the Narragansets. On page 34, too, in the epitaph on the Rev. Daniel Wilkins, we find an error of a hundred years. It is said he graduated in 1636. It should be 1736. These, it is true, are slight errors, probably mere inadvertencies; but as the value of all works of this sort depends entirely on their accuracy, the public, we think, have a right to demand an especial attention to this point. Facts and dates need particularly to be looked after; and the compilers of our national and state histories, as well as of our

town annals, should understand, that whilst the weightier matters are suitably cared for, the less must not be neglected.

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3. — *A Treatise on Digestion, and the Disorders incident to it, which are comprehended under the Term Dyspepsia. Adapted for general Readers.* By William Sweetser, M. D., Author of a Treatise on Consumption, &c. Boston. Published by T. H. Carter. 1837. 12mo. pp. 359.

The author of this work is already favorably known by his Treatise on Consumption; which, like the present, was addressed rather to the reading public at large, than to the medical faculty, to the patient rather than to the physician. It is no easy matter to write well on professional matters, in any profession, so as to be intelligible to those who are not familiar with professional habits of thought and expression, and at the same time to avoid tedious and awkward circumlocution. Technical terms involuntarily press upon the author's mind. If they are rejected, the substitutes are not always more intelligible, and are often less definite. If they are retained, they must be accompanied by explanations, which embarrass and distract the attention, and give a forbidding, schoolmaster sort of air to the performance. Dr. Sweetser has surmounted this difficulty in a very great degree. His style, although not elegant, is clear and intelligible, without any parade of fine writing, indeed without affectation of any kind; and is in general free from the embarrassment of medical phrases.

There are perhaps no diseases better suited to a general treatise of this kind, than those which are the subjects of Dr. Sweetser's two publications. Both consumption and dyspepsy (we prefer the good honest English word to the Greek termination adopted by Dr. S.) owe so much, of what is to afford either hope or benefit, to the care and management of the patient and his friends, that it is peculiarly fitting that the community at large, as well as physicians, should know something in regard to them. Where the knowledge which a patient possesses of his disease is of the right kind, the more he has of it the better. It will not lead him, beyond his depth, into the province of the physician; but, while it will direct him to a more intelligent use of the means which properly belong to his own sphere of observation and practice, it will prompt him to a more confiding reliance upon his medical adviser for direction in all matters which demand medical learning and skill.

There is a kind of knowledge of diseases, or rather of their remedies, which is not of this sort; and the more of which a sickly man has, the worse it is for him. For while it fills him with distrust of the skill and fidelity of the physician, who faithfully devotes all his faculties to the acquisition and practice of his profession, it puffs him up with an unseemly confidence in his own wisdom. Such knowledge it is neither the purpose nor tendency of Dr. Sweetser's publications to teach. He nowhere invites or encourages the invalid to lay hands on medicines, the full effects of which on the human system he can at best but very imperfectly apprehend. On the contrary, he constantly warns him against the habitual use of medicine at all, and bids him to seek for health in a proper management of his daily pursuits, his diet, his clothing, his exercise, his sleep, his recreations. His works, therefore, have no affinity with the many "Domestic Medicines," and "Family Physicians," which profess to teach how to dispense with the attendance of the physician, by stealing his art, while they in fact multiply the occasions for his services, and increase the difficulties of his labors. And were mankind as willing to be preserved from disease, or cured of it, by a proper regulation of their own actions and appetites, as they are by being *drugged*, we should anticipate a ready and extensive demand for these useful volumes.

The treatise now before us begins with a description of the organs and processes of digestion in man and animals. The changes wrought in these various processes are so great, and the means by which they are accomplished are so wonderful, that one might expect to find, in every thinking man, a liberal curiosity in regard to them, independently of any practical benefit to which the knowledge may be applied. In reality, however, little of such curiosity seems to exist in regard to sound physiological information. A man eats, and feels the better for it, or believes he does, and there is the end of the matter. And for most men, it is well it should be so. But intelligent, educated men, one would think might not be the worse, for extending their inquiries a little beyond the concise Scripture account of the process.

Dr. Sweetser's description of the digestive function, is entirely subservient to the leading purpose of his book, — to teach his readers how to promote its healthy performance. It does not attempt to give any views, which are not contained in other strictly medical works. But it gives, in language easily understood by general readers, a full and clear account of the changes wrought upon the food, in the several stages of its transformation into nourishment for the body. This is followed by

two chapters on the different kinds of food, for animals and for man. We are thus prepared for the discussion of "Dyspepsia or the disorders of digestion."

A description of dyspepsy, by a history of its symptoms, is perhaps necessary to the completeness of a treatise of this sort, and may in many cases be useful. But we would hardly advise invalids to meditate on their own symptoms, and compare them with the book, to find out whether they are dyspeptic or not. If they have any doubts on this subject, they had better send for their physician at once, and let him draw out of them their case, and put them upon its remedy. Few men, even of the most practised physicians, have command enough over their own phantasies, to weigh correctly the value of their morbid sensations, or even to distinguish in all cases between such as are physical, and those which have only a lighter and more fugitive existence.

No such qualification is needed in regard to the chapters which follow, on the causes of dyspepsy. They are full of good sense, and abound in salutary cautions. The several causes are considered in detail, and with a sufficient degree of fulness. We copy a part of the remarks on "*The abuse of medicine*," which Dr. Sweetser regards as a frequent cause of the disease.

"The injudicious use of medicine is doubtless the occasion of no little injury to the human constitution. As all active medicines tend to disturb the natural movements of life, they are never to be resorted to before inquiring whether the end will warrant the means. In other words, whether the evil they are designed to oppose is more serious, than what they themselves will probably induce. Let it ever be remembered, too, that nature of herself is fully adequate to the removal of trifling and incidental difficulties; or requiring at least only negative aid, that is, the avoidance of all impediments, as improper diet, exposure, &c. to her recuperative efforts.

"Few habits are more adverse to the welfare of the constitution, than that of applying to medicine for every slight disorder; since, the necessity for it growing with its use, it is oftentimes contributing to the very evils it is intended to remedy. Thus, if for every trifling disturbance of the stomach and bowels, we call in the assistance of emetics, cathartics, or stimulants, those organs, accustomed, if I may so speak, to depend on foreign aid, will in a measure cease to avail themselves of their own energies under embarrassments. The physical as well as the moral powers should be educated to a certain degree of self-dependence. But active medicines are also injurious in a more positive manner, operating as local irritants, and to produce various sympathetic derangements in the system.

"There has ever existed a class of nervous valetudinarians, in whom a pain, or an ache, or the least ailment can hardly exist, unless the pill-box or essence-bottle is called into requisition. And it is quite amusing, often, to hear them expressing their astonishment that

their health can be so poor, when they are constantly taking such quantities of medicine.

"Some persons are in the daily practice of overburdening the stomach, and then swallowing medicinal tinctures or pills to get rid of its unnatural load. Hence it is, that we so commonly see dinner pills advertised for sale." — pp. 253 – 255.

Equally judicious, in our view, in general, are the directions for the *treatment of dyspepsy*, with which the work is concluded. In the same vein of good sense and sound judgment, the author deprecates the habitual resort to active medicines for the cure, as well as for the prevention of the disease. Here, as well as there, he recommends chiefly a reliance upon a proper regulation of the diet, and a proper management of the regimen; attention to exercise, the state of the mind, &c. And in regard to all these and many other particulars, he gives suitable directions. He does not of course mean to say, that there are no cases of dyspepsy that occasionally demand more energetic remedies. But such cases require the prescriptions of a physician, and therefore do not come within the scope of the present work.

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4. — 1. *Report made to the Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Boston, on the Subject of Supplying the Inhabitants of that City with Water.* By Daniel Treadwell. Boston. 1825. pp. 32.
2. *Report on the Subject of Introducing Pure Water into the City of Boston.* By Loammi Baldwin, Esq., Civil Engineer. Boston. 1834. pp. 78.
3. *Report on the Introduction of Soft Water into the City of Boston.* By R. H. Eddy, Civil Engineer. Boston. 1836. pp. 40.
4. *Report of the Commissioners appointed under an Order of the City Council of March 16th, 1837, to devise a Plan for Supplying the City of Boston with Pure Water.* Boston. 1837. pp. 95.

The city of Boston, under the necessity which in the nature of things must sooner or later come upon every city and large town, of looking abroad for a supply of pure and soft water, has been for the last thirteen years causing investigations to be made upon this important subject. The Reports named above embody the results of those inquiries. We are gratified, upon looking into them, to perceive, that whilst the situation of our metropolis, on a small peninsula, is such as to make it early

necessary for it to look for a supply of water to foreign sources, nature has kindly placed those sources within its reach.

From these Reports it appears, that there are within twenty-two miles of Boston, about twenty ponds or lakes, or *lochs*, as they would be called on the other side of the Atlantic, and two rivers, the water of any of which would be preferable to that obtained within the city. By a comparison of these amongst themselves in the points of purity, elevation, and distance, the selection is confined to four, viz. Spot Pond in Stoneham, Mystic Pond in Medford, Long Pond in Natick, and Charles River. Though the Reports differ in their conclusions, yet they all recommend some one or more of these four sources.

The first Report, made in 1825 by Mr. Treadwell, is confined to Spot Pond and Charles River. But as these were more fully examined by the Commissioners in 1837, of whom Mr. Treadwell was one, no further remark need be made on this Report.

Mr. Loammi Baldwin's Report, made in 1834, after an examination of all the sources, concludes in favor of Long Pond, connected with two smaller ones, the water to be brought "by an aqueduct, without the use of pipes" to a reservoir in Roxbury, and thence into the city, at an estimated cost of $ 750,000, exclusive of that of distribution through the city.

Mr. Eddy, whose commission was limited to the survey of the ponds "emptying into Mystic Pond," and two others, and to an examination of "the cost of introduction of the waters of Spot and Mystic Ponds," reported in 1836 a plan for uniting the waters of these two ponds in a reservoir on Bunker Hill in Charlestown, at an expense, exclusive of that of distribution, of $ 606,877·76.

In 1837 the whole subject was committed for inquiry to three Commissioners, Messrs. Daniel Treadwell, James F. Baldwin, and Nathan Hale; and their Report is the last of the series. From this report, which appears to be full and accurate upon the whole matter, we have gathered the details which we subjoin.

As to the *quantity* requisite for the city, the Commissioners, by an estimate of the supply in London and Philadelphia, assign twenty-eight and a half wine gallons to each inhabitant; and taking the present population at eighty thousand, and providing for its probable increase, they think it necessary to provide "for an immediate supply of one million six hundred thousand gallons daily, to be extended in five years to two million five hundred thousand, and at the end of ten years to three million gallons daily." They then proceed to the sources.

1. Spot Pond is situated at a distance of ten miles and seven-

tenths of a mile from the city, "on the shortest route by which it would be advisable to lay a pipe." Its surface is one hundred and forty-three feet and one hundredth above tide water, and it contains two hundred and eighty-three acres. In purity its water is unexceptionable; it being, as stated in Mr. Eddy's Report, in this respect, "to Croton River water in New York as three to one, and to London water as seven to one." This pond could, therefore, be brought to the city in an iron pipe, without artificial raising. But the estimated quantity which it will yield, though never less than one million six hundred thousand, yet never exceeding two million six hundred thousand gallons a day, it cannot alone be depended upon for a supply. For this reason, no separate estimate of the cost of bringing in this alone is made. Its advantages, however, in other respects are so great, that it is deemed advisable to use it in connexion with another afterwards named.

2. Long Pond is distant from the city, on the line surveyed for an aqueduct, twenty miles and one thousand and forty-three feet. It is one hundred and twenty-three feet and fifty-two hundredths above the level of full tide, and is three or four miles in length. Its water in quality is inferior to that of Spot Pond, but is not in this respect "in any considerable degree exceptionable." The supply from it would unquestionably be ample, as it is estimated to furnish eight million seven hundred and forty-three thousand, six hundred and eighty gallons daily. In consequence of its distance and limited elevation, iron pipes would be too expensive; and if this pond should be used, a close brick aqueduct laid in hydraulic cement is recommended. The estimated cost of a supply from this source, to the reservoir in the city, exclusive of the expense of distribution, is $ 1,118,294.

3. Mystic Pond is nine miles from Boston on the proposed line of pipe. Its surface is nearly on a level with the sea at high water, and it contains two hundred and twenty-eight acres. The flow from this pond is constant and abundant, and its water is more pure than that of Long Pond, and less pure than that of Spot Pond. Its purity is stated in Mr. Eddy's Report to be "to that of Croton River as two to one, and to London water as nine to two." In consequence of its low position, the water of this pond, if resorted to, must be forced through iron pipes by pumps driven by steam power. A plan of doing this is stated, at an estimated cost to the reservoir in the city, exclusive of that of distribution, of $ 869,860.

4. Charles River, taken above the lower dam in Watertown, would furnish an ample supply of water, of a quality inferior to that of either of the three other sources, but still pure enough

for all purposes. As in the preceding case, however, the water, if used, must be pumped up either by steam power alone, or by that united with water power. The estimated cost of a supply from this source to the reservoir in the city is $ 771,318.

Upon these facts and estimates, a majority of the Commissioners, Messrs. Treadwell and Hale, are in favor of a union of Spot and Mystic Ponds, of bringing the water of the former by its natural flow, to a reservoir on Walnut Tree Hill in Medford, of forcing from the latter, by steam power, into the same reservoir, enough to supply any deficiency in the other source, and then of bringing the whole to the reservoir in the city by its natural flow, through an iron pipe. The estimated cost of this plan is $ 850,006.

Mr. Baldwin, on the other hand, is in favor of Long Pond as a source, and of bringing the water by a brick aqueduct, first to a reservoir on Corey's Hill in Brookline, and thence by an iron main to the same reservoir in the city, as in the other plan. The cost of this, as before stated, is estimated at $1,118,294. The two Commissioners are determined in their choice by the fact, that their plan, whilst it furnishes as ample and certain a supply of as pure if not purer water, is less expensive than the other; whilst Mr. Baldwin prefers the Long Pond source, though the most expensive, as it requires no pumping, and because he thinks the quantity more sure of being adequate to the future wants of the city, and the quality more likely to continue pure, than that of Mystic Pond.

The Commissioners also report a plan for distributing the water through the city, which is the same, whatever source of supply is resorted to. They provide for two reservoirs in different parts of the city, and then for iron mains from them, with service pipes on each side, with stop-cocks and fire plugs, making an aggregate of about sixty-five miles of iron pipe; and the whole cost of distribution is estimated at $ 657,554.

From these facts it is apparent, that by either of the two plans, the desired supply of pure water to the city of Boston is within the easy reach of the citizens. We commend the prudence which has been so long and carefully gathering the necessary information, and we trust ere long to be able to praise the enterprise which shall complete the work.

5. — *An Inquiry into the Present State of the Remedial Law of Massachusetts; with suggestions for its Reform.* By L. S. Cushing. [Republished from the American Jurist for July, 1837.] Hilliard, Gray, & Co. 1837. 8vo. pp. 52.

This is a learned, bold, and well-written tract. The reforms which it advocates are searching; but they are sustained by reasons, which it is easier to question than to answer. Mr. Cushing recommends nothing less than the amalgamation of the two systems of law and equity, and the construction or revival from the two of a sort of *tertium quid*, in the language of the chemists, which shall have the great advantage of unity and consistency. Unprofessional readers may not be aware that our jurisprudence, in addition to the vast body of statutes, is composed of what is called the Common Law, being the usages which have been handed down from the early days of English history, and authenticated from time to time by decisions of the courts, and also of what is called Equity or Chancery, the latter system being of later origin than the other, and intended to supply its deficiencies. Chancery is, in short, the complement of the common law. It has grown up gradually with the necessities of society; and, by correcting the rigor of the ancient law, modifying many of its principles, and giving the citizen new remedies, it has kept our jurisprudence constantly adapted, like the Lesbian rule of antiquity, to the changing surface of society. The system of Equity, however, like the common law, depends upon usage, and was the natural offspring of the progress of civilization. Now it can hardly be questioned that our system would be preferable to what it is now, if it were divested of its present Janus-face, and made to assume but one countenance. All that we mean to say, is, that one complete and comprehensive system of law, in which there is a prevailing unity, and where all the remedies harmonize, would be preferable to one like that we now live under, where courts proceed in different ways, and apply different remedies, according to the respective systems which they administer. The difficulty is in bringing about such a restoration. No greater change could be suggested. Though we do not see our way clear to any speedy accomplishment of it, yet we are not unwilling to look it in the face, and calmly estimate its importance, and the manner in which it may be best effected. And here the present tract will render important service. The subject is handled by Mr. Cushing with unsurpassed clearness, both of style and argu-

ment, and with a full knowledge of its difficulties. Though it has occupied no inconsiderable portion of the attention of the profession in England, we are not aware that it has called out any discussion, which, for general completeness, can compare with the present. Mr. Johnes's treatise on this subject is one of the most interesting works on law-reform which has appeared, and is written in a style which shows the scholar, as well as the lawyer; but the view, which he has presented, though in greater space, has not the thorough character of Mr. Cushing's tract.

6.—*An Introduction to the Latin Language.* By Samuel Willard, A. A. S., Author of "The Franklin Primer," "The Popular Reader," &c. Boston. Hilliard, Gray, & Co. 1835. 12mo. pp. 226.

It gives us pleasure to recommend this Latin Grammar to all who are desirous of introducing their pupils to the Latin language in a pleasant as well as a thorough manner. We say pleasant, not because we believe in the magic power of those gay toys by which learning and philosophy are to be insinuated into the young mind, almost without its being conscious of it; but because we do think it important, that the first steps in any department of learning should not be the most difficult. A child should certainly be taught that he cannot become a good scholar without labor; but it is not necessary that he should be frightened at the outset, in order to his perception of this wholesome truth. We tell him, when we conduct him to the hill-side, that it is "laborious indeed at the first ascent"; he may be sure that he cannot fold his arms, and be carried to the summit in a carriage, or a rail-way car; but he may thank those, who, like Dr. Willard, have cut steps in the green turf, here and there, to assist the young and the feeble. We think, then, that the elements of a language or a science should be conveyed in as agreeable a manner as is consistent with a good understanding of them. The love of the pursuit will by degrees bring a love of the labor necessary to farther progress; but, unless children find some pleasure in the beginning of the race, they will not run on vigorously; they must be enticed at first, as Sir Philip Sidney says savage nations must be, otherwise "great promises of much knowledge will little persuade them that know not the fruits of knowledge."

Those of our readers, who, in their early days, committed to memory the Latin Grammar from beginning to end, "Orthography, Etymology, Syntax, and Prosody," before they began to

practise upon it in translation, have probably some recollection of the unpleasant process, and will remember what a sinking of the heart accompanied their first attempts to put light and order into a Latin sentence, when they began to construe, with their heads full of the rules of syntax, and the forms of tenses and cases; — all well remembered, but remembered as a confused mass, because they had not put them in practice while they were learning them. The children of the present day need not know any thing of these troubles, if they begin the study of Latin with Willard's "Introduction," and follow his directions in using it.

It is divided into three parts, not including the Vocabulary at the end of the book. Part First contains the principles and forms of grammar, arranged in short sections. Part Second consists of *praxes*, or exercises in translating and parsing, arranged in sections to correspond with the first; and Part Third, of notes and illustrations of these praxes. The arrangement of the forms and rules is of course essentially different from that of the Grammars in general use. Instead of beginning with nouns, and going through all the declensions, next taking up one part of speech after another, and exhausting it, and then proceeding to learn all the rules of syntax in a mass, as is the common mode, the pupil is taught, in the first section of this little work, the forms of the first declension of nouns, — those of the indicative present of the first conjugation of verbs, and of the indicative present of the irregular verb *sum*, — and a few rules of syntax. The corresponding section in the second part, which is to be studied in connexion with the first, consists of Latin sentences in which the forms and rules already learned are exemplified, and every thing carefully excluded which might involve a more extended knowledge of the grammar of the language. The second section leads the pupil a little farther on; the second of the praxes is an illustration of it; and so on, till he has become prepared for extracts from the classics, which form the more advanced praxes. The author happily describes his plan in his sensible and modest Preface.

"The principles and forms of grammar, once familiar in word and application, are infallible and prompt interpreters of every correct sentence; or, to vary the figure, they are so many appropriate keys to the sense. Of these keys the Latin language requires several hundreds, if not thousands, to open the numberless apartments of her treasury and cabinet. The old method [that of banishing the study of the grammar at first] puts the whole at once into the hands of the tyro, and requires him at every moment to guess out the one, which may be suited to his present purpose. In the opposite method, the instructer keeps the keys in his own hand, and often leaves the pupil to stand a long time idle at the door for want of some one to open it for him. In the method proposed, the teacher will give him a small

number of these keys at a time, to apply by his own ingenuity, till he has learned the ready application of all. The last, which corresponds to the gradual process, in which the principles of arithmetic and geometry are taught and applied, will be found exemplified, as I hope, in the following pages." — pp. 3, 4.

The execution of this book is admirable. Teachers will thank the author for having used so clear and so simple a mode of expression, as to make oral explanations almost unnecessary. To arrange and select the praxis upon each section, so as to exclude from it every word involving a principle not yet explained to the learner, and yet to present a series of neat sentences at first, and then of elegant and interesting extracts from classic authors, required an amount of care and labor which can hardly be appreciated by those who enjoy the benefit of them; and a discriminating mind and good taste are visible throughout the work.

There are some faults in the mechanical details of the book. For instance, the Latin words introduced into English sentences are not indicated by italics, nor in any way distinguished from their neighbours, the vernaculars; but we believe this occasions less confusion and inconvenience to young learners, than we might at first suppose. A Latin word, to a child, or a person unacquainted with the language, is as unlike the English ones by its side, (though in the same type,) as the countenance of a stranger is unlike the "old familiar faces" of his family; and though they may be "dressed all alike, with black crape over their faces," his eye has an instinctive power of distinguishing the unknown from the familiar, and he is not so much puzzled and embarrassed as we might fear he would be.

We cannot dismiss the work without mentioning its peculiar suitableness for fireside instruction; as parents, who may have long ceased to attend to the study of Latin, will, in the use of this volume, find a pleasant refreshment of their own knowledge, and be sure of laying, in the minds of their children, a sound foundation for farther attainments.

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7. — *Annual Report of the Board of Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital for the Year* 1837. Boston. James Loring. 1838. 8vo. pp. 30.

This Report presents a gratifying view of the condition and usefulness of each department of the Hospital. It is highly creditable, that gentlemen busily engaged, as are most of the Trustees, in the active concerns of life, should be found willing to devote their time and attention with so much fidelity and zeal

to the care of a public institution. That they have done it also with ability and wisdom, is evinced by the prosperous condition of the charity. Much of this prosperity is doubtless owing to the unwearied assiduity of the successive Boards of Trustees. The monthly meetings of the Board, with the weekly visits of committees, since they have never degenerated into matters of form, not only serve the purpose of transacting the necessary business, but are a constant incitement to every one connected with the institution, to perform his duty with the like faithfulness.

The Massachusetts General Hospital embraces two departments, distinct from each other, but under the management of the same Board of Trustees, and supported by the same general fund; the Hospital for the sick and wounded, in Boston, and the McLean Asylum for the Insane, in Charlestown. From the Report of the Superintendent of the Hospital it appears, that the whole number of patients admitted during the year 1837 was 440; 213 of whom were free patients, and 25 more paid board but a part of the time. To those who are regarded as pay patients, the institution may justly be considered as performing, only in a somewhat lower degree, a work of charity, since, independently of all the outlay of capital, the weekly charge for board &c. to much the greater part, is much less than the weekly cost. The number discharged during the year was 453, 358 of whom are reported as "well," "much relieved," or "relieved"; only 32 died. The "Analysis of patients," exhibiting their several trades and employments, would furnish a topic for some general reflections, but we must refrain from offering them at present.

The Asylum for the Insane admitted, during the year, 120 patients; and 105 were discharged. Of these, 72 are reported as "recovered," and 13 as "much improved," and "improved." It is worthy of observation, that the term "cured," which commonly appears conspicuously in similar reports, is not used in either of these. The medical officers in both institutions seem to have modestly abstained from claiming the favorable termination of so many cases as the fruit of their labors, though it cannot be doubted that it might be so claimed with as much justice as in most similar instances. We like these terms better, and are glad to see them introduced by so high authority. The young practitioner may be excused for ascribing to his first prescription the cure of the patient. But a little experience only is sufficient to teach him, that other agencies besides his own have much to do with the result; and he soon learns to regard it as much more consonant to his real share in the matter, to say that the man *recovered*, than that he *was cured*.

The Report of Dr. Bell, physician and superintendent of the Asylum, is the first which he has had occasion to present, since his appointment to the office. "With respect to the general management, moral and medical," he modestly and pertinently remarks, he "has attempted few innovations or experiments. He has rather attempted to carry out and perfect, eclectically and combinedly, the respective plans of moral and medical treatment of the eminent individuals who have preceded him, not rejecting the aids offered in the experience of other institutions." The Report shows, in a brief detail, what these plans are, as at present administered, and gives a very satisfactory view of the means which the establishment affords for promoting the safety, comfort, and restoration of patients. We commend the Report to all who would see with what liberality, humanity, and sound judgment the Trustees have provided for this unfortunate class of sufferers, and what confident anticipations of success may be cherished from the care and management of the able and devoted physician.

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8. — *Reflections on the Present State of the Currency of the United States.* Boston. 1837. pp. 34.
Further Reflections on the Currency of the United States. By C. F. Adams. Boston. 1837. pp. 41.

The first of these pamphlets was published in February, 1837, and accordingly before the collapse of the currency; the latter, after the extra session of Congress. They are both able productions. The first deals with the causes of the pecuniary embarrassments of the country; the latter with the remedies. The causes of these troubles are traced to the excessive banking and the spirit of speculation. As to the latter cause, it is not a subject of regulation and control, any further than it can be indirectly checked by putting lenders on their guard. A man not under guardianship has a right, as far as the laws and institutions of the country are concerned, to ruin himself if he chooses. But it behooves the country to prevent any one from ruining others, as far as they can do this, by withholding facilities to his rashness or too sanguine enterprise. This office falls mostly upon the banks, through which a great part of the business of the country is conducted, as far as it rests upon personal credit, independently of property security by mortgage or otherwise. The check is to be given, not by any positive regulation, but by the interest of the stockholders of the banks to avoid losses and make the most of their capital. Their interest in one direction,

however, leads them to speculation and rashness by extending their circulation, and thus deriving a profit from its amount. But in another direction their interest leads them to check the tendencies to excessive credit; since, if they loan to those who cannot pay them, they must be the sufferers. But the bank-directors cannot foresee the events of next year; they can only conjecture, like others, what is to happen; and, in the ordinary course of business in giving credits for sixty and ninety days, they cannot be supposed, and do not affect to go into very profound anticipations of the future. Both borrowers and lenders make their calculations upon the existing state of prices and trade. Accordingly, when some tremendously destructive power is accumulating in the dark, which may begin to develope itself and shake the whole system within those sixty or ninety days, both borrowers and lenders are at fault; and, before they are aware of it, every part of the system begins by little and little to be disordered, and if the cause is deep and lasting, it at length totters and crumbles. The borrower at Boston has his draft returned from New Orleans, because the acceptor at New Orleans has not received remittances from his debtor at Cincinnati, and so on, round the circle of credits. The borrower's paper must, therefore, be renewed at the bank; and so it continues from one period of credit to another, until the borrower, by immense sacrifices of property in a fallen market, works his way through the difficulty, or succumbs.

Now, if the currency is based partly or wholly upon credit, that is, upon the solvency of the debtors to the banks, as is the case in this country, (and always will be, and, as it seems to us, always ought to be, if experience is any guide upon the subject,) the dividends of the stockholders will be affected, if the shock is slight; if a little more severe, their capital is diminished; and lastly, in a tremendous shock, the currency is shaken. Where a bank is, in general, managed with a view to the interest of the stockholders, and with a reasonable prudence, and without suffering any great fraud or calamity out of the course of business, such as a fire, robbery, or embezzlement, the probability of its insolvency is so remote as hardly to be appreciable. In the explosions of some of the banks in Boston, only a very small fraction of the whole amount of the currency will finally be lost by bad bills. And when these losses happen, they arise from the fact, that banks have been managed in some instances through the influence of their debtors, and not for the benefit of their stockholders generally. The operation of this sinister influence on the administration of the banks, has no doubt had a powerful agency in aggravating the existing pecuniary derangements; and

this influence has been increased immensely by the public deposits, which opened a door to its tenfold activity. This cause of our present embarrassments, Mr. Adams does not lay stress upon, whereas we cannot but think it deserves a prominent place.

He dwells particularly upon the excessive issues of paper, which, in his last pamphlet, he calls *rags*, a rhetorical denomination of paper not practically at the moment redeemable in the precious metals, which has run through the newspapers and declamations, but which is not, we think, entitled to a place in a grave pamphlet; for, though the paper is not exchangeable for dollars in specie, on presentment at the bank, still it does give a valid lien on the lands, houses, and goods of the bank and its debtors; a lien which will be available, though there should not be a dollar in specie in the country. This is a vital efficacy which does not belong to rags.

In connexion with this subject of excessive issues of paper, Mr. Adams lays down one proposition fortified by the authority of David Hume, who has been followed by sundry writers, and which is made the foundation of a broad theory by Adam Smith; viz. that the value (in exchangeable commodities) of the whole mass of currency will depend upon its proportion to the whole mass of property in the community, and accordingly that the value of a given quantity of currency, a specie dollar for instance, will be inversely in that proportion. This is precisely one of the propositions to build theories of and upon; but, as we apprehend, of very little weight in practical discussions. Like many other doctrines in theoretical political economy, it is specious, and has a remote, partial, qualified verity; that is, it is true in one degree or two degrees, more or less, out of ten, so that if you undertake to apply it practically, the chance is five or ten to one, that you may have got it in one of its false degrees; or, in other words, applied it to a wrong case. This theorem leads Mr. Adams to attribute too great an effect to "expanding the circulation beyond the wants of the community." That credit has been too much expanded, almost immeasurably too much, there is no doubt; and this everybody understands; and it is as well understood by everybody also, that the banks have gone hand in hand with the community in expanding credit. This has brought on embarrassments, that cost arduous, long, desperate struggling for disentanglement. But as to the mere fact of excess of either paper or metallic currency, independently of excessive facility and extension of credits, it is, as it appears to us, an evil not weighty or difficult of remedy. It seems to us, therefore, that Mr. Adams underrates and does great injustice to Mr. Webster's remark, that, before the explosion, and while

prices still maintained themselves, and demand was rife, the great cause of embarrassment was the disturbance of exchanges. This was at the time the main disorder of the system, that had become actually developed. The seeds of other disorders were germinating, and must have shot forth, even though the exchanges had not been deranged. But what would have been the result had the previously existing complete system of exchanges been maintained throughout the storm, it is difficult to conjecture. That the force of the shock would have been broken, we can hardly doubt. But we agree with Mr. Adams, that a reverse must have happened, though the system of exchanges had been maintained. His speculations upon the causes operating towards a collapse are able and just, as far as they relate to the credit system. And in this excess, the banks, as we have said, went hand in hand with the rest of the community. And to his remarks on this subject we will add, that they probably went greater lengths with the rest of the community in swelling this tide of credit, than a central institution would have done; for through such an institution, all parts of the country being in quick communication, earlier notice of the coming catastrophe would thus have been obtained. On this question, however, different opinions are entertained, and we will not go into a subject that may lead us towards the vortex of party discussions.

The second pamphlet, on the remedy to be resorted to, urges very strongly a return of the banks to specie payments, whatever pressure it may cost. This we understand to be the actual present policy of the banks.

As to the permanent guaranty against disorders of the currency, Mr. Adams considers the most effectual one to be, a resumption of the regulation of the currency by the national government, by means of a national bank.

These pamphlets are well worthy of the attention of those who take an interest in the vitally important subjects of which they treat.

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9. — *The Lyrist; consisting of a Selection of New Songs, Duetts, and Trios from Recent Works of Various Authors.* Compiled by Lowell Mason and G. J. Webb, Professors in the Boston Academy of Music. Boston. Wilkins & Carter. 1838. 4to. pp. 148.

Music has been compared to a picture, or rather to a colored drawing, expressing by sounds, what the artist portrays by

shades and color. The graces are the finishing touches, which, if not freely and naturally employed, are the greatest blots on the picture. So too has it been justly observed, that, in the best performers, there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Where a great degree of excellence cannot be attained, correctness is to be aimed at; the correctness of time, if no other. But how often has one to endure the miserable attempts of half formed and vain performers, to give even correctly the mere notes placed before them. The great fault is not always in the teacher, though it is still too often that pupils are intrusted to the training of those, of whom there is no lack, who have discovered that more money can be made by *teaching music* than by beating the base drum or jingling the triangle in the orchestra.

If the multiplication of musical publications in our vicinity is to be taken as evidence of the increasing attention which is given to the divine art, then are we fast becoming a musical people. But we are not sure that it is not an evidence of the contrary; that it does not arise from the injudicious manner in which music is allowed to be generally taught, and the feverish impatience for display and novelty. We are wanting in that patience and perseverance, which can alone insure success in music. The noble simplicity of the great masters is too often despised and neglected for the fantastic, wild, and frothy novelties, that have nothing to recommend them but their difficulties.

True, indeed, the number of our performers is large, and the manufacture of Piano Fortes is carried to great perfection with us. There are probably few manufactories which can produce better instruments than those from the hands of Chickering. The manufacturers of instruments and of performers are alike hard pushed; while the instrument is building, the pupil must be taught. Woe to the reputation and pocket of the teacher, if the pupil be not ready to astonish the friends assembled to pass judgment on both instrument and performer, as soon as the former has received its last coat of varnish.

We cannot condemn teachers, composers, or compilers for suiting their labors to the knowledge, taste, and judgment of their employers, and to the capacities of their pupils. As long as the first are compelled to resort to rapid, imperfect teaching, our most accomplished instructers will aim at imparting little more than mechanical dexterity of voice and finger. Until parents can be made to understand, that music does not consist in execution alone, and that a Catalani or a Beethoven cannot be manufactured in "a quarter," we fear we shall have little cause to boast of our progress in musical taste.

Music seems to be the only science or art, in which we are contented with even less than mediocrity. The ability of performing a tune or a waltz, at the end of six weeks, can alone satisfy too many parents that the child is getting their money's worth; and at the end of another six weeks, Miss is sufficiently accomplished to be exhibited to admiring friends and inflict torture upon others. The master is dismissed; he is no longer needed; and the pupil devotes her morning hour to "practice," begins soon to babble of Rossini and Herz, and at the expiration of six months is a musical prodigy. With unwearied industry, mechanical skill is acquired; and she rises in the estimation of her (so styled) musical admirers, just in proportion to the facility obtained of performing in half an hour, what would have required from the composer just double the time. This excellent music, too, is, nine times out of ten, elicited from an instrument of such uncommon perfection, that it is always quoted as not having been tuned for some six or eight months. We have been often struck with the delicacy of the compliment bestowed on some really good and tasteful performer, who has been called to join or lead in a trio or quartette, at one of these uncommon instruments. The more it is out of tune, the greater the compliment, no doubt; thus affording greater opportunity to the artist to display his own talent, and remedy all mechanical imperfections.

One of the pleasant occurrences, at what are styled sometimes *musical parties*, we are indebted for to the prevailing system of teaching and learning; we allude to the attempt of accomplished performers to comply with a request to join in a duett on one of these rare instruments, and with one of these rare musicians. It is not for such prodigies to be cramped and cribbed by the tyranny of time or tune; off they go, and gone too is the reputation of their companion, who is trammelled by certain awkward hieroglyphics often arrayed at the very commencement of his or her task.

We do not believe that, of all the piano fortes in this our musical commonwealth, aye, even in the head-quarters of musical taste, as we have heard a certain city termed, more than one in every hundred is kept in decent condition; and yet both vocal and instrumental performers, of real science and skill, are continually urged to sit down to them. We much fear, that noise is often mistaken for music; that Auber is becoming more popular than Bellini; that drums and trumpets are a richer regale to the Yankee ear, than the most delicate and touching melodies.

In regard to vocal music, we have to contend with other obstacles to improvement. We rarely have an opportunity of listening to a really first-rate singer. The study of all the musical

works that were ever written, the most assiduous practice, and the most thorough instruction of the best masters, cannot give that peculiar style, feeling, expression, and taste, which are to be caught from the performances of a Malibran, a Grisi, or a Caradori. New beauties are not only brought out, but blemishes are made obvious, that the hour's lesson of the master cannot make sensible. Our fair performers, too, are not less liable to be dazzled by the glitter of bad examples; and to be induced to copy what is beyond their reach, or to affect expression where it is not felt. The shrug of the shoulder and the elevation of the eye-brow are natural to an Italian, but, when imitated by us, become grimace and affectation. We are too apt to be carried away by a stentorian voice, or the agility of running up and down scales, and to consider every singer from Paris or London as a model.

The attainment of a good style in singing will be greatly facilitated by the study of the various publications, which have from time to time appeared under the sanction of Messrs. Mason and Webb; and we think the public are under great obligations to them for the judicious efforts they have made to improve our musical taste. We cannot but think, that, if they were allowed sufficient time, they would educate performers of a high order of excellence. Their present work is calculated for beginners, and contains many pleasing melodies arranged for two and three voices, with accompaniments not difficult of execution. We only regret, that the work has been published in so expensive a form, as will we fear much impede its introduction into families and schools. It would have been more acceptable, had it been printed as a second part of the "Odeon," and of uniform size. We trust that the compilers will continue their labors, and ere long give us a more elaborate work for performers of more advanced standing.

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10. — 1. *An Address delivered before the Literary Societies of the University of Vermont, August* 2, 1837, by George G. Ingersoll. Burlington. Hiram Johnson & Co. 8vo. pp. 46.

2. *A Lecture on Popular Education,* by Philip Lindsley, D. D., President of the University of Nashville. Nashville. S. Nye & Co. 12mo. pp. 38.

3. *An Address delivered before the American Whig and Cliosophic Societies of the College of New Jersey, September* 26, 1837, by Samuel L. Southard, L. L. D. Princeton. Robert E. Horner. 8vo. pp. 50.

4. *Inaugural Address delivered June 21st*, 1837, by the Rev. William M. Wightman, A. M., Professor of English Literature, Randolph Macon College. Richmond. James G. Walker. 8vo. pp. 16.
5. *Address on the Moral Dignity of the Office of the Professional Teacher.* By Samuel Eells. Cincinnati. 8vo. pp. 24.
6. *Valedictory Address delivered December 6th*, 1837, *at the Close of the Seventh Collegiate Year of the University of the State of Alabama*, by Alva Woods, President of the University. Tuscaloosa. Marmaduke J. Slade. 8vo. pp. 52.
7. *An Address delivered before the Philoclean and Peithesophian Societies of Rutgers College, July 18th*, 1837. By Daniel D. Barnard. Albany. Hoffmann & White. 8vo. pp. 46.
8. *The Introductory Discourse, and the Lectures delivered before the American Institute of Instruction, at Worcester, Mass., August*, 1837. Boston. James Munroe & Co. 8vo. pp. 262.

The American Institute of Instruction has done much good, both directly and indirectly. Its meetings have been attended by teachers from every part of the country, who have been thus brought into contact and acquaintance with each other. No class of men need more the influence of social ties and professional sympathies than teachers; no class of men are more exposed to the narrowing consequences of solitary life and unsympathizing action; and it was a wise forecast and a sagacious perception of the real wants of teachers, that led to the formation of this Institute.

The volumes which have been annually published are another good result of this combination of scattered talents. They give convincing proof that a vast amount of ability and learning is engaged in the business of educating the young; and, what perhaps may appear strange to one who has not reflected much upon the subject, that a professional enthusiasm as ardent, and at least as disinterested, as that of any other professional body in existence, animates the hearts of teachers, in the midst of their always exhausting and often thankless toils.

In these volumes are many specimens of correct writing and clear thinking, — excellent models of composition. It would be unreasonable to expect this of all. Many teachers have hobbies which they take great delight in riding, sometimes with little judgment, and to the annoyance of others, who have per-

haps hobbies of their own. Some of them, too, are not content to express themselves in a straight-forward manner, but think it necessary, in a lecture before the Institute, to adorn their thoughts in a sort of sunday dress, spangled all over with quotations from the poets. In the volume for last year are one or two specimens of this false taste; but not enough to diminish the value of the book, which is one that every teacher ought to have in his library.

But the indirect influences of the Institute have already begun to be beneficially felt, in the decided steps now taking towards a thorough reform of our common school system. The general attention, moreover, which has been drawn, for the last two or three years, to the subject of education, all over the United States, is unquestionably owing, in a great measure, to the action of this Society. If but a tythe of the promises held out by this national movement upon the most momentous of subjects, be fulfilled, the American Institute of Instruction will be entitled to a livelier gratitude than it is likely to enjoy.

A convincing proof of the intellectual activity now awakened on this subject, lies in the vast number of discourses, pamphlets, inaugural addresses, &c. &c., which the press is daily pouring out, and which the public ought to read. They come from every point of the compass, "thick as *leaves* in Valombrosa." — Mr. Lindsley's discourse, of which we have given the title above, is lively and pointed, like all his writings. — Mr. Southard's is copious, and if too long, abounds in just thoughts. It is the work of an accomplished hand; an able statesman, and a good scholar; but there is a want of terseness and definite conception, and an occasional want of critical discrimination, not at all surprising in one who has only given a cursory attention to the subject matter on which he speaks. Thus when he asserts the wonderful uniformity of style in the sacred writers, he asserts a thing which any competent critic would have shown him, in a moment, does not exist. Belonging to different ages, the genius of these writers exhibits also a great variety. What historical styles could well be more different, than those of Moses and Ezra? How marked the contrast between Isaiah and Malachi! — Mr. Wightman's Inaugural Address, on English literature, is well written, but runs occasionally into the superfine. — Mr. Eells has put a great deal of valuable thought into his discourse on the "moral dignity of the office of teacher"; but he, too, soars higher than the occasion warrants, into the regions of the grand and the beautiful. — President Woods's Valedictory Address is occupied with the discussion of two topics, — the preservation of the purity of the English language, and of the purity of

morals, in the United States. It is rather a singular grouping of subjects; but they are treated with great good sense, and in a style at once clear and neat. The University of Alabama has sustained a heavy loss, in the resignation of a President so largely endowed with native ability and varied experience. — Mr. Ingersoll's well written discourse is particularly deserving of commendation for the calmness and candor, with which the supposed degenerate tendencies of the age are treated in it. Mr. Ingersoll reads in the practical and economical signs of the times, no omen of national degradation, but rather, with the buoyant hope of an American patriot, the prophecy of future national glory. He does not sympathize with those who half regret the absence of the aristocratical institutions of the old world, and would partially supply their place by a "learned order," but contends, that the best literature grows out of the din and pressure of actual affairs, the offspring of minds trained in the conflicts of the world, and tried by revolutions and reverses. This argument is a strong one, and deserves the attention of those who love to sigh over the departing glories of Latin folios, and the growing honors of Railroads and Canals. — The epithets of the associations, before which Mr. Barnard's Address was delivered, present one illustration among many of the great genius which such societies have for the invention of whimsical names. They are compounded upon altogether new principles of classical derivation. But what is in a name? The Address contains much judicious advice and warning. Mr. Barnard has however adopted a tone, in one respect, which, in our opinion, is quite too common with the orators at literary festivities, — that of flattering the vanity of the young gentlemen, their hearers, by holding them up as the last hopes of the republic. Society is represented as standing on the tiptoe of expectation to meet them; when the fact is, society, intensely busy about other things, is hardly aware of their existence, until they have made themselves felt by some superiority of powers. This kind of flattery is of evil consequence. The tendency among young men at college, to form exaggerated notions of their importance in the world, is naturally strong enough and rather needs a check than a stimulus. Public orators ought to be more careful to inculcate the love of order, modesty of opinion, diligence, and reverence for the illustrious of past times, and to point out the laborious paths, through which alone true distinction can be attained. Young men, who find out other things soon enough, are sometimes slow to feel the importance of these.

11. — *Historical Causes and Effects, from the Fall of the Roman Empire* A. D. 476 *to the Reformation* A. D. 1517. By William Sullivan. Boston. 1838. pp. 615.

This is an extremely well written book. The period of history which it treats of, is the most important, in every respect, since the world began. The institutions on which rests modern civilization, and we may confidently believe, the perpetual civilization of the human race, were founded within its limits. It is a period illustrated by the most extraordinary men, and the most brilliant achievements in arts and arms; signalized by the brightest virtues and the darkest crimes. The complicated events, which its history embraces, have been well considered and clearly arranged by Mr. Sullivan. He has spared no labor to present us a true picture of the times, and accordingly does not confine himself to the mere political events, but extends his inquiries to the jurisprudential, scientific, and literary progress of nations. Of course, such a vast variety of subjects cannot be handled in much detail, within the limits of a single volume. The rise and progress of the Italian Republics, for instance, is a matter for some twenty volumes, as Mr. Sismondi practically testifies. The view which Mr. Sullivan presents of this and other similar historical themes, is, of necessity, a very condensed one. But he is always clear and interesting. His style is pure and sprightly; and we know not where to turn for a better general introduction to the study of modern history, than is offered us in this volume.

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12. — *Conspiracy of the Spaniards against the Republic of Venice, in* 1618. *Translated from the French of the Abbé St. Réal.* Boston. Otis, Broaders, & Co. 12mo. pp. 108.

The story related in this exceedingly interesting little work is, as the translator reminds us in the preface, the basis of "one of the most thrilling tragedies in our language." The narrative of the conspiracy of the Marquis of Bedemar, the Spanish minister at Venice, is extremely well told; and the characters of the conspirators strikingly drawn. The translator has not overcome all the difficulties of his task. Too close an adherence to the forms of expression in the original, has caused an occasional stiffness in his style, and here and there a violation of English idiom. But on the whole, it is to be commended, as a praiseworthy effort to lay the history of a remarkable historical event before the American reader, in his own language.

QUARTERLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ANNUALS.

Sword's Pocket Almanac, Churchman's Calendar, and Ecclesiastical Register, for the Year of our Lord 1838. New York.

The Boston Almanac, for the Year 1838. Published annually. Boston. S. N. Dickinson. pp. 103.

The Connecticut Annual Register, and United States Calendar, for 1838. To which is prefixed an Almanac. Containing also, Ecclesiastical Lists; Town Officers; Corporate Institutions for Literary and Religious Purposes; Statistical Tables; and a Variety of other Interesting Articles. New London. Samuel Green. 18mo. pp. 176.

The Massachusetts Register, and United States Calendar, for 1838. Also, City Officers in Boston, and other Useful Information. Boston. James Loring. 18mo. pp. 250.

Walton's Vermont Register, for the Year 1838. The Astronomical Calculations by Zadoc Thompson, A. M. Montpelier. E. P. Walton & Son. 18mo. pp. 132.

Statistical Tables, exhibiting the Condition and Products of certain Branches of Industry in Massachusetts, for the Year ending April 1, 1837. Prepared from the Returns of the Assessors. By John P. Bigelow, Secretary of the Commonwealth. Boston. Dutton & Wentworth. 8vo. pp. 312.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

A Comprehensive Minute, commemorative of Philip Syng Physick, M. D., Emeritus Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia. 8vo. pp. 14.

A new Tribute to the Memory of John Brainerd Taylor. New York. John S. Taylor. 12mo. pp. 440.

A Biographical Memoir of the Rev. John Williams, first Minister of Deerfield, Massachusetts, with a slight Sketch of ancient Deerfield, and an Account of the Indian Wars in that Place and Vicinity. With an Appendix, containing the Journal of the Rev. Dr. Stephen Williams, of Longmeadow, during his Captivity, and other Papers relating to the early Indian Wars in Deerfield. By Stephen W. Williams, A. M., M. D., &c. &c. Greenfield, (Mass.) 1837. 12mo. pp. 127.

We know of nothing that gives so correct and vivid an idea of the sufferings undergone by our forefathers in their long-continued Indian warfare, as the personal narratives of some of those who were taken alive by the natives, and carried into captivity. At the head of this class of writings stand, unquestionably, Mary Rowlandson's Narrative of her Captivity and Removes, after the Destruction of Lancaster, in 1676, and the Rev. John Williams's Redeemed Captive, or a faithful History of the remarkable Occurrences in his Captivity and Deliverance. Both of these works have

been exceedingly popular in New England. A fifth edition of Mrs. Rowlandson's Narrative was published at Lancaster, in 1828; and we have now lying before us the first edition of the Redeemed Captive, printed at Boston, in 1707, and the fourth, printed at Greenfield, in 1793. The little volume whose title stands at the head of this article, is in great part a reprint of Mr. Williams's book. This is well; and whilst we thank the editor for thus reviving a knowledge of that very interesting narrative, we confess that we should have felt ourselves under still greater obligations to him, if he had suffered the author to speak, as in the previous editions, in his own person, and in his own language. For some reason which we cannot divine, the editor has seen fit to publish this edition "in a new form," and "in his own language." Throughout the volume, the first person is studiously changed to the third. Now, to our taste, this is no improvement. We love to hear the captive relating his own story. We love the dramatic interest and excitement that are created by listening to the very words that were uttered and indited by him. The Journal of Dr. Stephen Williams, the son of the Rev. Mr. Williams, and his companion in captivity, now for the first time printed, in the Appendix, is a valuable document, and the editor is entitled to all praise for obtaining and publishing it.

At the end of the editor's preface, is the following valiant paragraph; "That the work will be obnoxious to criticism, I do not pretend to deny. That work has never yet been published, in which personal enmity has not found subjects for cavil, if not for slander. There is, however, this subject for consolation, — the more severe the criticism, the greater notoriety does the work obtain. The public are always better judges than servile, hireling critics." Long before we came to the end of the volume, we learned to interpret these premonitory symptoms. The grammar and the rhetoric are, in many places, sadly out of joint. On pages vi., 26, 38, 88, and 123, the writer uses the word *captivated* for the English word *captured*. On page 29, he says, that "the country was *invested* with savages," probably meaning *infested*. And on page 12, we have the following flight; "Departed spirits, farewell! We have often mourned *thy* early exit, and dropped the tear of commiseration at *thy* much lamented fate." This is addressed to the *manes* of Captain Lathrop and his eighty men, who were killed by the Indians. We are not at all surprised, that a writer who thus uses the English language, should anticipate and dread some fault-finding. The author who defies the critics, should take care to be first well grounded in the accidence.

EDUCATION.

Practical Elocution, or a System of Vocal Gymnastics, comprising Diagrams, illustrative of the Subject, and Exercises, designed for the Promotion of Health, the Cure of Stammering, and Improvement in Reading and Speaking. By Andrew Comstock, M. D. Second Edition. Philadelphia. Kay & Brother. 1837.

An Appeal to Parents for Female Education on Christian Principles; with a Prospectus of St. Mary's Hall, Greenbank, Burlington, New Jersey. Burlington. J. Powell.

The Mount Vernon Reader; a Course of Reading Lessons, selected with reference to their Moral Influence on the Hearts and Lives of the Young. Designed for Junior Classes. By the Messrs. Abbott. Boston. T. H. Carter. 18mo. pp. 162.

Hints on a System of Popular Education. By E. C. Wines, Author of "Two Years and a Half in the Navy," and late Principal of the Edgefield School. Philadelphia. Hogan & Thompson. 12mo. pp. 255.

The Geography of the Heavens, and Class Book of Astronomy; accompanied by a Celestial Atlas. By Elijah H. Burritt, A. M. Fifth Edition; with an Introduction by Thomas Dick, L. L. D. New York. F. J. Huntington & Co. 18mo. pp. 305.

Analytical Vocabulary, or Analytical System of teaching Orthography, in which the Spelling, Meaning, and Construction of 80,000 words are taught from 8,000 roots. By J. U. Parsons, Author of "The Analytical Spelling Book," &c. Second Edition; Framingham; Boynton & Marshall. Boston; Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 176.

An Elementary Treatise on Algebra, to which are added, Exponential Equations and Logarithms. By Benjamin Peirce, A. M., University Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Harvard University. Boston. James Munroe & Co. 1837.

This book forms part of a course of Mathematics designed for the use of Students of Harvard University, several portions of which have already appeared, and been noticed with much commendation in this Journal. It is distinguished by the same clearness, conciseness, and judicious selection of matter, which characterized its predecessors. The many excellent elementary treatises on Algebra already extant, seem to leave little room for improvement in this department of instruction; yet we cannot help thinking, that this book will be found to possess some decided advantages over most of the works which have been published on the same subject.

The want of practical examples has been much felt and complained of, in the best treatises now in use; while the extreme diffuseness of the French works, and those which have been compiled from them, in this country, have served to perplex and embarrass, rather than enlighten the student. Mr. Peirce has given a more valuable collection of practical examples, which, with the brevity and simplicity of his explanations, leave nothing to be desired in these particulars.

We are not sure, that instructers may not be a little startled by the matter, not hitherto adopted into text-books, which they will meet with in this work; but we are quite certain, that if they will give it a little attention, they will find it interesting to themselves, as well as useful to their pupils.

JUVENILE.

Rollo at Work; or, the Way for a Boy to learn to be Industrious. By the Author of "Rollo learning to Talk," and "Learning to Read." Boston. T. H. Carter. 18mo. pp. 191.

Rollo at Play; or, Safe Amusements. By the Author of "Rollo learning to Talk," and "Learning to Read." Boston. T. H. Carter. 18mo. pp. 191.

Interesting Stories for Children, illustrating some of the Commandments, with Engravings. Boston. S. G. Simpkins. 18mo. pp. 102.

Stories about London. By a Lady. Amherst. J. S. & C. Adams. 16mo. pp. 96.

The Story of Grace, the little Sufferer, who died in New York, April 15th, 1837. Sold for the Benefit of her Family. New York. John S. Taylor. 18mo. pp. 131.

LAW.

A General View of the Origin and Nature of the Constitution and Government of the United States, deduced from the Political History and Condition of the Colonies and States, and their Public Acts in Congress and Conventions from 1744 till 1788; together with their Exposition by the Supreme Court of the United States, and Rules of Construction in relation to such Provisions of the Constitution as impose Restraints on the Powers of the States. Philadelphia. John C. Clark. 8vo.

A Catalogue of Law Books, published and for sale by Charles C. Little & James Brown, College Buildings, No. 112 Washington Street. Boston. 1837. 18mo. pp. 70.

The neat appearance of this catalogue, and the exact and expressive wood-cut of Chief Justice Marshall which adorns its title-page, seem to give it a title to notice, to which few productions of a similar character can lay claim. This is something more than a mere bookseller's advertising sheet; it is valuable as a bibliographical guide in the purchase of law books. The title-pages of the different works, including the date and place of publication, are given at length; and, in some cases, short notices of the work are appended. Prefixed to the whole is an accurate analytical list of American Reports, arranged according to their different courts and States.

MEDICINE, ANATOMY, AND SURGERY.

The Philadelphia Practice of Midwifery. By Charles D. Meigs, M. D., Lecturer on Midwifery and the Diseases of Women and Children; Member of the Philosophical Society, and of the Philadelphia Medical Society. With numerous Engravings. Philadelphia. James Kay, Jr. & Brother. Pittsburgh. John I. Kay & Co. 12mo. pp. 370.

A Clinical Lecture on the Primary Treatment of Injuries, delivered at the New York Hospital, Nov. 22d, 1837. By Alexander H. Stevens, M. D., Surgeon of the New York Hospital, and Emeritus Professor of Clinical Surgery. New York. Adlard & Saunders. 8vo. pp. 34.

An Introductory Lecture to the Course of Surgery, delivered in the Chemical Hall of the Washington Medical College of Baltimore. By John R. W. Dunbar, M. D., Prof. of Surgery, &c. &c. Baltimore.

The Final Report of the Committee of the Philadelphia Medical Society, on the Construction of Instruments, and their Mode of Action in the Radical Cure of Hernia (from three years' observation). Accompanied by a Collection of the Practical Facts contained in the Preliminary Report, with Notes and Illustrations of certain Instruments designed for the Treatment of other Diseases affecting similar Parts. By Heber Chase, M. D., &c. &c. Philadelphia. J. G. Auner. 8vo. pp. 243.

Boylston Prize Dissertations, for the Years 1836 and 1837. By Oliver Wendell Holmes, M. D., Fellow of the M. M. S., and Member

of the Société Médicale d'Observation, of Paris. Boston. C. C. Little & Co. 8vo. pp. 371.

On the Use and Abuse of the Pessary. By John T. Sharpless, M. D., of Philadelphia. Read before the Philadelphia College of Physicians, Dec. 4, 1837. Philadelphia. Haswell & Barrington. 8vo. pp. 12.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Love Token for Children, designed for Sunday School Libraries By the Author of "Live and Let Live," &c. &c. New York. Harper & Brothers. 18mo. pp. 142.

Adversity, a Blessing. A Narrative, founded on Fact. By a Lady. New York. Published by the General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union.

Woman as she should be. By the Rev. Hubbard Winslow. Also, Woman in her Social and Domestic Character. By Mrs. John Sandford. Boston. T. H. Carter. Philadelphia. Henry Perkins. 12mo. pp. 175.

Observations upon Emigration to Upper Canada; being the Prize Essay, for which was awarded a Gold Medal, from the Upper Canada Celtic Society. By Joseph Neilson. Kingston. Office of the Chronicle and Gazette. 12mo. pp. 74.

Inscriptions from the Burying-Grounds in Salem, Mass. Boston. James Loring. 8vo. pp. 28.

A Lecture, Introductory to the first Course of Lectures on Popular Physiology, instituted by the American Physiological Society, Oct. 10, 1837. By Benjamin Haskell, M. D. Published by request. Boston. D. Campbell. 18mo. pp. 24.

Scientific Tracts, prepared by distinguished men. Complete in one Volume. Boston. George W. Light. 12mo.

The Library of Health, and Teacher on the Human Constitution. Vol. I. Edited by William A. Alcott. Boston. George W. Light. 12mo.

Letters on the Equality of the Sexes, and the Condition of Woman; addressed to Mary S. Parker, President of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society. By Sarah M. Grimke. Boston. Isaac Knapp. 12mo. pp. 128.

Plea for Authors, and the Rights of Property. By an American. New York. Adlard & Saunders. 8vo. pp. 32.

An Inquiry respecting the self-determining Power of the Will; or Contingent Volition. By Jeremiah Day, President of Yale College. New Haven. Herrick & Noyes. 12mo. pp. 200.

Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature. Edited by Rev. Geo. Ripley. Vols. 1 and 2. Containing Philosophical Miscellanies from the French of Cousin, Jouffroy, and Benjamin Constant. Boston. Hilliard, Gray, & Co. 8vo. pp. 383 and 376.

Yankee Notions. A Medley. By Timothy Titterwell, Esq. Third Edition. With Illustrations by D. C. Johnston. Boston. Otis, Broaders, & Co. 16mo. pp. 252.

A World of Wonders; or divers Developments, showing the thorough Triumph of Animal Magnetism in New England. Illustrated

by the Power of Prevision in Mrs. Matilda Fox, and the Point of the Pencil, by D. C. Johnston. By Joel R. Peabody, M. B., Fellow of the College of 'Pothecaries. Boston. Robert S. Davis. 18mo. pp. 158.

The Supra-Treasury Bill; or Relief for Hard Times. Boston. Perkins & Marvin. 18mo. pp. 130.

The Biennial Register of all Officers and Agents in the Service of the United States; with the Names, Force, and Condition of all Ships and Vessels belonging to the United States. Prepared by the Department of State, in pursuance of Resolutions of Congress, of April 27, 1816, and July 14, 1832. City of Washington. Blair & Rives. 12mo. pp 325.

Abstract, exhibiting the Condition of the Banks in Massachusetts, on the second Saturday of February, 1838. Prepared from Official Returns, by the Secretary of the Commonwealth. Boston. Dutton & Wentworth. 8vo. pp. 64.

The Theatre a School of Religion, Manners, and Morals! By the Rev. Thomas Smyth. Charleston, (S. C.) Jenkins & Hussey. 8vo. pp. 55.

A Speech on our Indian Relations, and International Policies, elicited by the Seminole War, that had in Substance been spoken in the College Chapel at Athens, Feb. 4, 1836, but for an abrupt Interruption by the Chairman and Meeting. By J. J. Flournoy. Athens. 8vo. pp. 15.

An Essay on the Origin, Habits, &c. of the African Race, incidental to the Propriety of having nothing to do with Negroes, addressed to the Good People of the United States. By J. Jacobus Flournoy. New York. 8vo. pp. 56.

The Limitations of Human Responsibility. By Francis Wayland. Boston. Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 16mo. pp. 188.

Proceedings of the Convention of Ministers of Worcester County, on the Subject of Slavery, held at Worcester, Dec. 5 and 6, 1837, and Jan. 16, 1838. Worcester. 8vo. pp. 22.

NEW PERIODICALS.

The Boston Quarterly Review. No. I. Boston. Benjamin H. Greene. 8vo. pp. 128.

The Medical Examiner. Devoted to Medicine, Surgery, and the Collateral Sciences. Edited by J. B. Biddle, M. D., and M. Clymer, M. D. Philadelphia. Semi-Monthly. 8vo. pp. 16.

Clark's New England Bank Note List, and Counterfeit Detector. Boston. Joseph W. Clark. Monthly. 8vo. pp. 16.

The Family Visitor, and Academical Register. By John Hayward, Author of the Columbian Traveller, Religious Creeds, &c. &c. Boston. Weeks, Jordan, & Co. New York. Samuel Colman. Quarterly. 12mo. pp. 48.

South-Western Journal. A Magazine of Science, Literature, and Miscellany. Published Semi-Monthly, by the Jefferson College and Washington Lyceum. Natchez, (Miss.) Horace N. Holton. 8vo. pp. 16.

The Parlour Review, and Journal of Music, Literature, and the Fine Arts. Philadelphia. George Carstensen. Weekly. 4to. pp. 12.

NOVELS AND TALES.

The Clockmaker, or, Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick, of Slickville. Philadelphia. Carey, Lea, & Blanchard. 12mo.

Recollections of a Southern Matron. By Caroline Gilman, Author of "Recollections of a New England Housekeeper." New York. Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 272.

The Apprentice; containing Examples and Warnings. Boston. James B. Dow. 18mo.

Joanna of Naples, by the Author of "Miriam." Boston. Hilliard, Gray, & Co. 12mo. pp. 213.

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